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THE CATCHING OF THE COD

BY WILLIAM J. HENDERSON

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS



HIS is the story of the catching of the cod. It is the story of the cold calculation of man laid against the innocence of fish. It is the story of the trip of the smart Gloucester schooner *Sarah B.* from Boston to the Georges Banks and back. Cap'n Hiram has left a cargo of cod in Boston, and now he has turned his thoughts from westward to eastward. With all his lower sails and a kite or two drawing their best, he is racing past Provincetown, with Minot's Ledge Light far astern. The mounds and pits on the Georges shoals beckon him from beyond the blue rim of the Atlantic. Out yonder are leagues and leagues of water, yellow, green, and blue, and under the surface are millions and millions of finned creatures. Cap'n Hiram cares for few of the many varieties. He is a Banker, and his game is cod.

Whether you are plunging on a transatlantic greyhound through the cobalt swells on the southern edge of the Grand Banks, or cutting the shallows of the

Georges on a Boston packet, or slipping across the gloomy headlands of Newfoundland in a Red Cross liner, you will see continually the festooned sails of the fishing schooner and hear always of fish. Perchance as you slide by one of the wide openings in the Newfoundland coast you will note the hundred rocking craft at anchor and say to jovial Capt. Clarke of the *Rosalind*:

"What are those fellows catching over there?"

And he will answer you laconically:
"Fish."

Your laugh will bring no responsive smile to his face, and seeing his earnestness, you will ask:

"What sort?"

"Oh, sometimes they get a halibut and sometimes they get a flounder," he will reply, "but mostly they catch *fish*."

And then you will understand that, in the language of these latitudes, "fish" means cod.

All the way from the Cholera Banks, some twenty-five miles east of Sandy Hook, to Sambro Head, thence to Cape

Race, and thence to the eastern dive of the Newfoundland Banks into the central abysses of the Atlantic, the fishermen hunt the cod in his lair, and because, like Disko Throop, they have learned to think as cod, they catch him. So Cap'n Hiram, who works the Georges for the Boston market, is driving the *Sarah B.* under all plain sail to the eastward.

Drive her out and drive her in; that is the fisherman's way, for she must be back in time for the Friday market. If she does not catch the market, there are fish to be salted down or packed on the ice. On the Banks she will loaf and invite her prey, but now she hurries, hurries, hurries, slipping through the water like a yacht, fast and staunch, a craft to woo a sailor's eye and to line a fisherman's locker.

Cap'n Hiram carries a motley crew, part Irish, part Swedish, and part plain Yankee. He never carries all of one nationality, for then, in case of trouble, they would stand together. As it is, they will split, and there will surely be some to stand by the skipper. But they are all Bankers like himself, and they know that the luck of the craft is their luck, and the bigger the fare, the bigger each man's tally.

The eight dories are stowed in a nest, that is, one within the other amidships in the waist. The trawl-tubs and the trawls are ready.

No fancy navigation is done on board the schooner *Sarah B.* The compass and the lead are the mainstays of the skipper in finding his way, and he knows every lift and fall of the bottom, every change in the texture or color of the sand. Wake him up out of a ten years' sleep adrift on the Banks and give him two casts of the "dipsey" lead, and he 'll tell you where you are as nicely as a naval officer would after an hour's work at Sumner's method. Fair weather or foul, blow high or blow low, sunshine or fog, it is all one to him: he feels his way through it all with his leaden finger on the bottom. This time he has calculated that fish are loafing about near the north edge of the Banks, and thither he makes his way.

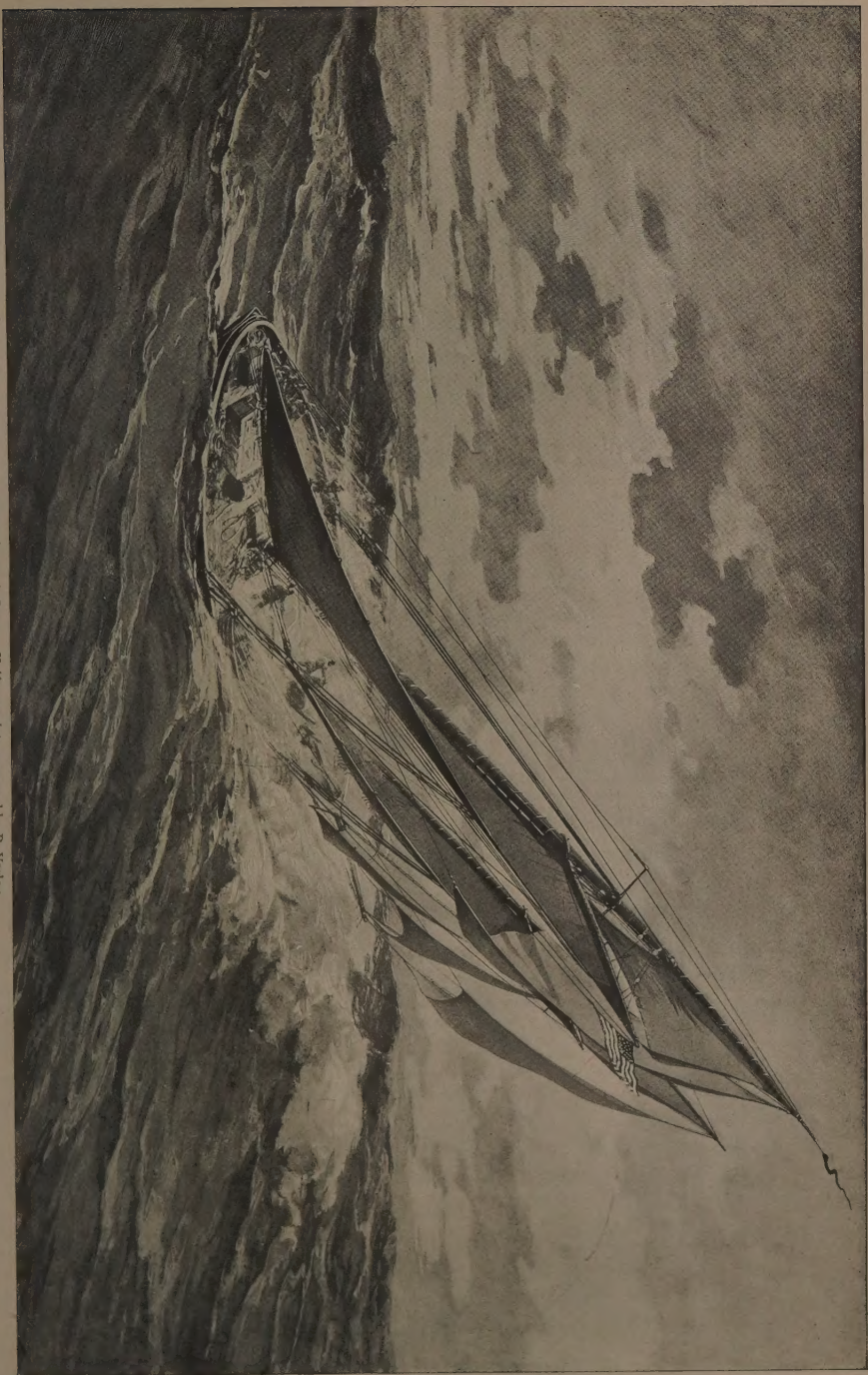
The wind has dropped to a light, cool air from the north when Cap'n Hiram comes upon his chosen ground. As neatly as you would bring an automobile to a door, he rounds up the *Sarah B.* and lets

go the mud-hook. Down comes the main-sail and it is furled. The boom is lashed amidships and the riding-sail, a triangular piece of canvas, goes up in its place. The forward sails being in, the schooner rides to the wind under the riding-sail.

The next step is to feel the ground. The eight dories are put over and manned. Each one carries her four tubs filled with trawl-lines. Now, a trawl is an ingenious contrivance of man against the repose and security of fishdom. It consists of a main line, with a lot of smaller lines dangling from it at regular intervals. Each of these smaller lines carries a baited hook. At the beginning of the trawl is an anchor, from which streams a cable, and to the top end of this cable is attached a buoy bearing the standard of the dory, a sort of mark by which it may be identified. A long pole with a disk at its top and on the disk some sort of inscription—that is the fisherman's standard. Sometimes the inscription is a masonic emblem, signifying that the doryman is a brother of the square and level, or it may be some personal design. Two men are the crew of a dory, and dorymates are they for better or for worse. They share fortunes and they must do their full share of the work. The tally is kept by boats, and the boat which does not gather in its quota does not finger much of the profits of the run.

The heaving of a trawl is simple enough, for the line goes out over the quarter and the hooks are thrown clear of the gunwale. When the trawl is hauled in it passes over a "gurdy," or trolley, on the gunwale near the bow and is coiled down in the tub. When the first tub is emptied in heaving a trawl, the end of this line is bent to the beginning of the line in the second tub, and so on till the end of the last one is reached. At the finish, another anchor and a second buoy are put overboard. The entire trawl is now resting on the bottom, and along its entire length are the smaller lines, with their baited hooks, inviting the cod to become a commodity for that Friday market in Boston.

The weather? Well, the fishermen of the Banks are a long way from home, and they have to stay out in the streets, no matter what the weather may be. Eight dories would start from the sides of the *Sarah B.* just the same, even if the seas



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

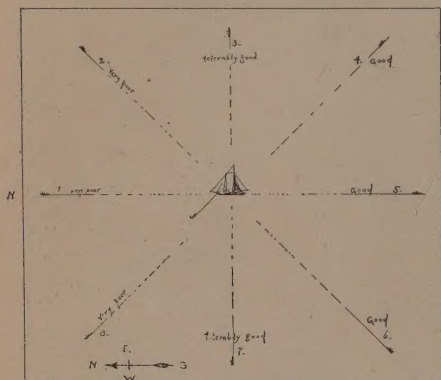
"WITH ALL HIS LOWER SAILS AND A KITE OR TWO DRAWING THEIR BEST, HE IS RACING PAST PROVINCETOWN"

were ranging up against a horizon that was as close as the rims of a saucepan.

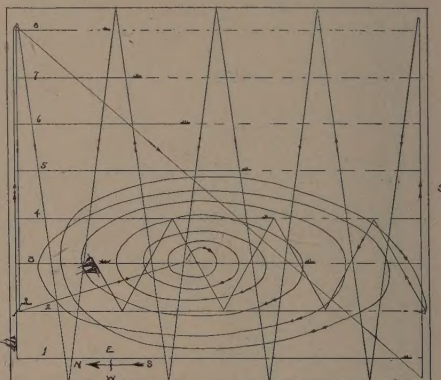
The first day they put off toward eight points of the compass—north, northeast, east, southeast, south, southwest, west, and northwest. From the schooner as a center eight long trawls radiate toward the circular horizon. It is a huge cod web, with the old spider, Cap'n Hiram, sitting in the middle, waiting for his prey. Or, if you like it better, the whole contrivance is an octopus, with its far-reaching tentacles out-spread to find out where

upon him with the deadly barbed hook in our hands and the Friday market in our minds.

Cap'n Hiram mentally blocks out a fine spacious square of old ocean. This is to be his battle-field. The top boundary of it is a line running east and west some distance south of his present anchorage. He gathers in his dories and gets his anchor. Now he sails down to one end of his north boundary,—let us say, for example, the west end,—and there he puts Dory No. 1 overboard. As he sails eastward along



"FROM THE SCHOONER AS A CENTER EIGHT LONG TRAWLS RADIATE TOWARD THE CIRCULAR HORIZON"



THE SPIRAL PATH IN LOOKING FOR A LOST DORY

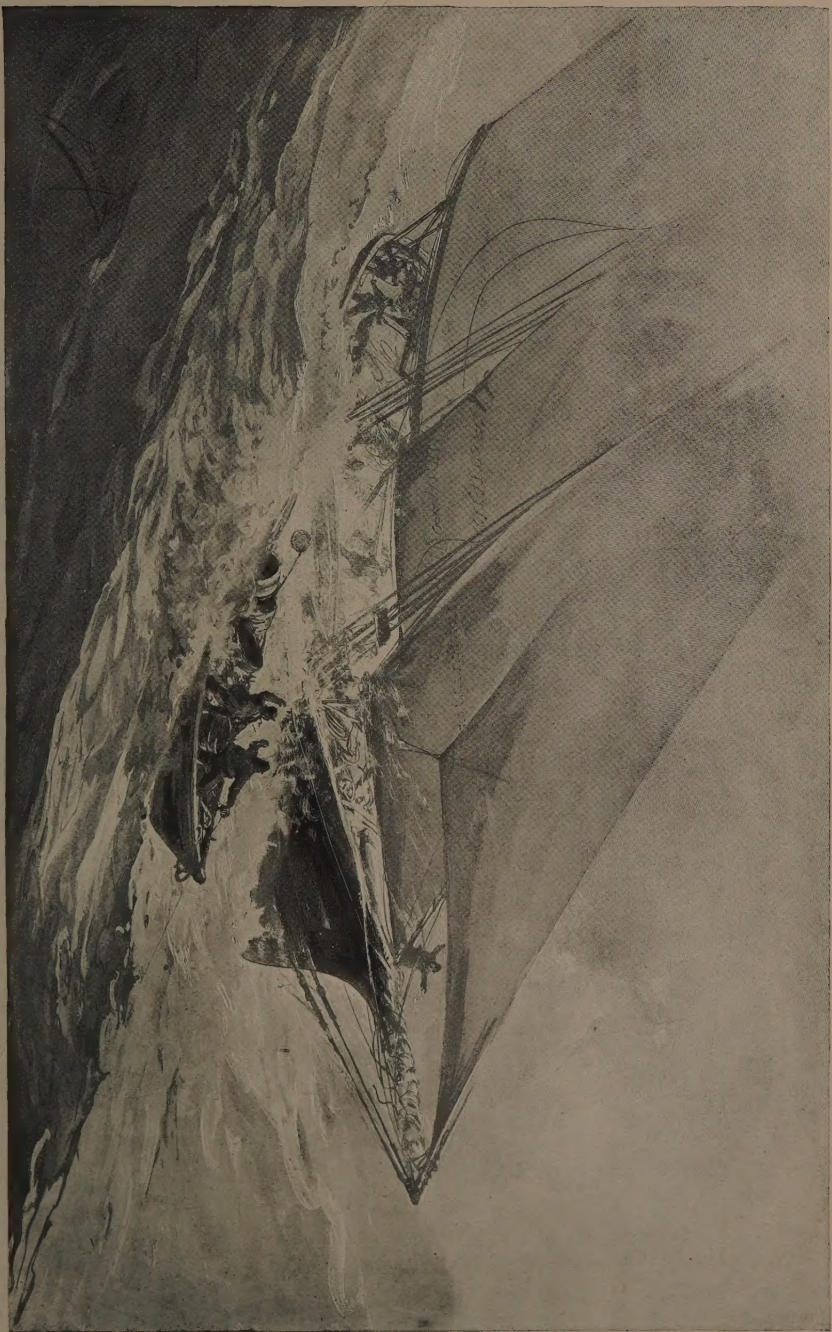
the victims are. Dory No. 1 has laid her trawl to the north, and when she hauls it she finds a very poor catch. Dory No. 2 to the northeast and Dory No. 8 to the northwest have the same sort of luck. It is evident that the cod lurks not in these quarters. Abeam of the schooner on the east is Dory No. 3, and on the west tumbles over the foaming crests Dory No. 7. They lift their trawls to report that the catch is tolerably good.

But it is from the other three dories in the southerly hemisphere of the compass that the cheering news comes. The catch is good, and as the skipper turns his gaze over the taffrail at the heaving expanse of water south of him, he knows that the fish are down there. And now it is time to call in the scouts. We have located the enemy, and the next move is to make him ours. Over the sandy, water-hidden ridges on the bottom to the south of us he is lying in fancied security. We shall descend

his line he drops the other dories at regular intervals. They are thus ranged along the line like racing crews at an intercollegiate regatta, each in its own lane of water.

When Dory No. 1 is put overboard she lets go the anchor of her trawl and pulls away directly down wind, paying out the trawl as she goes. When her four tubs are bare of line, she drops her second trawl-kedge and hangs on for a time to let the fish bite. Dory No. 2 proceeds in the same manner along her lane, and the other boats follow suit. The result is that, as all the trawls are of the same length, the eight dories bring up abreast of one another on the base-line at the south end of the skipper's blocked-out field of operation.

All this sounds very simple. But stop a bit. The land is far away, many miles to the westward. There are fifty fathoms of green water between the surface and the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"ALL THE DORIES SAVE ONE HAVE BEEN SIGHTED."



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
"LEAPING, AND PLUNGING BOWS UNDER"

bottom. The Atlantic spreads two thousand miles to the eastward, and the deep-sea swell runs ceaselessly day and night. The pitiless winds torture the sea forever. Calms come sometimes in the sweet summer months, to be sure, but with them comes fog, the deadliest enemy of the liner and the fisherman alike. To be lost in a fog in an open boat more than a hundred miles from the coast is not a thing for which even a fisherman learns to have a liking, yet it is not an uncommon

boundary, trying to sight all his dories on the way and to ascertain if all is going well with them. As he navigated out to the Banks, so he bisects diagonally his square. The compass holds him to his southwest course and the lead line discloses to him the secrets of the bottom. He knows that bottom as you know the floor of your room, and when he reaches the southwest corner of his fishing lot he is at the precise spot where Dory No. 1 should drop her second trawl-anchor.



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SENDS A LONG, WAILING BLAST DOWN WIND"

experience for him. In autumn come the gales, and then to hold fast to a trawl, with the dory pitching bows under and the heavy line threatening to drag her to destruction, is not a pleasing diversion.

Now Cap'n Hiram of the *Sarah B.* finds himself on the Banks in ordinary conditions. It has grown again to a whole-sail breeze, and the schooner piles up a smother of foam under her lee bow as she plunges over the roaring crests at a seven-knot gait. But Cap'n Hiram is an old hand at the game. He makes his first move according to the established rules. From the east end of his north boundary, where he dropped Dory No. 8, he sweeps with the wind over his starboard quarter right down to the west end of the south

Now Cap'n Hiram puts the helm of the *Sarah B.* hard up, and jibes, while the cook, the only member of the crew left on board, shifts the head sheets. Now the skipper stands across the base-line of his ground to the eastward. He can run that line with great accuracy, and his purpose is to ascertain whether the eight trawls have been set. The wind is "breezing up," as sailormen say, and the sea is rising. That makes little difference to the *Sarah B.*; she is snug enough for anything short of half a gale, and she threshes through the foaming windrows, a little queen of the salt surge. The dories, having dropped the anchors at the southerly ends of their trawls, start back to the north. It is now their busi-

ness to reverse their first process. They lift their trawls and get the fish. Fish is what they came for, and the Friday market is beckoning down behind the western horizon.

Cap'n Hiram, having come to the easterly end of his base-line, starts to sweep up his fleet. He reaches all the way across the field on a wide starboard tack, with his sheets lifting a little, so that the schooner is not quite closehauled. His eyes peer ahead on both sides, for the skipper is looking to sight the dories as he quarters his ground like an old setter in a quail-field. All the way across to the westerly side the schooner skims, and not a dory sighted.

Helm's alee, and about she goes. Now on the port tack, the *Sarah B.* heads to fetch the middle of the easterly side. Something ought to heave in sight soon. It's a little thick up to windward, and the observation is limited. But wait a moment. Almost as the schooner's helm goes down for her tack on the easterly line, Dory No. 8 heaves into view. She was the last to be put overboard at the northerly end of the line, and she is not over half-way up to the start. Tubs and fish lying in her bottom show that her two men have not been idle.

The *Sarah B.* sweeps thundering into the shining hollows just to windward of her. Hoarse shouts ring across the few rods of intervening water. Cap'n Hiram knows how the catch is coming. The schooner slips away on the starboard tack again, off for the other side of the codlot. Two more tacks bring her up to the north end of the field. All the dories save one have been sighted. There are signs of fog, and Dory No. 3 is missing. Where is she? There is no question about one thing: wherever she is, she is holding fast to her trawl. To lose it would be to go helplessly adrift, with fog driving down upon her, the wind hardening, and the sea getting up a very nasty kick.

Cap'n Hiram must gather in his other dories, and then he must hunt for No. 3. The first thing to do is to try the spiral path. Picking up No. 1 as she lies over her anchor at the starting-point, the skipper bears down, with the wind on his port quarter, for the center of his field. He can find that center with the faithful lead-line. Once there, he begins to sail from

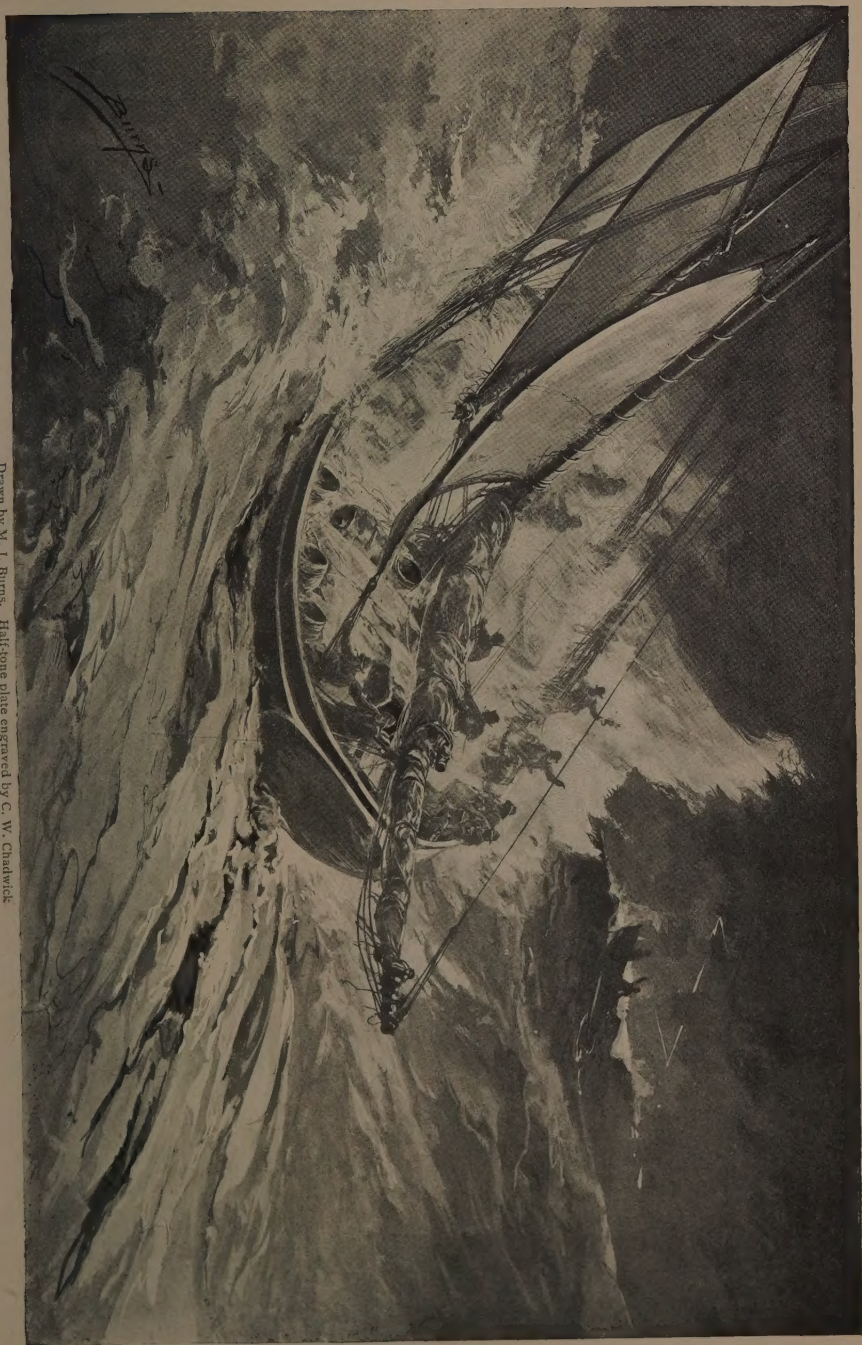
that point around and around in a series of constantly widening circles till he has swept over his entire field and even beyond its limits. In this sweeping he picks up his other dories, but where is No. 3?

The thickness grows, and over it begins to creep the dimness of late afternoon. The blue of the leaping sea hardens into a cold gray. The silver foam feathers into snowy smoke. Down in the gathering shadows Dory No. 3 is leaping, and plunging bows under. The spray hurls itself over her sharp nose in hissing streams. She tugs at the trawl as if she would break its bonds and free herself, to go driving whither the wind would carry her. The doryman in the bow clings to the trawl. His mate bends to the oars, to ease the strain by rowing up against the sea. To make headway is impossible. All that the two can hope for is to hold their own and wait for Cap'n Hiram, who they know is searching in the fog, to come and find them.

And now all the world is gray and only a few rods wide. The ghostly waves rush suddenly out of gray nowhere on one side to vanish into it on the other. The *Sarah B.* herself begins to wear the aspect of a staggering specter as she reels across the half-hidden billows. Cap'n Hiram's face takes on a strained look. He leans forward from the wheel as if he could peer into the fog and find the dory by straining his gleaming eyes. He is too old a seaman to be deluded by that false sense of isolation which creeps over the landsman in a fog.

He knows that out yonder behind the impenetrable gray curtain lies a heaving ocean filled with moving craft. He knows, too, that while in clear weather one may cruise for miles and miles without meeting a sail, in a fog there is always something lying in wait for the sailor. But most of all he thinks of his dory. He yearns for that boatload of fish. He worries because the boat may go astray and he may have to lose valuable time searching for it. He hardly fears its entire loss, though he knows that is not an impossibility. But the weather has not yet reached an alarming state, although it would frighten a landsman almost to death to be out there in the schooner, not to speak of the dory.

The skipper has a mechanical fog-horn,



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Halfstone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
"DORY NO. 3 IS SEEN UP TO WINDWARD"

one of those which you blow by pumping wind through it with a crank. He leaves the wheel ever and anon and sends a long, wailing blast down wind through the shroud of mist. Every shriek of this eery voice is followed by a silence which is only accentuated by the smashing of the seas against the schooner's bows. Dreary, dreary it all is, and night coming on to make of dreariness a deadly gloom. At last a wider circle brings Cap'n Hiram and the *Sarah B.* across the northern boundary of the field, and there the skipper stops long enough to anchor a dory with a light swinging from the top of her mast at the top of No. 3's lane, so that it may act as a guide to that boat in case her crew succeeds in pulling her up to the head of the field. This same light will later on act as a mark for Cap'n Hiram when he is threshing through the night in his search for the lost boat.

His wide circle swings him outside the eastern boundary of his field and down beyond the southern end, for down there the dory might be if she had gone adrift. This, however, the skipper regards as unlikely.

"It ain't no such weather as that yet," he says to himself.

Then he hauls sharp up on the wind and begins a beat up to the top of the field once more. This time he does not sail in circles, but in short tacks from one side of No. 3's lane to the other. If she is anywhere along the lane he must find her in this way. As the night sets in, the weather grows hot and murky.

"We 'll have somethin' doin' before dawn," mutters Cap'n Hiram, as he twists the wheel another spoke.

Now the wind falls light for a time, and then it comes in from the southwest. A low mutter of distant thunder floats down across the writhing swells. The skipper scents an approaching squall, but that gives him no concern for his schooner. She is snug enough. He does begin to be uneasy about the dory, for if the weather becomes very dirty, she may not be able to hold on. Presently there is a smart puff and a rattle of snarling thunder that tell of the near rush of the squall.

The fog whirls and staggers before the rising breeze. Suddenly there is a break, and a half-buried star drops a watery gleam through the rift. Five minutes

later the fog is torn to tatters and goes writhing away to leeward like the smoke of a twelve-inch gun. At the same instant the squall breaks. Pandemonium is loose. Shrieks in the rigging, crashes against the bows, and the groaning of tortured timbers, mingle with the bellowsings of the thunder. The sea gets up with incredible celerity, and the schooner is tossed like a chip. Can a dory live? Indeed it can. Dories have lived through gales. There is nothing better in the way of a small boat than a dory.

Cap'n Hiram has the *Sarah B.* on the starboard tack. The seas are pounding viciously against her weather side and sending tons of spray scurrying through her humming cordage. The crew is lined up along the rail, with eyes straining into the darkness. Suddenly a cry comes from forward. It is the voice of the cook.

"I see her!"

"Get out, cookey! Your eyes are full of gravy."

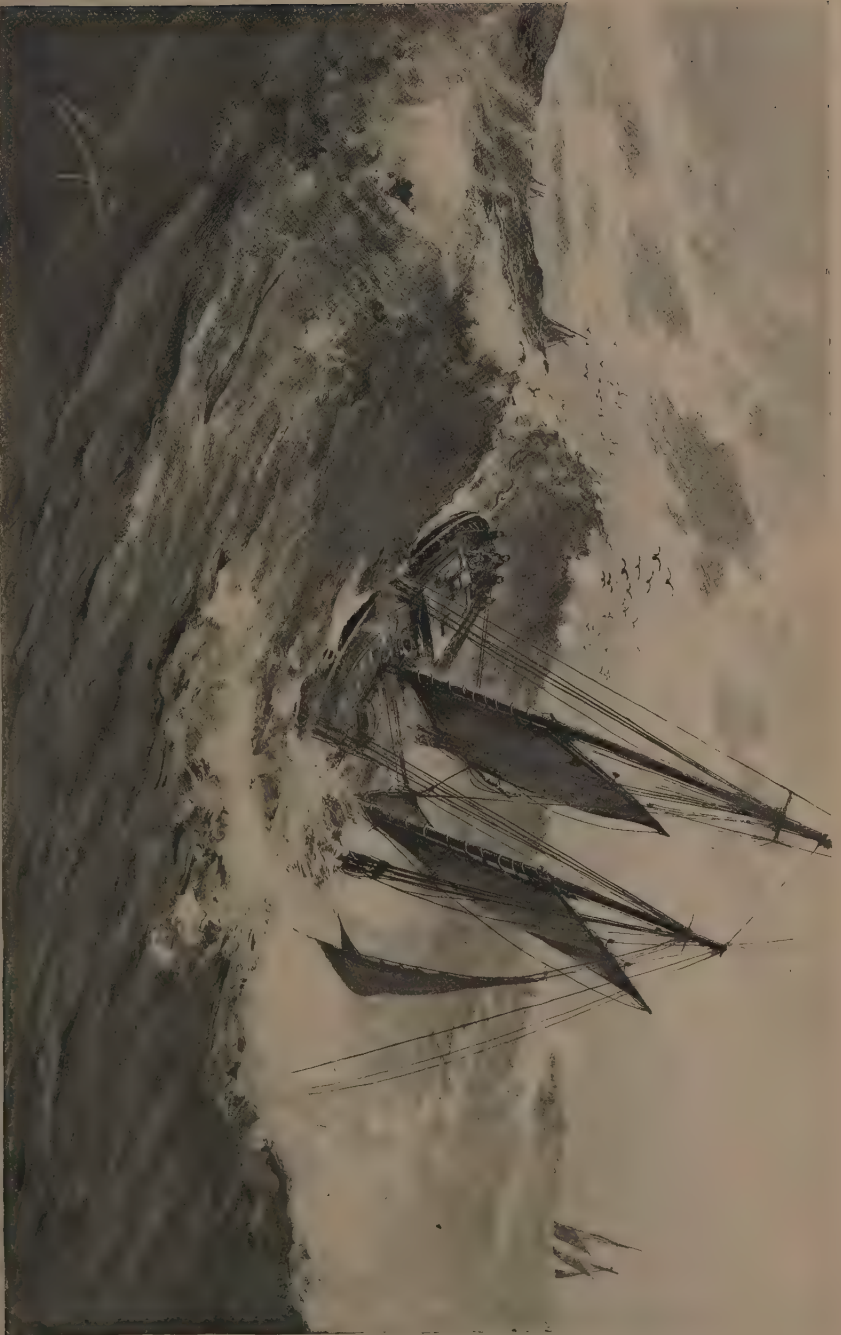
But now all are tense with anxiety. Crash! The heavens are split, and a blinding zigzag of lightning rips down the sky. For an instant its glare lights up the sea, and Dory No. 3 is seen up to windward, pitching like a cork. Instinctively some hands leap to flatten in sheets as the schooner is jammed hard on the wind. It's like a yacht race, only tenfold more wild.

"By the great hook block!" says the skipper, "she's hanging to her trawl yet!"

Another tack, and the *Sarah B.* is brought down just to windward of the dory. One of her hands heaves the painter as the schooner forereaches on her, and it is caught by one of the fishermen on deck. The suspense is over, for in another moment Dory No. 3 and her men are safe, and the *Sarah B.*'s crew slacks away its tense cord of anxiety.

"And now," says Cap'n Hiram, "we 'll not mind a little breeze o' wind."

And wind enough and to spare the skipper has, for it blows smartly for the next three days. Nevertheless the *Sarah B.* gets her fare, for that is what she is out there to do. "Captains Courageous" Kipling called the Banks skippers, and that is what they truly are. They fish and fish and fish, and when their holds are full of fish, they go home. Meanwhile all the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE 'SARAH B.' MAKES THE PACE A LIVELY ONE."

varieties of celestial and demoniacal weather of which the roaring forties are productive come along and make trouble for them; but they plot off their squares and fish them down in spite of it all.

So when Cap'n Hiram gets his fare, he points the schooner's nose for Cape Cod. There's a huge sea still running, but the schooner has it astern of her, and as every roarer sweeps under her, it gives her a mighty push homeward. The riding-sail has been sent down, and a double-reefed mainsail set in its place. Driven along by this, her reefed foresail, and her jib, the *Sarah B.* makes the pace a lively one, and as she toboggans down the steep olive slopes, she shoves her bowsprit clear into the smother of foam under her bows and the water roars right up to the foremast foot.

Not alone is the *Sarah B.* Out of the depths behind the rim of the ocean have risen the *Mary Brown* of Chatham, and the *Phineas Phinney* of Gloucester, and five or six others. They have all taken the breeze over their taffrails, turned tail on the Georges and headed for Boston. It's an easy run this time, for the catch was quick and big, and the Friday market will be there for all hands.

But, nevertheless, the man who lands his cargo first will make the best of the bargain, and so there is a race for Boston Light and the land of the codfish-buyer—a race not of gingerbread yachts, but of toilers of the sea, fishermen of the Banks, storm kings every one of them.

And when the fish are landed, it is up and away again to do it all over, till days of doing are ended and final night closes over the cod-fields.



THE DOUBTFUL AGE

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISS EVA FARLEIGH, IN ENGLAND,
TO HER SISTER, MRS. ELLA CHESTER, WHO HAD JUST LEFT ENGLAND
FOR SOUTH AMERICA

BY ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD

IN TWO PARTS

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

PART TWO

May 4.



HE quietness continues, or rather intensifies. Even the Lestranges have gone up to London, so I have the place pretty much to myself.

I told you in my last that Miss Lynn had already left. She is to be in Oxford for Eights-Week, it seems. She made some reference to this in my presence, and was rather taken aback, I thought, when I remarked that I should meet her there. I believe she supposed the invitation from Joe was a specialty all to herself. Polly

Lestrangle broke in: "Why, of course Miss Farleigh is to be there. Joe, I do believe, would throw up his oar in disgust if she were n't there to see him row. *She* has to be there, whoever is." I felt positively grateful to the loyal girl. And then Maud asked whether I had heard from Joe lately, and I rattled off his last budget of news and witticisms. Miss Lynn was puzzled; she could n't make out the situation at all, being evidently convinced that she had completely cut me out before Joe went. The Lestrangle girls, I notice, have been a little sharp

with her lately, as if she were getting upon even their good, strong nerves.

Now they are all gone. There is consequently very little to write to you about.

I miss Joe ever so much. Absence is doing its work in making my heart grow fonder, and I have only too much time now to realize my loneliness. How nice it would be to have a home of my own! A home to keep for somebody else, that's to say—for him to come back to when he *did* have to go away, and to be interesting in his absences just because there was his sure return to look forward to. I am a very old-fashioned woman, I have come to the conclusion; or perhaps it is that I am in the transition-stage—have only partly outgrown my domesticated and utterly self-abnegating grandmother, and have not yet developed into my perfectly independent, self-centred, and, consequently, well-poised granddaughter.

But no doubt you are thinking that if I have nothing more interesting to tell you than that I may as well stop scribbling. Good-by.

May 7.—It feels odd to be writing to you like this week after week, without getting an answer. It's more like writing a serial story. Your letters from ports on the way strike me as entirely irrelevant, they have so little to do with the life I am leading, and I, alas! have so little to do with the life you are leading. I am getting plenty of time now to read and study, and have been exploring the village library.

Mr. Egerton, by the way, calls every day, bringing me papers, magazines, and so on, and assures himself of my welfare. We compare the letters received from Joe, and have long talks about the boy and his future. We are becoming close friends, Mr. Egerton and I, over this common interest of ours.

It was the mention of the village library that made me think of him just now, for it was he who managed to get it built—collected subscriptions from rich and poor to start the thing, and, greatest triumph of all, persuaded the village worthies to support it from the rates. He has endowed it himself with great quantities of books, among other things with a very complete collection of works on political economy and sociology, which he

makes a point of keeping up to date by continual additions. I find it very convenient for my studies at this particular juncture.

The librarian and I have many conversations. He is, I find, a wholesale admirer of Mr. Egerton, and tells me ever so many interesting tales about him and the family.

His brother, Sir John Egerton, was estranged from him a good many years ago, it seems, on account of some trouble over the sanitation of the village of Fairhazel, at the gates of Egerton Court. There was an insufficient water-supply. Sir John, the squire, had diverted most of it to feed a fountain in his private grounds, the consequence being that in summer the stream through the village frequently dried up, and typhoid fever epidemics were frequent, till Mr. Egerton, aided and abetted by the doctor, took the matter up. His remonstrances to his brother having no effect, he appealed directly to the board of health, which ordered the necessary works: and of course the ratepayers, including his own brother, had to stand the expense, and were highly indignant with him as the cause of it. It explains the estrangement from most of his own class in the surrounding county. He has an imperturbable way of persisting in his projects till he gets what he wants that must of course be very provoking to his opponents.

However, he is quite independent of country society, seeing that he knows most of the interesting people one hears about in the outside world—authors, artists, statesmen, etc. He spends a month or two each year in London or abroad, and these interesting folk aforementioned come down to visit him in his cottage; thus he manages to keep in touch with big movements and important persons, and can afford to smile at Hazel-edge.

He has apparently a strong hatred of the petty tyranny that the baronet loves to wield, and stands between his brother and the latter's victims whenever possible. Mr. Bainbridge was one of the latest of these. I was rather surprised at the time to meet the curate at luncheon in Mr. Egerton's house, knowing that Mr. Egerton is an agnostic, and not likely to be hand-in-glove with the ecclesiastical au-



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE BOATS AT LAST CAME TEARING ALONG"

thorities that be. But I have learned since that, agnostic though he be, he has shown himself the curate's best friend in the recent crisis.

Poor Mr. Bainbridge not long since ventured to preach a sermon against war, and illustrated it by some too-frank references to the Boer war now waging—too frank, that is, for the feelings of the baronet, who stalked out of church then and there, ejaculating "Damned nonsense!" as he went; and afterwards wrote to the vicar, saying he would not enter the church again so long as Mr. Bainbridge was curate, and would repeal all his subscriptions to all the church's good works until the offending curate was dismissed. The vicar, in a dilemma, felt that it would be sacrificing the interests of his parish at large to deprive it of the support of this pillar of the church, and, therefore, though loth, decided against the curate. Some of the other church people have been very indignant with this interference with the right of free speech, and Mr. Egerton, though no church-member, believes in a parson's speaking out the faith that was in him, and staunchly supported his cause, to the extent of getting a living for Mr. Bainbridge from some one of his influential friends. Further cause of indignation of the baronet against him!

You can perceive, therefore, the reasons why Mr. Egerton has led a rather isolated life for years, though now people and people's opinions are fast coming round to his way of thinking. They say that even his wife was not sympathetic with his advanced ideas; but she died before she could have influenced him much one way or the other.

The welfare of the poorer people has been his continual study, and he has confided to me his hopes for Joe's future as squire of the domain, and all that should then be done for the condition of the tenantry, which is as disgraceful under the present régime as the law, plus Mr. Egerton, permits. One can see where Joe gets his idealism.

The librarian told me a touching little tale of Mr. Egerton's heroism years and years ago when there was still a superstitious dread of smallpox in the village, and no one could be got to nurse a poor man who had it. Mr. Egerton himself shut himself up in the cottage with the

poor fellow, food being left outside for him from day to day, nursing him tenderly until the end.

There is much else I could glean for you from my talks with Mr. Foster, the librarian; but I don't suppose those details about people you don't know can interest you very much. Now that Joe is in Oxford, I am rather "graveled for lack of matter."

May 14.—Joe writes as affectionately as he dares and as often as business permits. He is in training for the Eights-Week, and is working hard besides. Everybody expects him to get a double-first, and his name is bandied about in connection with the Newdigate Prize. He is a clever chap,—is n't he?—my Joe. His father is so proud of him and so glad that he is turning out such a fine fellow. It has been the supreme effort of his life to bring up Joe, and it is one in which he may be said to have succeeded. He himself, however, is still anxious on account of Joe's temperament, which is of a nature that may easily lose balance from any great shock or disappointment. I see very well what is in his mind as he talks. He is inclined to think Joe is so versatile as to lack stability, but then, Mr. Egerton himself is so preternaturally stable.

We have had by this time a great many walks and talks together, and once he has been to tea at my frugal board, setting dear Mrs. Green all in a flutter at the honor done her inn. She is one of those who esteem Mr. Egerton by far more than a head taller than the present baronet.

With it all, he finds time to be very sympathetic toward me and my own affairs, and has shown himself much interested in all I have told him about my past life and struggles. I have felt it only right to talk to him very fully about them; and, indeed, he has made it very easy to do, and I find myself confiding in him most unexpectedly. He is of that rare variety of person who understands without requiring elaborate explanations. Naturally, the work I have lately taken up as vestrywoman is just the thing to appeal to him, and I talk shop to my heart's content. He was much amused at first by the idea that I did anything the least bit useful in the world. I think he



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"‘I WILL BE A MOTHER TO YOU, JOE,’ I FOUND MYSELF SAYING APOLOGETICALLY”

thought me a very scatterbrained person, and teased me about being fit only to "look pretty, and read poetry, and pick flowers." He was more than half in earnest, too, drat him! But I have convinced him by slow degrees that I know a thing or two, and can do a thing or two, till now he is more respectful, and condescends to treat me as an equal. It is a little touching, even, his eagerness to discuss the things he is interested in, now that he finds some one who is interested in them, too, without feigning.

He has promised me a great treat for the day after to-morrow. Cheriton, the novelist, who, it seems, is a great friend of his, is coming to spend a night with him, and I am invited to meet him at dinner! I have long wanted to meet the great man, so you can imagine my feelings.

May 25.—It's a long time since my last letter to you, but I've been so gay and frivolous of late, there has been no time to think of writing. Where shall I begin? I have already nearly forgotten that delightful dinner with Cheriton, which was like feasting on nectar and ambrosia in company with the gods. It was n't a bit disappointing, as these occasions so often are, though, indeed, that was due to Mr. Egerton as much as to Mr. Cheriton. In congenial company he comes out like the sun from behind a cloud, and surprises you by shining in his strength. Indeed, that dinner deserves a long letter all to itself, but I shall have to leave it till another time, when I am less agitated with personal interests that are pressing to be told. My visit to Oxford is a recent and vivid occurrence, so I will begin with that.

I joined the Lestrangle party in Oxford, and we stayed at the Mitre, I am glad to say. We "sight-saw" vigorously for the few days I was there: visited all the principal colleges and gardens; attended garden-parties in some of the latter; "did" the Bodleian; went to a concert at Balliol; heard service in the chapel of New College, where Sir Joshua Reynolds's window is; inspected Christ Church kitchen, where Mrs. Lestrangle was much impressed with the toaster for making four hundred slices of toast at once; and walked on the Broad when we had

nothing better to do, which was seldom. These brief notes are intended to refresh your memory of the happy days gone by when Ned was at Balliol.

The dear old place was looking quite gay in honor of the great occasion—the bumping-races. The window-boxes of the collèges, filled with scarlet geraniums, yellow *Calceolaria*, and bright-blue flowers,—what is it they are called?—made the gray walls look festive. The college gardens were all at their freshest and greenest and bloomiest. Perhaps the most vivid memory of all is of the sweet-briar that grows in the cloisters of Magdalen. Joe took us through the cloisters the evening we arrived, and that unexpected whiff of fragrance, and that burst of greenness, growing up from the very roots of the old monastic arches and uncurling its new leaves in the shadow of the cloisters, made a striking contrast characteristic of all Oxford. Oxford in Eights-Week is such a strange mixture of long ago and the immediate moment, of antiquity and modernity, of hoary peace and eager young life, it is fascinating.

The main event of the week was, of course, the Eights-races. We watched them from the barge of Joe's college, naturally sporting his college colors. It was a pretty sight to see the long row of barges, flying their gay flags and crowded with girls and women brightly dressed in light summer costumes. The weather was ideal—warm enough to sit still and look on with comfort, and yet not so warm that you felt it would be hard for the rowers.

The Lestrangle girls were more interested in the boat-races and the cricket-matches than in any other sight-seeing; and we all felt bound to support Joe, so we attended the races every day. This sounds almost as if I attended the races only from a sense of duty—miles away from the facts of the case. I love to see a display of strength and skill; and there is something specially fine in a contest between crews: every oarsman feels a responsibility for all the rest, yet the glory to be won is not a personal matter that can make any one among them conceited.

I felt like a child again when the races were on. Our necks were stiff with craning before the boats came in sight. I was

always nearly bursting with suspense before the starting-gun was fired and we knew the race had begun. Then the excitement! The boats at last came tearing along, with the accompanying crowd of "men" rushing along the towpath, shouting encouragements, hooting and whistling, blowing horns and rattling rattles, till your spirit was caught up in the rush and went racing along for dear life in the wake of the particular boat you happened to be interested in.

Our enthusiasm was greatly stimulated by the fact that Joe's boat did splendidly this season. It made a bump almost every day, and steadily worked its way up the river.

The last evening of all was of course the most important, and the excitement was intense. The rowing was very keen: several bumps seemed imminent, but the "imminence" was always frustrated at the last fraction of a second, amid yells and shrieks from bank and barges both. As it picturesquely happened, Joe's was the only boat that won a bump that evening, bringing it up second in line. Every one is lamenting there is not one more day, that that particular crew might have a chance to assert their right to the head of the river. As it is, they have so gallantly won their way up five places that the interest in them has been accumulating all the week, and this final bump was an occasion of ovation and glory for them. We shared in the honors, and felt proud of it, I can assure you, that we personally knew some of the heroes of the day. Joe came up to greet us, after he had disembarked, rubbed down, and dressed up again. We had lingered to watch the rough-and-tumble nonsense on the river after the races were over. He came straight to me first, dear boy! with eyes for no one else, though the Lestranges and Miss Lynn and college-friends galore were crowding round, eager to congratulate him. He came straight to me, with triumph and happiness glowing in his eyes. They said plainer than words that now he felt he had won laurels worthy to lay at my feet, thanks to his youth and strength and the strong arms of the other good fellows in the boat,—they had won the honors of the day,—and any woman might well be proud to have a hero of the day at her command. It was all very naïve, of

course, yet quite in the spirit of the occasion: not a young girl on the barge but would have agreed with him if she had been consulted. His crew, one and all, were brought up to be introduced to me, and it was evident to all around that I was a very important personage. Cynthia Lynn he had barely greeted, which was not altogether righteous conduct on his part, considering how outrageously he had flirted with the young lady a few weeks ago.

That light kept glowing in his eyes, and I knew it meant that he felt the propitious moment had come. There was just this little illusion of triumph needed to make him forget his own unworthiness (as he thought it), and feel fit to offer me his hand and heart.

And I—felt suddenly grown very old. I don't know how to explain it, Ella, but in the midst of all the enthusiasm of congratulation of which Joe was the glowing center, it came over me all at once that I could never bring myself to marry him. The cold truth of things had touched me at the very core, and I realized then the gulf that was between us. When Joe won his race, he lost his chance with me. Perhaps you will instinctively understand it all better than I can explain.

The girls and youths around were all talking with bated breath, as it were, of Joe's wonderful achievements: it was so unusual that a man of renown as an athlete should also be going to win such honors as a student; he did splendid work, they said, was certain of a first class, and he has just been announced as the winner of the Newdigate. He is going about displaying with pride a post-card of congratulation he has got from the poet Swayne. Is n't it delightfully English and incongruous that the greatest living poet should use a post-card to convey his praise for a poem? Joe, it seems, is one of the most brilliant debaters at the Union, too. Certainly, it is a very unusual combination for one man, and they talked as if there were nothing more for him to win; he was a young lord of life.

It made me realize the difference in my point of view. I have lived long enough to know that the beginning of life is not the end of it—that 's about the gist of all that my moralizings come to. It is not

the winners of prizes at college who generally come out first and win the prizes in the battle of life. Alas! the young things have not yet begun to be tried and tested, whereas they imagine they have already *achieved* something!

Life is a much more serious thing than even Joe has begun to realize; and he, I admit, is much wiser for his years than the others. Oh, those others! No doubt they had some influence on my conclusions. Joe himself is an exceptional creature; but to see those infants, his contemporaries! There is something so *calow-looking* about a youth! I think it is in his *ears* chiefly that the effect lies.

But the upshot is, I felt that my philosophy was too cold and dull to be hitched to the car of this glowing young Apollo: it would only drag it down. It would be a case of crabbed age and youth trying to live together. Instead of being eager and adventurous like himself, I should hang back and be cautious; I should have wise saws to apply to his modern instances at every turn, mistrustful even of his successes, lest they should mask some hidden evil. I have seen the vanity of much that is still alluring glitter to him. He has to go through his experiences for himself. In fact, to be brief, I am old and he is young, and that important truth you no doubt think I might have known as well six weeks ago as now.

Of course, if I were a different type of woman, I should not feel so. There is the case of Anna Bartlett, who married a man fifteen years younger than herself, and it has been a highly appropriate marriage in every way. But temperaments alter cases.

Well, my own selfish longings obscured my sight at first. I want to be happy, I want to have a home of my own, I want to have some one to love me, I want to have some one to love. It seemed as if Joe were proffering me all that, and it is hard, for my own sake as well as for his, to refuse. But, indeed, at the moment I am so much taken up with thinking of him that I know I sha'n't realize my own case till long after. I am in a state of almost frantic consternation at the thought of what is ahead of me. However can I bear to wound that darling boy, now, in the midst of all his triumph, too—to make

it all turn to dust and ashes around him? I hate to hurt a young thing, Ella. And yet I know that five years hence he will be feeling very grateful to me. But, oh! five years hence is not now, and when I think what his father has told me of his emotional temperament and its workings, I feel scared.

Perhaps this is being absurdly perturbed. I know I have had reason to be amused at myself on previous occasions for taking my own refusals of myself too seriously. I believe I used to suffer a great deal more than the men in question. I am always so *exceedingly* sorry for the poor man who does n't get me! It seems to be the special form my conceit takes. But poor Joe—he takes everything so vehemently! How am I to break it to him?

I hurried off from Oxford at the earliest opportunity. Fortunately, I had talked of the day after the races were over as also the term of my visit, and was able consistently to stick to that arrangement in spite of urgent entreaties to stay longer.

We had a breakfast in Joe's rooms that final morning (he had been unable to entertain us before, owing to his training; and there was the bumping-supper to occupy his attention the last night). Joe was in particularly brilliant form, as gay and light-hearted as possible. He had invited some choice spirits to meet us at breakfast: learned, talented, comical—all kinds were represented; and the girls were in very holiday humor, too. Joe made a charming host (he is bound to shine in society, that young man), and lavished his most delicate attentions upon me. I, thinking of what was to come after, began by feeling like a death's-head at a banquet, and every inch my age; but the youth and good spirits of the rest of the party were very infectious, and I soon found myself rattling away nonsense with the best of them. The young men were quite relieved to find that a vestrywoman was also human, and I felt that I was a distinct success with them, outshining even the sparkling Cynthia; for society girls are common enough to the undergraduate, whereas a vestrywoman is something of a novelty. Joe was obviously proud and pleased at the impression I was making, and I was only too glad to be able to give him this last gratification.

It was in a blaze of glory, accordingly, that I left Oxford. Owing to a cordial arrangement made at breakfast (Miss Lynn, I believe, originated the idea), the whole party came to the station to see me off afterward. Joe, consequently, had no opportunity of being with me alone. He looked sorry, I could see; but I was not. He does n't get away from Oxford till some time in July, and perhaps by that time there will have been opportunity to let the real state of my mind dawn upon his, and prevent shock. I sincerely hope so. Twice, and by a lucky chance, the imminent proposal has been averted: I ought to be able to keep it from coming altogether.

May 26 (continuation).—And then when I got to Hazeledge, there was Mr. Egerton on the platform to meet me, eager to hear about Joe's success.

The last time I saw him, he was standing on the platform of the station in London, seeing me off to Oxford. He had at first merely meant to see me off from the little station at Hazeledge, but, while we were waiting for the train, he suddenly took it into his head that he would come as far as London with me. He longed to come all the way, and join us in our fun, but some parish business demanded his attention during that week, and he is not the man to give up duty for pleasure, however alluring. I felt distinctly chagrined, I must confess, that though I turned on him the full battery of my charms, such as they are, I could not prevail upon him to come farther with me. He stood looking wistfully after my train as it steamed off to Oxford, till I felt "wae" for him, as Carlyle would say.

I felt now such a fraud as I sketched the gay scenes at Oxford for his benefit, and saw his delight and satisfaction increasing with every word. He was relieved to know that Joe was well; he had been afraid the double strain of study and athletic training would have been too much for him. It is quite touching to see the devotion he has for this boy of his—his all-the-world. He was overflowing with tender, sympathetic, minute questions, and his mind seemed so full of Joe that it was a surprise to me to find he had other important business to attend to im-

mediately. We were walking up together slowly from the station, and I had made some conventional remark about finding it difficult to settle down here after the excitements of Oxford. He jokingly offered, as an only resource, the meeting of the village parish council, to which he was just going. As a matter of "shop," of course I was interested, and very glad to have the opportunity of attending.

He had a matter on hand which has been engaging his attention for some time, and the final decision was to be reached to-day. It concerns the building of a gymnasium for a girls' school in the village. The vicar has a piece of land adjoining the church which he wishes to sell for this purpose. It is near the school, but, also, as I say, near the church; and to have a building erected on it would effectually spoil the present picturesque view of the same, at the top of a slope, with its graveyard on one side, and this vacant ground on the other.

The village has a bit of land not very far from the school on the other side, which would be more suitable for the purpose, and where the gymnasium would not be a blot on the landscape. This piece of ground, however, to complicate matters, is coveted by a man who wants to build a public-house on it.

Mr. Egerton, of course, desires to have this latter piece of land sold for the gymnasium. The situation is unmistakable: it is obviously for the best interests of the village community that it should be so.

Ranged against the public interest, however, are the private interests of the vicar and the brewer, plus the depraved natures who pine for another beer-swilling resort. These interests united are going to be too strong for Mr. Egerton and the public welfare.

It may perhaps shock your innocent mind that the vicar should thus be leagued with the powers of darkness and destruction; but know you not that vicars are but human? He has a large family to support, he needs the money, and likewise he has a grudge against Mr. Egerton because the latter is not of his fold: therefore, for the nonce, the brewer and the apostle of Christ walk arm in arm.

Even so, it is difficult to believe that the united common sense of the rest of the community should not prevail against

them; but it seems there has been a carefully organized opposition worked up from the beginning. The allies of the vicar and the brewer have been working among the people, until their representatives have pledged themselves to vote for the public-house—or against the dangerous Mr. Egerton, which is their more tactful way of putting it.

That day the council had to decide whether it would sell the village property for the public-house or for the gymnasium (the difference in price was not much).

Mr. Egerton knew that all this had been going on, and knew very well that his measure was going to be defeated, but accepted it all with an imperturbable good humor that impressed me. It is not so much that it matters where the building is (though the Goths and the Huns and the Vandals combined could hardly do more to spoil the beauty of the village than our cultivated vicar), but it is the ingratitude of the people for whom Mr. Egerton has spent his life that moves my rancor, if it does not move his. To most of them, as individuals, it is an entirely neutral affair as to which plot of ground is used; but you would think they would rally in force to support anything that Mr. Egerton wanted, considering how much he has done for them. You would think it would discourage him and make him feel how useless all his efforts had been, all his sacrifices, when the very people he has befriended turn round and rend him—for that is exactly what they did in the meeting. But he merely remarks that he did not work for gratitude—that the wages of gratitude are too seldom paid.

And he behaved in such a cheerful, matter-of-fact way during the meeting. Not content with opposition, his enemies had organized insult. The speeches on the other side were obviously aimed directly against Mr. Egerton, and were positively insolent in tone. And when he rose to speak, they howled and yelled, trying to drown his voice and force him to sit down. But he calmly stood waiting till the noise subsided, and then went on with his remarks; and persisted in this calm way till he had finished all he had to say. It was an exhibition of great dignity and sweetness, and my heart swelled within me to see it. I was not the

only woman there: there were ladies present from many of the leading families round, which would have made it all the more galling for Mr. Egerton, if he had cared at all. But he did not.

After all, the vote was very close, so his eloquence must have rallied more supporters to his side than the opposition expected; but his amendment was lost, and the land was sold to the tavern-keeper. The vicar was jubilant, as of course it clears the way for his sale to the girls' school.

"It's all in the day's work," said Mr. Egerton, good-naturedly, as we came out together, after he had soothed down his indignant friends and supporters, who were talking of the affair in terms not at all complimentary to the vicar. "The British countryman has yet got to be educated into being his own master. In town it's rather different. Here the yokel is still very much at the mercy of the squire and the vicar, and, to give the devil his due, it's because the squire and the vicar have so usually been his best friends. It's only now and then that we come across traces of tyranny, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. I am merely helping along the work of education—and I am content."

I was too excited at the time to think of it, but afterward it struck me how curious was the contrast between the son's successes and social triumph at Oxford and the father's failure at home, with serried opposition against him of all the surrounding county. Yet, of the two occasions, this village brawl as to whether or no a tavern should be built on a particular spot seemed to me much more important than whether a nice-conditioned youth at Oxford should help win a boat-race, and carry off a double-first, and the Newdigate Prize and all!

Poor Joe! I dare say he would gladly give up all his honors for the sake of being right with me.

May 27, Sunday.—I did not "get off," after all. I had been back barely two days, when this afternoon Joe appeared, looking so bright and boyish, and with a pretty shyness in his manner, too. I exclaimed at this his sudden appearance in term-time, and wanted to know what it meant.

"I have come straight here from the station," he explained, "and I suppose I shall have to go back first thing to-morrow morning; but I had not the patience to wait any longer. You know what I've come for." And here he looked at me with those beseeching brown eyes of his that always make my heart twist inside me.

Then there had to follow a painful time. I tried to soften it down for him as much as possible; but, of course, when "no" is the gist of the matter, it does n't help much to wrap it up in soft words. He took it beautifully, so that I have never loved him more than at that moment. And I *do* love him, Ella, though not just exactly the required way. He was very quiet and very manly, turning pale as he said he knew it needed a better man than himself to win me. Then he wrung my hand violently, and took one last look. His quivering attempt at a smile of reassurance nearly broke my heart. I should so like to have taken him in my arms and comforted him; but I thought I better not. And then he was gone, and I was left, feeling very cruel and very desolate, and had a good cry.

And so there is the end of my little romance—before there has been time to hear your comments on the beginning of it.

I wish you were close at hand to-night, Ella! Kiss all the bairnies for me. Good-bye for another week.

June 3.—I have so much to say that I don't believe I shall get it all down in time for the mail. I have been too much taken up this week to begin my letter till to-day.

I left off last time, because I could n't see to write for my tears. The next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I found a bunch of beautiful roses beside my plate, which I knew came from the Egertons's garden, and I did not need Mrs. Green to tell me that Master Joe had left them on his way to the station that morning. Sweet of the boy, was n't it? A little token of forgiveness.

Not long after breakfast Mr. Egerton appeared, looking anxious as he came into the room, and then commiserating when he saw how doleful I looked. This interview was what I had been dreading. I

did not know how much he knew, and if I had to break it to him, it would be almost more painful than breaking it to Joe. And if he *did* know, I wondered what on earth he would think of me, or what depressing news he would bring me about Joe. I was too sick at heart to try to make conventional conversational openings; so he plunged into the subject at once, sitting down on the sofa beside me, and taking my hand in his.

"You were quite right," he said; "I knew it would come out so, or at least I hoped it would come out so."

That was balm to my distracted feelings; there was small need for my agitation, if Mr. Egerton approved. Joe had told him all about it last night, as I had supposed he would, and Joe, it appeared, was behaving splendidly.

"This is the first thing to make a man of him. I am very grateful to you, Miss Farleigh. It needed some big experience like this to give his nature coherence and stability. It will keep him out of a great deal of harm. You have raised the standard for him, you see. He won't fall in love very easily or very soon again; and I am glad of that, for he had much better think of other things for a year or two to come."

This, and much more of the same sort, Mr. Egerton kept saying till I grew more collected. It was very comforting to me to hear that I had not done the harm I feared—rather, on the contrary, good.

Then he went on: "I must say I was myself doubtful what effect it would have on him, and did not dare interfere by word or deed to influence either your action or his. Too much depended on the outcome. But I have been looking on very anxiously, and I am glad you have had the resolution to refuse him: it would not have been at all appropriate."

At this I felt a little piqued, and asked rather huffily: "Do you not think I could have made him happy?"

"I do not think he would have made you happy," he answered gently: "I'm afraid you do not yet realize that I have been watching this affair just as anxiously for your sake—and for mine—as for Joe's. You would have worried and wavered on his account even more than on your own. What you need is some one who will not let you worry and waver,

but will take care of you, and decide for you." Here he paused and smiled, as if amused at my backwardness to understand. "Do you know, I told Joe something last night that I dare say helped him to bear his disappointment better than he otherwise would, by giving a new tenor to his thoughts. May I tell you?"

And then my heart stood still with an indescribable alarm. I understood in a flash, and a sudden, new, strange emotion, rising in my breast, almost choked me, and I could not utter a syllable.

He went on quietly, but very earnestly: "I told Joe he had a rival in his own father; that I had been generous enough to stand aside and leave the field to him, but that now that he had failed I meant to try my luck. I love you, dear one, and I understand you, and I need you. You have glided into my life like a sweet strain of poetry, when I thought all hope of such emotion, such happiness, was over for me. It will be all the sweeter because it comes so late. I will cherish you very tenderly, dear woman, if you will let me take care of you."

Oh, dear! It is absurd of me to try to repeat to you what he said. I go over it and over it in my mind all the livelong day, and it is hard to keep one's heart under lock and key when it is full; but, after all, there are some things that can only be between two.

So you must not expect me to describe in detail everything that happened or was said after that.

One piece of prudence you will appreciate. It was such a new idea to me, as he very sagely remarked; that he considerably gave me time to think it over—till Saturday only, less than a week; but he would n't give me more, for he says I never know my own mind two days together, and I should be tired out by then with making and unmaking it. And then he hastened to add, in case I should be offended, that he liked me all the better for it.

After which he mercifully took his departure; for, indeed, my head was in a whirl. And yet, with all my confusion of thought, I had no doubt as to my feelings. I felt as if a weight had been taken off my heart. I felt as if I had been led blindfold all these past weeks, and lured on in ways unknown to myself, till sud-

denly the bandage has been snatched from my eyes, and I find myself in an enchanted garden of happiness.

It is odd, but I simply had *no* doubts as to what answer I should give Mr. Egerton. I realized that this was the inevitable thing. All my doubts were at an end. The strangeness, the wonder of it, overwhelms me.

Later.—I begin to understand now what has been the great want in my life up till now—ought I to confess it with humiliation? It seems that I have needed a manly arm (metaphorically speaking for a masculine mind) to lean upon. For, for all that I am so old, so "advanced," as my Philistine acquaintances call me, I am so horribly feminine! I have been an intellectual wobbler, and have all along, without knowing it, felt the need of a permanent guiding and controlling force in which I could have perfect trust. Joe, with all his brain power and brilliancy, had the faults of youth and inexperience: he would have looked up to me instead of I to him.

It is distressing, the amount the modern woman requires of her liege lord. It takes him all his time to live up to her requirements, and it takes *her* all her time, till her hair is gray, to find him—the person whom she is able to love, honor, and obey. Anyhow, it has taken me up to the threshold of middle life before I could find the right combination of qualities in my mate. In all the men I have met as possible candidates for the honor, there has been something wanting: if they had intellect, they had no heart (and nothing would bore me so much as to live with a purely intellectual person); or, if they had heart, they had no refinement; or, if everything else were right, they were hopelessly wanting in experience of the underside of things, which, after all, makes up fully five sixths of life, and I could not possibly feel them my superiors in judgment.

The self-confident woman may find it more comfortable to marry her inferior in these ways: I am not a confident, merely a confiding woman (as you have found out to your cost by this time, poor confidante!).

Mr. Egerton has such a dear, strong, steady nature: it will be so restful to live

with him. I admire his calm philosophy of life so much: there is no tyrannical imposing of his way of thinking on others, nothing but a large, generous toleration and sympathy, and a strong conviction that the living of life is the main thing, and it does n't much matter whether one is heard of in the living of it or not.

Then, in joining my life to this dear man's, it does n't mean an abrupt cutting-off from all my past. On the contrary, it is just a continuation and development of all I have worked at or taken interest in. I don't need to forget my poor people. It's so good to think that my practical experiences will not be wasted. I am so glad that my study of economics and civics will be of use in working along with him. I am so glad I am interested in the same things he is interested in. Of course that has been our chief bond of sympathy all along, and all the while I was innocently thinking it was Joe. He has lived all his life without sympathy (the one and only "he," I mean,—not Joe), but now he is going to have it in full measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

He came back on Saturday, after I had "thought it over" all the week, and we had a lovely, long, satisfactory talk.

And so, if you please, allow me to announce to you my engagement to Mr. Egerton! Michael is his name, by the way, and a very appropriate name it is, too; for he is an angel, if ever there was one.

I will send this off at once, for I want you to know without loss of time what a happy, contented woman I am—for the first time in my life. I will try to write again soon.

June 10.—I have the feeling that perhaps you won't be so surprised at the news I told you in my last letter as I was myself. Looking back over the last few weeks, I see the significance of things and thoughts and feelings that I misjudged then; and you, at a safe distance, as the impartial spectator, have probably been able to read between the lines.

I am astonished now at my own blindness that the idea never entered my head. I suppose it was because I always thought of Michael as vastly beyond me.

I know I am not good enough for him;

yet I don't for a moment think of *not* marrying him. I merely have a more passionate desire to serve him and make him happy to the very best of my ability. And as for thinking that any other woman might be able to make him happier, I simply can't tolerate the idea for a minute.

Have you still got all the letters I have written to you from here? I was going to ask you to burn them, but, on second thoughts, I would rather you sent them back to me. It may be edifying to reread the nonsense I wrote.

For one thing, I remember writing about giving up one's ideas or hopes of finding perfection in a man (although I have been rejecting the creatures all my discreet life because they *were n't* perfect!). Lest you should misconstrue this as an aspersion on Michael's character, I hasten to tell you that he is as near perfection as any mortal man can be. Or, at least, he has the faults I like best, which is perhaps the more scientific way of putting it.

N. B. I shall not care now how sternly and grimly he looks at other people so long as his eyes soften when they look at me.

June 18.—It seems that Cynthia Lynn is the arch-plotter who has been weaving her web around us all.

Joe was not so unprepared for the *dénoûement* as I was, strange to say. I understand now his coldness to her in Oxford, which I thought at the time so unlike himself. It appears that Cynthia by that time was deliberately trying to poison his mind against me, and had aroused his deepest indignation by the things she said. But after I left Oxford came her greatest opportunity. Then it was that she managed to convey to him her insinuations that I had gone away in such a hurry, attracted by the charms of his father. It was easy enough for her to give circumstantial evidence in apparent support of her suspicion, till Joe was worked up to such a pitch that he could not rest another moment without finding out for certain how things really were. Hence his sudden descent upon Hazeledge. It seems he had been anxious to ask me, when I refused him, whether it was because I loved his father, but could not quite screw up

his courage when it came to the point. He had wanted to assure me, generous lad, that he hoped I should have no scruples about marrying his dad, since I could not marry himself—to give me his approval and benediction, in fact. He did not grudge his father this unwonted piece of happiness.

Of course he found out a little later in the evening from his father that there had been absolutely nothing between us as yet, but that Michael meant to try his fate; the rest you know.

And it was Cynthia who first gave Michael the idea that such an outcome might be possible—my preference of him to Joe, I mean. Her hand it was that applied the torch and fired the flame. She has been shrewd enough to read my mind for me, and understand more clearly than I did myself that I was not really in love with Joe,—only in love with love, as she cleverly put it,—and that he was not mature enough to satisfy me in the long run.

What amazes me is the swiftness with which she got upon sufficiently confidential terms with Michael to have such a conversation with him: She is singularly adroit. Then, in sounding me as to the state of my feelings for Joe, Michael fell in love with me himself, so he says.

When Joe was so long in getting a decision, his father grew angry that he seemed to be playing fast and loose. He was n't going to have Joe making a fool of me, for of course by this time people had begun to talk. This really seems hardly fair to Joe, for it might with at least equal justice be said that I was making a fool of *him*; but here, you must understand, the lover's partiality for once outweighs the father's. He had expected that Joe and I would be engaged before Joe went back to Oxford; and since that had not happened, felt at liberty to woo me on his own account.

He was rather anxious, however, when I went to Oxford for Eights-Week, and felt bound in honor not to say anything before that. (I understand now why he would not come, too.) But he saw at once by my manner when I returned that "nothing had happened," and was wonderfully relieved. Then the way seemed open before him; but still he would not have spoken so precipitately if it had not been for Joe's declaration. That brought

things to a head; and really, I have cause to be grateful to Cynthia Lynn, though the event was not as she had planned it.

Poor girl! I am sorry for her. She is so madly in love with Joe (and that is altogether to her credit) that she has completely lost her head. It is not in the least like her usual dexterity and tact to blunder as she has done. She has not the smallest chance now with Joe. Michael cannot bear "that flashy girl," as he calls her; and it is one of the merits attributed to me that I have been the means of spoiling Joe's "taste for trash." He thinks Joe's trouble through his little love-affair with me more than justified by the fact that it has prevented him from being caught in the toils of Miss Cynthia Lynn, as Michael thinks would otherwise have been inevitable. Certainly she is fascinating.

It would no doubt seem positively comical to an onlooker, the way we have got shaken up together, and changed places so, but, I assure you, it is terribly serious to all of us concerned.

June 19.—I keep having more and more important things to tell you.

We have just had word of the sudden death, by an accident, of Michael's brother. There has been so little sympathy or intercourse between the brothers for years that it is hardly a matter for grief. But Michael is now the baronet—a consummation that takes my breath away when I consider what it all means. But I am glad Michael will now have a chance to carry out his pet ideas. He will probably need more than ever an helpmate to strengthen his hands for the work he has laid out for himself; and I am glad I shall be there to cry "On!" Meanwhile, he has so much business to attend to that it takes him away from me a great deal, and *that* I don't like.

I have had the dearest little note of congratulation from Joe, and I believe he means it. His sense of humor must make it impossible for him to keep on any length of time having romantic yearnings for the woman his father is engaged to. I am glad things have happened so as to make it easier for him.

Michael hints at a very early marriage, but of course a very quiet one, so that we may begin this new life together.

June 23.—.....All these details of frocks and furbelows are very entrancing. I do not agree with those good people who consider them entirely irrelevant at this great crisis of a woman's life. I shall have to go up to London again to-morrow for the final fittings, etc. I wish you were here to help me. It takes away half the fun of having a trousseau not to have you to help me to choose it. I must just try to console myself with the other half—Michael's enjoyment of it. He has great appreciation of pretty clothes. Hence my apparent extravagance in the way of morning-gowns and fluffy things. It's the style of garment he thinks becoming to me, and *he*, you know, has an artistic eye.

I have just had a little item of news that delights my soul. You remember my tale of the parish meeting, and how the vicar was looking forward to selling his land to the girls' school? Well, Miss Martin, proprietor of the school in question, was present at the meeting, interested to see whether her bid for the other piece of land would be accepted, and, it appears, was so moved by Michael's remarks about the vandalism of spoiling the most picturesque spot in the village by erecting a building near the church, that she withdrew her offer from the vicar, (which had been only conditional, in any case,) and has bought a piece of land farther away from her school, which, therefore, will cause some inconvenience to herself, a piece of self-sacrifice in the cause of beauty and in the spirit of Ruskinism which I heartily applaud. This piece of poetic justice on the vicar gives me a wicked satisfaction. Michael is gently pleased for the sake of the village.

June 23. Evening.—We are having such glorious June weather! I have just come in from a walk with Michael. We came home through the fields. Is there anything more beautiful than a June meadow? It is such a luxuriance of growth and color—strong reds and blues and yellows set thickly in the tall green grass that tones down the separate notes

and brings them all into harmony! One may look and touch and gather and look—and still there is ever more beauty to fill one's heart.

The evening light lay softly over everything. I have always liked the evening light best: it is so calm and kindly and *wise*, softening the sharp edges of things, like the wisdom of a man who has seen and sounded the depths of life, and has a tender tolerance for the world's weakness.

We have had a beautiful time together, and I am *very* happy.

P. S.—Did I tell you I had seen Joe again? He came on for the funeral, of course, and Michael and he came to see me in the evening.

I was standing by the little white gate in Mrs. Green's luxuriant tangle of a garden watching for them when they appeared together round the corner. The lad looked a little older and thinner, I thought, but as bright as ever. He came striding forward to meet me, with hands outstretched, and an expression half-shy, half-amused. If it had been anybody but the handsome Joe he would have looked sheepish.

Nervously, I took up the first word. "I will be a mother to you, Joe," I found myself saying apologetically. A wildly absurd thing to say, when you think of it! However, it served to break the awkwardness of the situation.

"That 's better than nothing," he answered drily, smiling a trifle sardonically; and then suddenly he laid his head down on my shoulder with a little tired, confiding gesture that was very touching.

I had the satisfaction at last of rumpling his hair and giving him a heart-felt kiss—in the presence of his father, who looked on approvingly, Sedate Madam! I can see that we are going to be as good comrades in the future as we have been in the past, with the dangerous sentiment eliminated. I think I understand and know how to manage the lad; and he will very soon be a happy Joe again, I pledge you my word.



WHEN CAPITAL "TOOK HOLT"

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART

IF there 's one thing brings out the worst side of my nature more 'n another, it 's gittin' holt of a can of dod-gasted, Injun bakin' powder that turns out sinkers like them."

Old Man McPherson slammed a tin of pale, rock-like biscuit upon the bare pine table and eyed them angrily.

"That air the seventh batch of armor-plate as I have been called to put in my stummick this week." There was a plaintive note in Dad Falkner's voice.

"Look here, Dad, if my cookin' don't suit that delicate palate of yourn, you know what you can do. I 'm plumb sick of doin' general house-work, and any time you find yourself hankerin' after my job, I won't be nowise mad about your takin' it. There ain't been no washin' done in this shack fer over a month now, and I advises that you hit the floor about six to-morry mornin' and play up a little tune on the wash-board."

"My remark were n't intended fer a kick; it were merely an observation," Dad hastened to explain in a conciliatory tone, as he tried to puncture a biscuit with his thumb.

The apology was entirely satisfactory to the old man bending over the rusty cook stove which stood in one corner of the log cabin. His face cleared, and he cried cheerfully, as he set a frying-pan of bacon on the table and drew up the remnant of a chair, "Grab a root!"

Dad Falkner scraped the bottom of a dish which had contained stewed dried currants and sighed. "This air the last of the bear-sign, I s'pose?"

Old Man McPherson nodded.

"And the swine-buzzum air gone?"

His partner jerked his head in assent.

"I 'll have to take a couple of ca'tridges

out to-morry and git a goat. Take a billy and cook him in sody fer a couple of hours, and he ain't bad eatin'."

"They ain't but one ca'tridge," Old Man McPherson replied shortly.

Dad Falkner's face sobered.

"We 're sure gittin' down to hard-pan, pardner," he said. "If capital don't git in here pretty soon and take holt of them mines, I won't have enough clothes left on me to flag a hand-car, if they was all red. I kind of had a hunch capital would come in on the stage to-night."

"Lem me see, Dad, you 've had that hunch twicet a week ever sence the Black Marier shet down, and that were six years ago."

Dad, the sanguine, ignored the sarcasm, and fumbled in his pocket for a bit of ore, from which he blew a few ptarmigan feathers, and passed it across the table.

"That 'll be a fine spec'min to show capital," he said eagerly. "I got that out 'n the Tud'shead to-day."

Old Man McPherson looked it over critically.

"It air a fair spec'min fer a blanket lead," he said, with studied indifference. "It might go two per cent."

"Blanket lead be blanked!" cried Dad, in quick anger. "The Tud'shead air a true fissure lead, and there 'll be a concentrator workin' there when your old hole in the ground air used fer a garbage dump fer the mine boardin' house. What fer a Jim Crow miner air you, anyhow, that you don't know a true fissure lead when you see it!" Dad glowered at the old man across the table.

Night after night the same dispute took place as to whether the Toad'shead claim was a blanket or a fissure lead. An angry silence now fell between the two old partners, which would last until

morning, when they would awaken with the disagreement of the previous evening forgotten and their hearts filled with fresh hopes.

These two old men were among the half-dozen derelicts who remained in Boulder, clinging pathetically to the belief that the "busted" mining camp far back in the fastnesses of the towering Rockies would boom again. When Boulder boomed they would sell the Black Maria mine and the Toad'shead claim. They would go to that vague country known as "back East," where kinsfolk who were strangers now would welcome them "back East" to the land of milk and honey—the promised land of Canaan.

Year after year they hung on grimly, waiting for the capitalist who was to "take holt" and put new life into the devitalized camp by opening the abandoned Black Maria. Actual starvation now stared the old men in the face. Gradually they had sold all that was salable save a rifle. Horses, shot-guns, pack outfits—everything had gone for flour and bacon. They had nothing more to sell. To-night the silence which lay between them was due as much to depression as to ill feeling. Each realized that the end had come; they could hold on no longer.

The lean mongrel outside the cabin barked furiously. The door opened, and a stranger stepped inside. "Ah, bacon for supper," he observed cheerily as he sniffed the air. He pulled an empty starch box to the table and reached for a biscuit. He was unceremonious even for Boulder, and the men eyed him in surprise.

"Pitch into the swine-buzzum," said Old Man McPherson, the first to recover his presence of mind and manners.

The new-comer had a round bullet-head, upon which he wore a felt hat that, as he ate, he kept turning round and round. There was no back or front to it, and it fitted sidewise as well as any other way. There was a three-days' growth of black beard upon his face, above which gleamed a pair of deep-set gray eyes. He wore overalls, and one of his shoes was tied on with a necktie.

"What might I call your name, pard?" inquired Dad Falkner, after the sinkers

had somewhat appeased the stranger's ravenous appetite.

The stranger threw a quick glance over each shoulder and then lowered his voice. "They call me 'The Man of Mystery.' I am a promoter. I have just made a fortune by putting on the market a corset which clamps on like a fire-horse's harness, and is removed with one jerk of a string attached to the front steel. I am now looking for new investments. Behind me I have capital."

The old partners started at the sacred name of Capital and exchanged glances.

"Take any interest in mines a-tall?" Dad asked eagerly.

"Corsets, mines, baby-food, all the same to me," replied the promoter, with a sweeping gesture.

"My pardner's mine, the Black Marier, air the very thing you air lookin' fer—went eleven per cent. copper in Spokane; six per cent. air a payin' proposition." Dad's voice was tremulous with excitement. "The mine is patented, and 300 feet of tunnelin' is done. All you got to do now is to sink a shaft and git below water-level. When you do, Mister, you got a mine."

"Look here, Mystery," said Old Man McPherson, earnestly, to the stranger. "What Dad says is straight, but if you aims to make only one investment, I advises that you look into the Tud'shead. The Tud'shead air a payin' proposition from the start. The Tud'shead," he continued, with emphatic deliberation—"the Tud'shead air a true fissure lead."

It was the first time he had ever made the acknowledgment. Dad heard in amazement, then he sprang to his feet impulsively, and there was a catch in his voice as he cried, "Old Man, Old Man, you air a square pard!"

"To-morrow, if the weather permits," said the Man of Mystery, grandly, "I will step up to the Toad'shead and look over the property. If the inspection is satisfactory, I will notify my people in Deer Lodge to come on. I should like to retire now, if you please."

It was Dad Falkner who relinquished his bunk to the stranger, and Old Man McPherson who parted with a blanket that Capital might not sleep cold.

"I am accustomed to having my meals regularly," hinted the Man of Mystery as

he dusted a place under the bunk for his hat and crawled in between the blankets.

Before sunrise the next morning, Dad Falkner was creeping over the frost-covered rocks of the basin to get the mountain-goat which had ranged there throughout the summer. The old man waited for the goat to come from his den half-way up the mountain-side. Dad swore as he noticed his tremulous hand. It meant so much, this one shot: it meant the proper entertainment of Capital; it meant the ability to hold on a few days longer, if there was to be haggling over the price of the mines.

The glacier on the Northern mountain was rosy with the light of the rising sun when the wary old goat came slowly from his den and stood on the edge of the precipice looking suspiciously into the basin below. The old man raised his rifle. The crack reverberated through the cañons, and the goat, with a shattered shoulder, came hurtling down the mountain side.

"Pretty good shot you made there, Dad," said a jovial voice, and Dad turned from his work of skinning the odoriferous billy to see Bayard, the "tin-horn" lawyer from Choteau, standing behind him with fishing-tackle in hand.

"Company fer breakfast," replied Dad. "It were goat or nothin'."

"Tenderfoot?"

"Nope; Capital," replied Dad, proudly. "My pard and me stand a good show of makin' our stake at last."

Bayard listened attentively to the story of the coming of the Man of Mystery.

"A queer customer," Dad concluded; "but a moneyed man, as you can see by the way he carries himself."

Bayard watched the old man as he skinned the goat and hung the carcass in a tree.

"McPherson and me will pack it down while the Cap'talist looks over the mines," he said, and Bayard stood looking after him as he slipped and slid down the steep trail to the cabin.

That he was not concerned in the prospective transaction gave Bayard a pang. Instinctively his crafty brain busied itself with wild schemes to benefit himself should capital "take holt." He sat down on a rock and stared contemplatively at the carcass of the mountain-goat. To let

the old men reap the entire benefit of their years of labor and faith and patience seemed to Bayard like a criminal neglect of his own interest. He forgot the trout at the foot of the falls which he was to take back to his camping party for breakfast.

A smile spread over Bayard's face till it became a fixed grin, and he began to swear softly. They were blithe curses of congratulation. He picked up his fishing-tackle and walked briskly back to the tent.

The Man of Mystery seemed restless after breakfast. He moved from the window to the door and watched the road through the pines as though he were expecting somebody.

"You seem oneasy, stranger," observed Old Man McPherson as he stacked the breakfast dishes to be washed at some future time.

"It 's the goat," replied the Man of Mystery, tartly; "it sets heavy."

"If you can find a little chaw of spruce gum, it 'll take the taste out 'n your mouth." The guest had complained bitterly of the strength of the venerable billy.

The Man of Mystery paused abruptly in his walk. "If there 's as much ore in sight as you say, and the specimens you showed me are fair samples of the lode, you can put your own price on the Toad's-head. My people will come right on from Warm Springs and hand you over the money. My judgment goes with them. Corsets, mines, baby-food, it 's all the same," he reiterated, with another comprehensive gesture.

Dad Falkner, sharpening his skinning knife on a whetstone, nearly amputated a finger as he heard the stranger's generous offer. Old Man McPherson turned from scraping the frying-pan and looked at him searchingly.

"Furthermore," cried the promoter, pacing to and fro, and turning his felt hat around and around in growing excitement, "if the Toad's-head is what you say, I 'll take the Black Maria on the same terms, on the strength of the ore you 've showed me."

Dad sliced another finger as a glittering vision arose before him, and he looked for a reflection of his own radiant face in Old Man McPherson's sphinx-like countenance.

"I 'll go up there now—now," shouted the Man of Mystery, a strange ashen pallor creeping over his face. "Any minute my people may be in from Warm Springs, and I won't have my report ready."

He bounded through the door, and the partners from the doorway watched his head bobbing above the quaking asp as he ran up the trail which led to the Toad's-head claim.

"Queerest-actin' cuss I ever see," said Dad, in a puzzled voice.

"It happens frequent that Capital air eccentric," Old Man McPherson replied dryly.

An hour or so later, Bayard met the stranger coming from the claim with his pockets and hat full of rocks.

"How do, sir?" he said, extending a friendly hand. "What you think of our country?"

"Think!" cried the stranger, on whose cheeks a red spot now burned. "I think there 'll be millions of dollars taken out of that prospect hole up there. I 've discovered,"—and he threw a cautious glance toward the quaking asp,—"*I 've discovered that in the talc which lies between the wall and the lode there is a composition, which sells at one hundred dollars an ounce!*"

"Lord!" ejaculated Bayard, growing pale. "You don't say so!"

"My people in Deer Lodge will pay any price for that claim or the Black Maria, either."

"You 'll excuse me, sir," said Bayard, hastily, "but my camping party over in the basin are waiting for me. I 'll see you again, sir, I 'll see you again." He started on a fox trot through the brush to the basin, where Old Man McPherson and Dad were removing the goat carcass from the tree.

"I 've got some bad news for you, friends," said Bayard, panting from his run. "I 'm blamed sorry, but it 's too late now. The game-warden is camped up here with me, and he 's dead on to you fellows killing that goat. He heard the shot, and took a look at you from the ledge over there. The shooting season is n't open yet, and, as you know, there 's a mighty stiff fine on goats. He 's fixing to take you right back to Choteau with him."

The color faded from Dad's face.

"But we can't go," he cried; "we got this deal on."

"I can't nowise accommodate him," said Old Man McPherson. "And I 've got quite an aidge on my knife here to make my refusal p'inted."

"Look here, now. You fellows don't want to get in any row over this. I 'm a friend of yours, and you let me handle this matter for you. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll take those mines off your hands and shut up this game-warden's mouth. I 'll make you an offer of eight thousand dollars apiece for your mines, giving you my check for half the amount and my note for the balance. You know I 'm good for it—everybody knows it. You don't know what kind of a report this stranger will hand in, and this is your chance to cinch the cash. I am willing to take the mines on a little speculation; I 've seen the ore, and I know they are all right, if properly developed. What do you say?"

"I 'll sell out fer eight thousand when there 's skatin' in h—l," began Dad, his eyes blazing.

"Dad, it seems to me we air in a tight place, and it would look more to your credit if you would show some little gratitood to Bayard for tryin' to help us out, instead of abusin' him."

Old Man McPherson gave his partner a look which made that person stare blankly.

"For my part," continued Old Man McPherson in a meek voice, "I 'm plumb grateful to you. I know the mines is worth more, but I 'm sick of holdin' on, and, besides, I don't want to git in no scrap with the county. I hates lawin'. Look at them fellers they kept four months in jail fer killin' a cow elk! More 'n likely they 'd keep us a year fer shootin' that dod-gasted billy."

"But, my Godfrey!" protested Dad, "the stranger said if the mines was what we represented, and they air, we could set our own price. I was figgerin' on fifty thousand dollars."

"That 's all good enough, if, as Bayard says, we knowed what the stranger was goin' to report on them; but here we got a chanct to sell them on the spot and sell to a friend, too. I advises,"—and he gave Dad a look from his mild, blue eyes that bored like a gimlet,—"*I advises that you sell out now—with me.*"

Bayard could not conceal the joy which leaped into his face. "Wait here," he said hastily, "and I'll hurry back to the tent and make out two checks and the notes."

"Air you loocoed?" Dad demanded sullenly, after Bayard had gone.

"Shut up, Dad, and do what I tell you for oncet in your life. You can ask your questions when we get them checks."

Bayard was soon back with the papers.

"We can go right down to Old Man Sheldon's," he said gaily, "and get him to fill out a couple of quit-claim deeds."

When the local notary put his seal on the deeds, Bayard, with a triumphant flourish, handed his checks to the two old miners. "There you are, friends, and I hope you will always be as satisfied as you are now. I've been on the square with you."

"I aims always to be as square as the man I'm dealin' with," replied Old Man McPherson, with a certain quizzical look and dry intonation which made Bayard give him a second glance.

The Man of Mystery did not come in at noon for another cut from the billy goat.

"Out prospectin' the hills somewheres," said Old Man McPherson to Bayard, who dropped in and inquired casually about the stranger and his report on the mines. "More 'n likely he'll be in fer supper."

Bayard was at the cabin again when, at sunset, the Man of Mystery emerged from the brush, still carrying the hatful of rocks.

"Then, you are pleased, stranger, with the ore?" Bayard inquired suavely.

"Pleased?" he replied. "Delighted!" He was about to say more when the rattle of a vehicle over the rough stage-road caught his ear. He strained his eyes to distinguish the occupants of the fast-moving buckboard as it came through the trees which partly hid the road.

"T ain't no team that belongs here," Old Man McPherson was saying when

suddenly the Man of Mystery gave a yell that chilled his blood.

"Wow! Wow!" he shrieked. "It's my people from Warm Springs, and my report is n't ready! Me for the straight-jacket! Me for the padded cell!" The strange ashen pallor came over his face again, and his eyes glittered like the eyes of a wild beast at bay.

Instinctively Dad and Old Man McPherson reached for the nearest weapon. Bayard picked up a loose wheel-spoke and concealed himself behind the cabin door.

"I'm the ramping, roaring lion of Scotland!" bellowed the Man of Mystery. "I am a timber-wolf looking for blood!" He hurled a rock from the "Tud'shead" at Dad that sent him down in a heap. "I'm a buzzard!" he shrieked, flapping his arms, "and you'll excuse me if I go to roost." He tore off his coat, and climbed like a squirrel through the thick boughs of a spruce-tree till he was swaying on the top.

The buckboard stopped at the cabin, and the promoter from his aery thumbed his nose at the sheriff of the county in a manner truly undignified as that person stepped to the ground.

"You've got him, I see," said the sheriff in a tone of relief. "Done much damage yet?"

"Kind of put Dad out of business," replied Old Man McPherson. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"The most dangerous patient we've got in the institution," answered the superintendent of the State Asylum, as he took a pair of handcuffs from under the seat. "Went nutty over buying a salted mine. I've been after him for forty-eight hours, expecting to hear every minute that he'd killed a few people."

"Mebby we can give you a little help on the road if he gits a-tall onery; fer," continued Old Man McPherson, with a grin that made Bayard grip the wheel-spoke convulsively, "my pardner and me aims to ride in to Choteau to-morry to git a couple of checks cashed."



FRENCH CATHEDRALS

NOTRE DAME, PARIS—CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS—
ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL



FTEN as I have seen Notre Dame, the marvel of it never grows less. I go to Paris with no thought or time for it, busy about many other things; and then, on my way

over one of the bridges across the river, perhaps, I see it again on its island, the beautiful towers high above the high roofs of houses and palaces, and the view, now so familiar, strikes me afresh with all the wonder of my first impression.

The wonder only seems greater if I turn, as I am always tempted to, and walk down the *quais* on the left bank, the towers before me and with every step coming more and more completely together, by the Pont Neuf, to the island, and at last to the great square where Notre Dame fronts me in its superb calm. When one comes close to it, so close as to take in the detail, there may be a moment of disappointment, for the restorer has not spared it. Nor has time been altogether kind, for the gradual leveling up of the *place* has dwarfed the great façade. But from the other end of the wide open square the details of restoration disappear; dignity has not entirely gone with the steps that once led up to the west doors; and one is aware solely of the stateliness and splendor and harmony that the old builders gave their design. Notre Dame is "the only un-Greek thing that unites neatness and majesty, elegance and awfulness," R. A. M. Stevenson, who knew and loved it, said. But, serene as it may be at most hours, in the evening

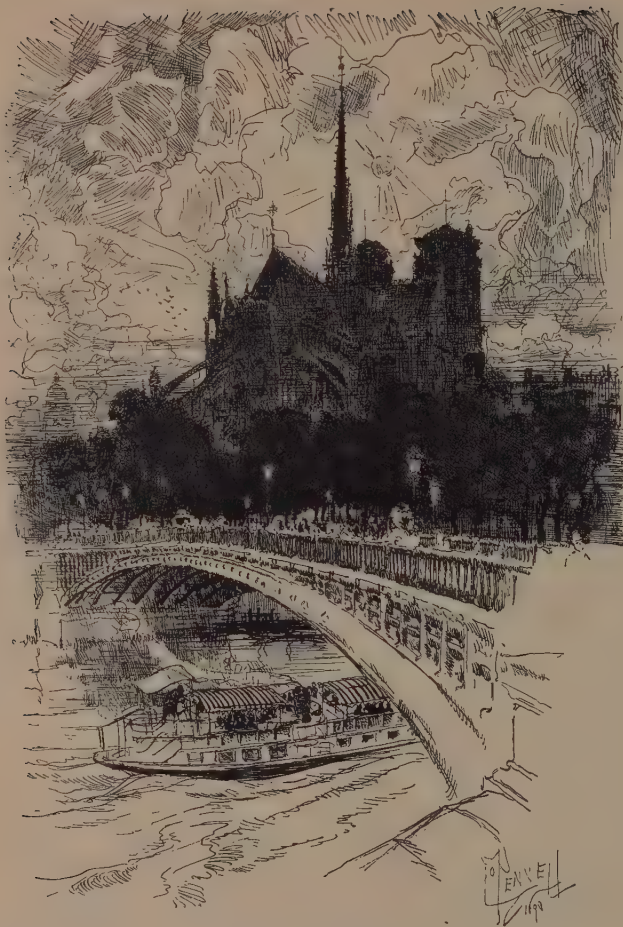
light neatness is lost in the majesty of mass; during a storm or shower you are awed into forgetting the lighter quality of elegance, and you form still another idea of the vastness and height of Notre Dame from the top of one of the lofty old houses on the near quais, with the extraordinary arrangement of bridges in the foreground.

There may also be moments of disappointment in the interior. I sometimes wish I had never seen it except during high mass or some great ceremonial. They have fine music at Notre Dame, and the right respect for ritual, and the stately architecture makes an appropriate background for the pageant of religion. But when the last priest in the procession has passed into the sacristy, when the last note of the organ has died away, when the last member of the congregation has dipped his, or more likely her, fingers in the holy water at the door, when one is alone in the silent aisles, then one cannot help feeling how barren this vast interior is of the color and warmth, the sentiment and atmosphere, of an old Catholic church. Once it must have been as perfect a background for prayer as for pageant; but first Soufflot, sweeping away stained glass, tombs, brasses, in the name of beauty, and then Republicans, defiling what was left in the name of reason, turned it into an abomination of desolation, stripping it bare, chilling it to the marrow. And the chill is still there. The dishonor they did to the architecture was long since repaired, and the architect may take his pleasure to-day in Viollet-le-Duc's version of what the old architect-



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MAIN FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE SOUTH
BRANCH OF THE SEINE



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE EAST END OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SEINE

tural plan ought to have been; but only the centuries can restore that which it took centuries to build up. There are no old chapels laden and glowing with the spoils of ages of devotion, no bewildering medley of old tombs mellowed and stained by time, no delicious little architectural inconsistencies born of the caprice of piety, no picturesque disorder, or ornament on walls and columns. It may be that to come into Notre Dame from the sunny square is to plunge into darkness, but, dim as the light is, I have never found it religious. It needs no wild flight of imagination to discover why, to Huysman's hero, Notre Dame seemed a cathedral without a soul.

But there is another view that gives quite another impression—the view of the east end from the river. It is said that Notre Dame is lost, hidden, ineffectual in the big modern town, which it does not dominate as it dominated the Paris of St. Louis. This is, in a measure, true. One never thinks of Paris as a cathedral city, as one does of Chartres, or Albi, or Laon. In the life of the boulevards and the Bois, Notre Dame may be, probably is, forgotten. Indeed, it would be easy to pass weeks and months in Paris, and to be never as much as reminded of its existence, except, from the top of an omnibus, on a hurried journey between the “Grands Magazins du Louvre” and the

"Bon Marché," or from the quais, on a chance visit to the bookstalls there, or from the well-known little restaurant of the "Rive Gauche," where a glimpse of the towers through an upstairs window adds zest to the good dinner or breakfast. But as you see it when you come down the river from Charenton, Notre Dame still dominates the Ile de la Cité, which, with the nearer shores, was the Paris of St. Louis. As you approach, in one of the crowded little boats, it appears to fill the island, as if the island had been designed to hold it from all eternity. The garden, at this distance, dwindles into a fringe of green, to give value to the purple depths, a scale to the massive height, of that wonderful apse with its labyrinth of flying buttresses and tall pinnacles. And the water between seems to isolate the cathedral, to remove it to a world apart—to some unexplored Garden of Armida where the Church is the enchantress. Now it is all mystery—mystery above and beyond the melodrama of Victor Hugo;

mystery unrevealed to Méryon, though he etched very much the same view from the Quai de la Tournelle, and fashion has made his mechanical plate famous; mystery that deepens when, at evening, detail is swallowed up in the gathering shadows, and Notre Dame rises black and solemn against the sunset, now, in very truth, the "mountain of mystery" you hoped for.

But wonderful as is the east end, Notre Dame reserves its greatest wonder until you have gone in by that little door at the base of the northern tower, paid a half-franc to the man sitting in the tiny office just inside, and climbed the narrow stone stairway that goes winding up, and up, and forever up. Now and then, through the darkness, glimmers a ray of light, widening, as you draw nearer, into a slit of a window through which you look out upon a bewildering mass of roofs, or, as you climb higher, to clear sky. Higher still, the ray becomes a space of light, as if heaven were opening above. And you



Drawn by Joseph Pennell



Drawn by Joseph Pennell. Engraved on wood by H. Davidson

THE WEST, OR MAIN, FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME, AFTER A SHOWER

climb and climb, and the space develops into a door, and you go through it, and you are not in heaven, but in the innermost circle of hell itself. For it is up here, from their airy platform, that the devils of Notre Dame watch over Paris. Wherever you turn, there, perched on the dizzy parapet, are monsters, demons, and chimeras, straight from out the middle ages, horrible, vile, revolting, even in restoration: the *Stryge*, with elbows on the parapet for ease, face supported on long, slim, demon-like hands, tongue stuck out straight in a malicious sneer at that most splendid, most characteristic monument of modern Paris, the Arc de Triomphe, and all it represents; the leering ape and the nameless creature which lean well over for a better view, their loathsome, open-mouthed grin broadening as they lean; the obscene beast, half-cow, half-woman, lolling comfortably with arms crossed, and evil eye wandering far away to the dainty little church of St. Etienne; the hungry ghouls; the insatiable vampires; the unclean flock of birds, one so grotesquely like Gladstone—there they all are, an infernal cohort of devils, really looking, really laughing, at the farce of civilization played for their benefit.

And the things that make them laugh, we glory in as art, we respect as history, we reverence as tradition. Think, for a minute, what the church is that serves as their pedestal: Notre Dame, praised above all for its sanity, its virtues almost classic, ranked with Chartres and Bourges "among the most satisfactory Gothic cathedrals we possess," in Ferguson's guarded language; as the most perfect example of "the era of the great cathedrals," in the praise of more enthusiastic writers. In other churches devils almost as grotesque may be found, but they have their part, useful or decorative, in the general scheme. The most ingenious of those modern critics who know more about the motives of the medieval artist than he did himself could not assign to the devils of Notre Dame any function in the architectural design, any shadow of utility as a reason for their being there. They do not decorate the gallery; they cannot be seen from below; I doubt if, until Méryon's etching gave the *Stryge* its fame, the world in general had discovered their existence. They



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE GROTESQUE, CALLED "LE STRYGE"
(VAMPIRE) ON THE MAIN FAÇADE

point no moral; they are not, like gargoyles, useful as drain-pipes; nor could the most obstinate seeker after symbols make them symbolize anything except the caprice or the cynicism of the sculptor. On Notre Dame's airy platform, they are as inconsequent as a howl of Eulenspiegel laughter would be at the end of the "Divine Comedy," or Satan, cloven-hoofed, horned, with barbed tail, enthroned among Fra Angelico's saints and angels. In their hellish company, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" becomes something more than a fabric of romantic rhetoric. *Quasimodo*, swinging with the great bell, *Claude Frollo*, hurled from the tower-



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE DOORS OF THE WEST, OR MAIN, FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME

ing heights, suspended in space, are no longer mere marionettes of melodrama. If you stayed up there long enough, you would yield to their uncanny spell. The very cat that lived with them a few years ago, as it went springing from precipice to precipice of stone wall, as it ran and leaped and crawled over pinnacles and along the sharp ledges of fearful chasms, seemed like one of the demons come to life, while the stories the *gardien* used to tell of the sudden swift jump of the suicide to death, made the blood curdle as no tale of horror on the printed page ever could.

The traditions of Notre Dame are as glorious as its architecture. Of the history of France, from the time of Philip Augustus, it is the record, according to Viollet-le-Duc; from the beginning of time, he might have written. For the history of France centers about the island, and the history of the island centers about the spot where Notre Dame replaced the earlier Christian churches of St. Etienne and Ste. Marie, and they had succeeded the Roman temple of Jupiter, and it, most

likely, had been erected on the site of an older altar of the Gauls, which had sprung up from the primeval wilderness. All the characters in the obscure drama of events that made the old Lutetia—Julian's "little darling city"—into the Christian capital of Christian France, flit like phantoms, or strut like heroes, about the sacred place on the island—Clovis and Ste. Geneviève, Chilbert and the complicated family of kings who lived and died, I used to fancy in my school-days, for my torment; St. Denis, St. Marcel, and a host of others as holy, but of reputation so local that it had not reached my old convent home, though the hospitality extended there to saints of all nations was without limit.

And no matter who reigned in later days, no matter what the form of government, you cannot get away from the island and its cathedral. To Notre Dame the kings came from Rheims to offer thanks; in Notre Dame they lay in state before they were carried to St. Denis. Sansculottism took possession of it. Napoleon looked to it for his most dram-

atic effects. The Commune would have done away with it forever. Under its shadow the laws of France have been administered, criminals punished,—what associations from the Conciergerie alone!—the sick tended, gossip manufactured. You could not separate it, if you would, from the drama of France in the making. And, if you could, the Paris of to-day would still be the stage—the life of Paris in its most intimate aspect, the play for that audience of mocking, gibing devils.

There, immediately below, is the heart of the island, with the huge Hôtel-Dieu and the Palais de Justice, and the Sainte-Chapelle of St. Louis springing up like

a delicate flower in the midst of it. On each side, as far as the eye can reach, is the town they have watched during centuries, as it spread ever northward toward Montmartre, ever southward toward the hill of Ste. Geneviève, and beyond, and still beyond. Here and there a familiar landmark breaks the monotonous vista of houses: on one side, the graceful tower of St. Jacques, the long line of the Louvre, the tall Arc de Triomphe, in the late afternoon a gate to the flaming splendor of the sunset, and on the horizon of a clear day a cloud of smoke to show where St. Denis stands, waiting for the kings who will come to sleep there no



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

A BIT OF THE NAVE AND TRANSEPT OF NOTRE DAME



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE NORTH SIDE OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SEINE

more. On the other side, the Institut, the Panthéon, St. Etienne with the near Tour de Clovis that, from here, seems but a part of it. In front, the river flows seaward, tranquilly as when no bridges were thrown across its current and the wilderness on its banks was one not of houses, but of forest and swamp. Away in the distance, insolent symbols flaunting themselves against the sky, rise, to the left, the Eiffel Tower, that "gigantic specter of recent civilization"; to the right, Abadie's sham Byzantine church, that lofty monument to the dead art of architecture. And on the near bridges and streets and squares the crowds come and go, little black pigmies, from the cathedral heights; the roar of the great city fills the air.

All Paris is there—the Paris of a noble past, the Paris of an ambitious present. And this, to the devils of Notre Dame, is, as it always has been, a farce for inextinguishable laughter.

II

CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS

THOUGH the devils laugh, Notre Dame is still the scene of church and civic ceremonial. St. Denis, under the cloud of smoke one sees on a clear day from the devils' platform, is now only a sad derelict of the past to which both churches belong, stranded in an ugly industrial quarter.

To get the full dramatic effect of the

contrast, the way to go to St. Denis is by the electric tram that starts from just behind the Madeleine. It takes one through a long, unlovely workmen's quarter to the Barrière; through a dreary stretch of the kitchen gardens that encircle the city outside the walls, as they once did within, and gaunt factories with tall chimneys belching smoke, and occasional barracks of houses; through a wide street of dull shops, crossed by

other streets only a trifle less wide and a trifle more dull, all alike, except that one leads to the church where the kings of France lie buried. The only conspicuous feature in the journey is, when beyond the fortifications you look back, the domed Sacré Cœur high on Montmartre, the Hill of the Martyrdom ever since St. Denis lost his head there for Christ. His miraculous walk, his head in his hand, as he appears in countless French pictures and



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE ROSE WINDOW IN THE NORTH END OF THE TRANSEPT OF NOTRE DAME



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS

sculptures, was over much the same route that the tram follows; but "the faire crosses of stone carved with fleurs de lys," as Evelyn saw them, at the points where St. Denis laid down his head and rested, are gone. Industry takes no stock in sentiment or tradition.

When place and street in front are empty, St. Denis carries off its fallen fortunes with something of dignity. But as I last saw it, on a spring day, when the new conscripts of the year had gathered just outside, dancing, singing, buying big paper rosettes, not one with a thought or a glance to fling to it, the church struck me as being only in the way, useless, out of gear with the new life that had grown up about it, preserved entirely from sense of duty. It looked to me forlorn, with its one melancholy western tower; with the restorer's work half done on the exterior,

—not that I am not glad the work is only half done, but that it should be is exceptional in France, where restoration is so often overdone,—with the long, rank, uncut grass in the inclosure to the north of the nave; with the mean houses shutting in the east end. And where care has been given, it is to mark it more unmistakably as the *monument historique*, the mere survival, its real life long since spent.

The fine interior, so like and so unlike Westminster Abbey, has virtually become a museum; the royal tombs, reached by that picturesque wide stairway to the ambulatory, suggest in their neat rows so many specimens, labeled and catalogued. One cannot see without emotion tombs like that of the good King Dagobert,—great too, though best remembered for the affair of the breeches in the song,—

of Louis XII, Henry II, Francis I, with their beautiful sculptures, of the last of the Bourbons, with their bitter memories. But to follow the sacristan as he drones out the story learned by heart and repeated until his very voice betrays his boredom with the whole business of royalty, alive or dead, is to see in St. Denis nothing save the show-place for tourists.

And this is the church that not even Notre Dame can outrival in the sanctity or splendor of its past, its site chosen by the holy man who was first bishop, first martyr, first saint of Paris; the building founded by Ste. Geneviève, whose first chapel over his grave grew eventually into the church in which the Abbé Suger made the first experiment with the pointed arch on so large a scale—the first great Gothic church; St. Denis, the shrine of the oriflamme of France; the Louvre, or Versailles, of dead royalty.

And so it remains, only a Louvre or a Versailles, shaken by the storm of Liberty,

Equality, and Fraternity. Patriots of 1793 had no more use for dead royalty in its tomb than living royalty in its palace. And after "Patriotism has been down among the tombs rummaging," had played ball with the skeletons of kings,—having to stop to hold its nose when that worst of old enemies, Louis XV, appeared, suffering a relapse into loyalty before the embalmed body of that old favorite, Henry IV,—after royal bones and royal ashes had been dumped into one unroyal common grave, after royal tombs had been broken and royal statues mutilated, there was not much left of St. Denis. But, defaced, roofless, a haunt of birds of prey, it was at least an eloquent monument to the hatred of the third estate for kings and priests. After the tombs—or so much of them as could be—were brought back by Louis XVIII, after new noses and hands and draperies were found for the poor dishonored effigies, after the building was roofed in, its walls mended,



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS

and everything generally put to rights by indefatigable Viollet-le-Duc, St. Denis was doomed to awake no feeling stronger than curiosity in the tourist. It is the irony of fate that royalty, dead forever in France, should rest not in the capital, not in the cathedral, but in the parish church—to this rank has St. Denis been degraded—of a busy industrial suburb, the headquarter of anarchists, where the people who killed it are too busy to remember, much less to resent, the presence of its tomb among them.

There may be other places of interest in the suburb of St. Denis. I never looked for them. I am content with my last impression of it—with wide street of dull shops and electric trams, with groups of conscripts, with gaunt factories, with chimneys belching smoke, and with the sad old church, the last resting-place of the royalty France sacrificed a century ago that just such a busy industrial town might live and prosper.

III

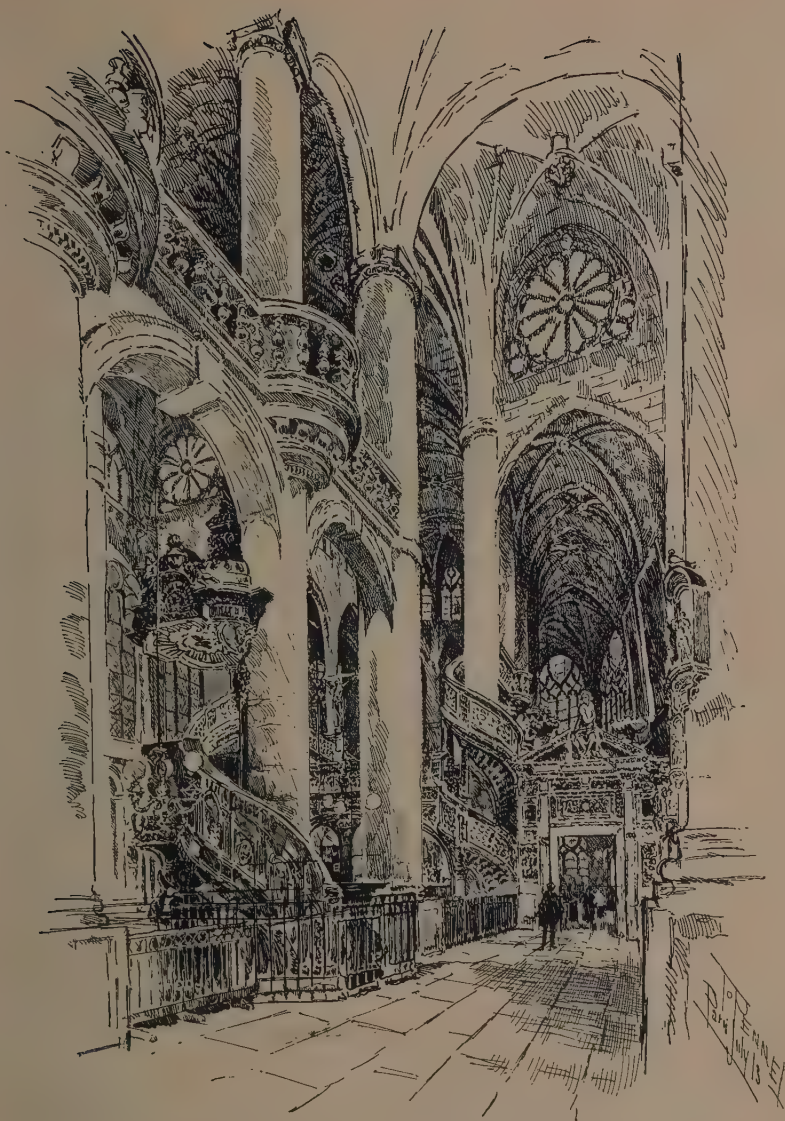
ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

IT seems in keeping that the other saint whom Paris claims as its own—Ste. Geneviève—should also provide, in the church consecrated to her memory, a contrast as striking and as typical of the city which she loved. After the patriotism that sacked St. Denis and worshipped reason at Notre Dame, had scattered her ashes to the four winds of heaven, and burned the Châsse in the Place de Grève, that place of cruel memories, St. Etienne-du-Mont, the little church on the high, windy mountain under the shadow of the Panthéon, remained sole heir to her tomb and its associations. The virtue of Paris is said to be its faculty for remaining true to tradition on the traditional spot. The Romans would find the metropolitan church where they had their temple of Jupiter; St. Louis would find justice administered where he held his open court; and so Thomas Aquinas and Abelard would find the shrine of Ste. Geneviève still in the students' quarter, where they remembered it.

If at St. Denis one may study Gothic architecture at its dawn, if at Notre Dame one may enjoy it in its perfection, for its decadence, its transition into renaissance, one must go to St. Etienne-du-Mont.

Those who burn the lamp of obedience to Ruskin will see in it nothing save the seven deadly sins of architecture. But I, burning no such lamp, think, with R. A. M. Stevenson, that it is a "charming church." Like Abbé Suger, its builders had the courage of experiment and their own individuality. They preserved all that pleased them in the old Gothic, they borrowed all that seemed best from the new school, and they made the adaptation with such independence and also such leisureliness (the building going on through a century), that there is not another church just like it. And St. Etienne, as one of its abbés says in a delightful little guide, knew how to be faithless to the traditions of art and follow its own caprice, without compromising its harmony. Certainly, nothing is compromised in the west front, which is harmony itself. Nor in the interior, which is all lightness and airiness, an effect due chiefly to the open arcade replacing the usual triforium and clerestory; while caprice could not be more capricious than in the choir screen, with its stairs to the gallery, deliberately for ornament, careless of utility, winding about the piers on each side. Even the beautiful old windows contribute to the effect of airiness; for they date no further back than the sixteenth century, when the designers of stained glass were tired of the old somber schemes, but had not gone to the deplorable extreme of what has been called the protestantism of *grisaille*, or no color at all. A worldly little church, one would say, designed for feasting, not fasting, for the silks and satins of the courtier rather than for the sackcloth and ashes of the penitent; as the church in which religious art died, Martin disposes of it in his history.

Religious art may have died, but not religion. For this "charming church," bright, gay, capricious, worldly, is the holiest place of pilgrimage in Paris. To pass from the nave and its aisles to the solemn chapel where lights burn about the golden shrine of Ste. Geneviève, is to leave all suggestion of levity and worldliness behind one. People always kneel before the tomb, rapt in an ecstasy of prayer. A priest in surplice, his stole by his side, is always in attendance. Without being a Catholic, one can appreciate the beauty of fidelity in this homage to



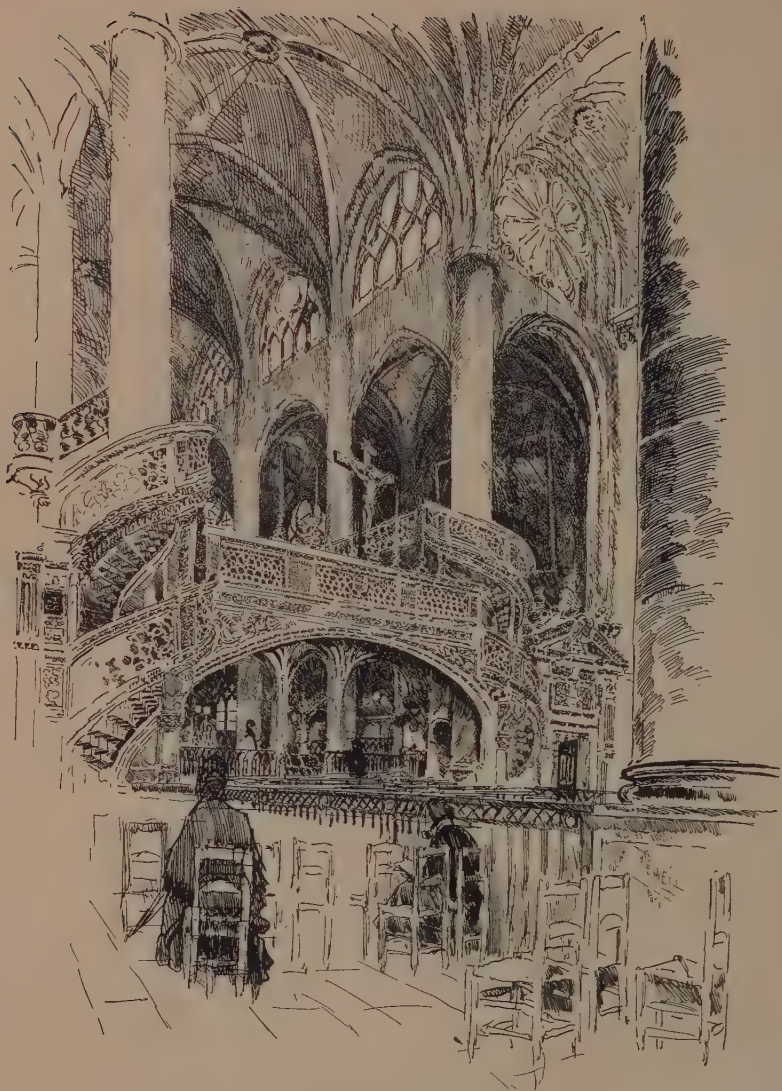
Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE AISLE OF ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT, LOOKING EAST

the little shepherdess, paid, after fifteen hundred long years, by the people of the city she saved from the barbarians. God, it was said, meant her to do great things, and she did them.

And St. Etienne is filled to overflowing with other memories, inherited from the church of Ste. Geneviève, of which time has spared only the tower—the

Tour de Clovis—that one sees rising from the Lycée Henri IV on the other side of the Rue Clovis. Of the basilica, founded by the king whose name here figures so largely, it is the legitimate descendant, rather than that huge temple built by Soufflot and now dedicated by a grateful country to its great men. A marble tablet at St. Etienne records many of



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CHOIR OF ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

these memories in a gold-lettered list of Merovingian monarchs, before which I find myself trembling, as if it were the condensation of the awful school book in which I was supposed to master early French history. And its memories are not exhausted by the tablet. The names of Racine and Pascal among the dead it has honored open literary vistas. To finish its story would mean to be con-

fronted with ignoble crime there in the sanctuary where an unoffending archbishop fell before the assassin as late as 1857. But St. Etienne bears its associations as gaily as Paris, the city laden with the great, the stupendous past chronicled, in these three of its churches,—St. Denis, Notre Dame, St. Etienne—but on the surface light-hearted, with a charm irresistible to itself and to all the world besides.

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

I

SHOWS MRS. THESIGER IN HER HOME



HE Geneva express jerked itself out of the Gare de Lyons. For a few minutes the lights of outer Paris twinkled past its windows, and then with one spring it reached the open night. The jolts and lurches merged into one regular purposeful throb, the shrieks of the wheels, the clatter of the coaches, into one continuous hum. And already in the upper berth of her compartment Mrs. Thesiger was asleep. The noise of a train had no unrest for her. Indeed, a sleeping compartment in a Continental express was the most permanent home which Mrs. Thesiger had possessed for a good many more years than she would have cared to acknowledge. She spent her life in hotels, with her daughter for an unconsidered companion. From a winter in Vienna or in Rome, she passed to a spring at Venice or at Constantinople, thence to a June in Paris, a July and an August at the bathing-places, a September at Aix, an autumn in Paris again. But always she came back to the sleeping-car. It was the one familiar room which was always ready for her, and though the prospect from its windows changed, it was the one room she knew which had always the same look, the same cramped space, the same furniture,—the one room where the moment she stepped into it she was at home.

Yet on this particular journey she woke while it was yet dark. A noise slight in comparison to the clatter of the train, but distinct in character and quite near, told her at once what had disturbed her.

Some one was moving stealthily in the compartment—her daughter. That was all. But Mrs. Thesiger lay quite still, and, as would happen to her at times, a sudden terror gripped her by the heart. She heard the girl beneath her dressing very quietly, subduing the rustle of her garments, even the sound of her breathing. "How much does she know?" Mrs. Thesiger asked of herself; and her heart sank, and she dared not answer.

The rustling ceased. A sharp click was heard, and the next moment, through a broad pane of glass, a faint twilight crept into the carriage. The blind had been raised from one of the windows. It was two o'clock on a morning of July, and the dawn was breaking. Very swiftly the daylight broadened, and against the window there came into view the profile of a girl's head and face. Seen, as Mrs. Thesiger saw it, with the light still dim behind it, it was black, like an ancient daguerreotype. It was also as motionless and as grave.

"How much does she know?"

The question would thrust itself into the mother's thoughts. She watched her daughter intently from the dark corner where her head lay, thinking that with the broadening of the day she might read the answer in that still face. But she read nothing even when every feature was revealed in the clear, dead light. For the face which she saw was the face of one who lived much apart within herself, building among her own dreams as a child builds upon the sand and pays no heed to those who pass. And to none of her dreams had Mrs. Thesiger the key. Deliberately her daughter had withdrawn herself among them, and they had given her this return for her company. They



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE BECAME AWARE, . . . WITH A SUDDEN MORTIFICATION, OF HER OVER-ELABORATE APPEARANCE"

had kept her fresh and gentle in a circle where freshness was soon lost and gentleness put aside.

Sylvia Thesiger was at this time seventeen, although her mother dressed her to look younger, and even then overdressed her like a toy. It was of a piece with the nature of the girl that, in this matter, as in the rest, she made no protest. She foresaw the scene, the useless scene, which would follow upon her protest,—exclamations against her ingratitude, abuse for her impertinence, and very likely a facile shower of tears at the end,—and her dignity forbade her to enter upon it. She just let her mother dress her as she chose, and she withdrew just a little more into the secret chamber of her dreams. She sat now looking steadily out of the window with her eyes uplifted and aloof in a fashion which had become natural to her; and her mother was seized with a pang of envy at the girl's beauty. For beauty Sylvia Thesiger had, uncommon in its quality rather than in its degree. From the temples to the round point of her chin, the contour of her face described a perfect oval. Her forehead was broad and low, and her hair, which in color was a dark chestnut, parted in the middle, whence it rippled in two thick, daring waves to the ears,—a fashion which noticeably became her,—and it was gathered behind into a plait which lay rather low upon the nape of her neck. Her eyes were big, of a dark gray hue and very quiet in their scrutiny; her mouth was small and provoking. It provoked when still with the promise of a very winning smile, and the smile itself was not so frequent but that it provoked a desire to summon it to her lips again. It had a way of hesitating, as though Sylvia were not sure whether she would smile or not, and when she had made up her mind, it dimpled her cheeks and transfigured her whole face, and revealed in her a tenderness and a sense of humor. Her complexion was pale but clear, her figure was slender and active, but without angularities, and she was of the middle height. Yet the quality which the eye first remarked in her was not so much her beauty as a certain purity, a look almost of the Madonna, a certainty, one might say, that even in the circle in which she moved she had kept herself unspotted from the world.

Thus she looked as she sat by the carriage window. But as the train drew near to Ambérieu, the air brightened and the sunlight ministered to her beauty like a careful handmaid, touching her pale cheeks to rosy warmth, giving a luster to her hair, and humanizing her to a smile. Sylvia sat forward a little, as though to meet the sunlight. Then she turned toward the carriage and saw her mother's eyes intently watching her.

"You are awake?" she said in surprise.

"Yes, child. You woke me."

"I am very sorry. I was as quiet as I could be. I could not sleep."

Mrs. Thesiger raised herself upon her elbow.

"Why?" She repeated the question with insistence. "Why could n't you sleep?"

"We are traveling to Chamonix," replied Sylvia. "I have been thinking of it all night." And though she smiled in all sincerity, Mrs. Thesiger doubted. She lay silent for a little while. Then she said with a detachment perhaps slightly too marked:

"We left Trouville in a hurry yesterday, did n't we?"

"Yes," replied Sylvia; "I suppose we did," and she spoke as though this was the first time that she had given the matter a thought.

"Trouville was altogether too hot," said Mrs. Thesiger; and again silence followed. But Mrs. Thesiger was not content. "How much does she know?" she speculated again, and was driven on to find an answer. She raised herself upon her elbow and, while re-arranging her pillows, said carelessly:

"Sylvia, our last morning at Trouville you were reading a book which seemed to interest you very much."

"Yes."

Sylvia volunteered no information about that book.

"You brought it down to the sands, so I suppose you never noticed a strange-looking couple who passed along the deal boards just in front of us." Mrs. Thesiger laughed, and her head fell back upon her pillow; but during that movement her eyes had never left her daughter's face. "A middle-aged man with stiff gray hair, a stiff, prim face, and a figure like a ramrod. Oh, there never was any-

thing so stiff!" A noticeable bitterness began to sound in her voice and increased as she went on. "There was an old woman with him as precise and old-fashioned as himself. But you did n't see them? I never saw anything so ludicrous as that couple, austere and provincial as their clothes, walking along the deal boards between the rows of smart people." Mrs. Thesiger laughed as she recalled the picture. "They must have come from the provinces. I could imagine them living in a château on a hill overlooking some tiny village in—where shall we say?" She hesitated for a moment, and then with an air of audacity she shot the words from her lips—"in Provence."

The name, however, had evidently no significance for Sylvia, and Mrs. Thesiger fell back in relief.

"But you did n't see them?" she repeated, with a laugh.

"Yes, I did," said Sylvia, and brought her mother upon her elbow again. "It struck me that the old lady must be some great lady of a past day. The man bowed to you, and——"

She stopped abruptly, but her mother completed the sentence with a vindictiveness she made little effort to conceal:

"And the great lady did not, but stared in the way great ladies have. Yes, I had met the man—once—in Paris," and she lay back again upon her pillow, watching her daughter. But Sylvia showed no curiosity and no pain. It was not the first time when people passed her mother that she had seen the man bow and the woman ignore. Rather she had come to expect it. She took her book from her berth and opened it.

Mrs. Thesiger was satisfied. Sylvia clearly did not suspect that it was just the appearance of that stiff, old-fashioned couple which had driven her out of Trouville a good month before her time—her, Mrs. Thesiger of the many friends. She fell to wondering what in the world had brought Monsieur de Camours and his mother to that watering-place among the brilliant and the painted women. She laughed again at the odd picture they had made, and her thoughts went back over twenty years to the time when she had been the wife of Monsieur de Camours in the château overlooking the

village in Provence, and Monsieur de Camours's mother had watched her with an unceasing jealousy. Much had happened since those days. Madame de Camours's watchings had not been in vain; a decree had been obtained from the Pope annulling the marriage. Much had happened. But even after twenty years the memory of that formal life in the Provençal château was vivid enough; and Mrs. Thesiger—yawned. Then she laughed. Monsieur de Camours and his mother had always been able to make people yawn.

"So you are glad that we are going to Chamonix, Sylvia—so glad that you could n't sleep?"

"Yes."

It sounded rather unaccountable to Mrs. Thesiger, but then Sylvia was to her a rather unaccountable child. She turned her face to the wall and fell asleep.

Sylvia's explanation, however, happened to be true. Chamonix meant the great range of Mont Blanc, and Sylvia Thesiger had the passion for mountains in her blood. The first appearance of their distant snows stirred her as no emotion ever had; so that she came to date her life by these appearances rather than by the calendar of months and days. The morning when, from the hotel windows at Glion, she had first seen the twin peaks of the Dent du Midi towering in silver high above a blue corner of the Lake of Geneva formed one memorable date. Once, too, in the wintertime, as the Rome express stopped at three o'clock in the morning at the frontier on the Italian side of the Mont Cenis tunnel, she had carefully lifted the blind on the right-hand side of the sleeping compartment, and had seen a great wall of mountains tower up in a clear, frosty moonlight from great buttresses of black rock to delicate pinnacles of ice soaring miles away into a cloudless sky of blue.

She had come near to tears that night as she looked from the window, such a tumult of vague longings rushed suddenly in upon her and uplifted her. She was made aware of dim, uncomprehended thoughts stirring in the depths of her being; and her soul was drawn upward to those glittering spires as to enchanted magnets. Ever afterward Sylvia looked forward through weeks to those few moments in

her mother's annual itinerary, and prayed with all her heart that the night might be clear of mist and rain.

She sat now at the window with no thought of Trouville or their hurried flight. With each throb of the carriage-wheels the train flashed nearer to Chamonix. She leaned forward and took from her berth a book—the book in which she had been so interested when Monsieur de Camours and his mother passed her by. It was a volume of the "Alpine Journal" more than twenty years' old. And she could not open it but some exploit of the pioneers took her eyes, some history of a first ascent of an unclimbed peak. Such a history she read now. She was engrossed in it, and yet at times a little frown of annoyance wrinkled her forehead. She gave an explanation of her annoyance. For once she exclaimed half-aloud: "Oh, if only he would n't be so *funny!*" The author was indeed being very funny, and, to her thinking, never so funny as when the narrative should have been most engrossing. She was reading the account of the first ascent of an Aiguille in the Chamonix held by guides to be impossible, and conquered at last by a party of amateurs. In spite of its humor, Sylvia Thesiger was thrilled by it. She envied the three men who had taken part in that ascent—envied them their courage, their comradeship, their bivouacs in the open air beside glowing fires on some high shelf of rock above the snows. But most of all her imagination was touched by the leader of that expedition, the man who sometimes alone, sometimes in company, had made sixteen separate attacks upon that peak. He stared from the pages of the volume—Gabriel Strood. Something of his great reach of limb, of his activity, of his endurance she was able to realize. Moreover, he had a particular blemish which gave to him a particular interest in her eyes; for it would have deterred most men altogether from his pursuit, and it greatly hampered him. And yet in spite of it, he had apparently for some seasons stood prominent in the Alpine fraternity. Gabriel Strood was afflicted with a weakness in the muscles of one thigh. Sylvia, according to her custom, began to picture him, began to talk with him.

She wondered whether he was glad to

have reached that summit, or whether he was not on the whole rather sorry—sorry for having lost out of his life a great and never-flagging interest. She looked through the subsequent papers in the volume, but could find no further mention of his name. She perplexed her fancies that morning. She speculated whether, having made this climb, he had stopped and climbed no more, or whether he might not get off this very train upon the platform at Chamonix. But as the train slowed down near to Annemasse, she remembered that the exploit of which she had read had taken place more than twenty years ago.

II

BAD NEWS AT CHAMONIX

BUT though Gabriel Strood occupied no seat in that train, one of his successors was traveling by it to Chamonix after an absence of four years. Of those four years, Captain Chayne had passed the last two among the coal stacks of Aden, with the yellow land of Arabia at his back, longing each day for this particular morning, and keeping his body lithe and strong against its coming. He left the train at Annemasse, and crossing the rails to the buffet, sat down at the table next to that which Mrs. Thesiger and her daughter already occupied.

He glanced at them, placed them in their category, and looked away, utterly uninterested. They belonged to the great class of the Continental Wanderers, people of whom little is known and everything suspected, people with no kinsfolk, who flit from hotel to hotel and gather about them for a season the knowing middle-aged men and the ignorant young ones and perhaps here and there an unwary woman deceived by the more than fashionable cut of their clothes. The mother he put down as nearer forty than thirty and engaged in a struggle against odds to look nearer twenty than thirty. The daughter's face Chayne could not see, for it was bent persistently over a book; but he thought of a big doll in a Christmas toy-shop. From her delicate bronze shoes to her large hat of mauve tulle, everything that she wore was unsuitable. The frock, with its elaborations of lace and ribbons, might have passed on the

deal boards of Trouville. Here at An-nemasse her superfineness condemned her.

Chayne would have thought no more of her, but, as he passed her table on his way out of the buffet, his eyes happened to fall on the book which so engrossed her. There was a diagram upon the page with which he was familiar. She was reading an old volume of the "Alpine Journal." Chayne was puzzled. There was so marked a contradiction between her outward appearance and her intense absorption in such a subject as Alpine adventure. He turned at the door and looked back. Sylvia Thesiger had raised her head and was looking straight at him. Thus their eyes met, and did more than meet.

Chayne, surprised as he had been by the book which she was reading, was almost startled by the gentle and rather wistful beauty of the face which she now showed to him. He had been prepared at the best for a fresh edition of the mother's worn and feverish prettiness. What he saw was distinct in quality. It seemed to him that an actual sympathy and friendliness looked out from her dark and quiet eyes, as though by instinct she understood with what an eager exultation he set out upon his holiday. Sylvia, indeed, living as she did within herself, was inclined to hero-worship naturally; and Chayne was of the type to which, to some extent through contrast with the run of her acquaintance, she gave a high place in her thoughts. A spare, tall man, clear-eyed and clean of feature, with a sufficient depth of shoulder and wonderfully light of foot, he had claimed her eyes the moment that he entered the buffet. Covertly she had watched him, and covertly she had sympathized with the keen enjoyment which his brown face betrayed. She had no doubts in her mind as to the intention of his holiday; and as their eyes met now, involuntarily a smile began to hesitate upon her lips. Then she became aware of the buffet and her ignorance of the man at whom she looked, and, with a sudden mortification, of her own over-elaborate appearance, her face flushed, and she lowered it again something quickly to the pages of her book. But it was as though for a second they had spoken.

Chayne, however, forgot Sylvia Thesiger. As the train moved on to Le Fayet,

he was thinking only of the plans which he had made, of the new expeditions which were to be undertaken, of his friend John Lattery and his guide Michel Revaillood, who would be waiting for him upon the platform at Chamonix. He had seen neither of them for four years. The electric train carried the travelers up from Le Fayet. The snow-ridges and peaks came into view; the dirt-strewn Glacier des Bossons shot out a tongue of blue ice almost to the edge of the railway track, and a few minutes afterward the train stopped at the platform of Chamonix.

Chayne jumped down from his carriage, and at once suffered the first of his disappointments. Michael Revaillood was on the platform to meet him, but it was a Michel Revaillood whom he hardly knew, a Michel Revaillood grown very old. Revaillood was only fifty-two years of age, but, during Chayne's absence, the hardships of his life had taken their toll of his vigor remorselessly. Instead of the upright active figure which Chayne so well remembered, he saw in front of him a little man with bowed shoulders, red-rimmed eyes, and a withered face seamed with tiny wrinkles.

At this moment, however, Michel's pleasure at once more seeing his old patron gave to him, at all events, some look of his former alertness, and as the two men shook hands he cried:

"Monsieur, but I am glad to see you! You have been too long away from Chamonix. But you have not changed. No, you have not changed." In his voice there was without doubt a note of wistfulness. "I would I could say as much for myself."

That regret was as audible to Chayne as though it had been uttered; but he closed his ears to it. He began to talk eagerly of his plans. There were familiar peaks to be re climbed, and some new expeditions to be attempted.

"I thought we might try a new route up the Aiguille sans Nom," he suggested, and Michel assented but slowly, without the old heartiness and without that light in his face which the suggestion of something new used always to kindle. But again Chayne shut his ears.

"I was very lucky to find you here," he went on cheerily; "I wrote so late that I hardly hoped for it."

Michel replied with some embarrassment.

"I do not climb with every one, Monsieur. I hoped perhaps that one of my old patrons would want me. So I waited."

Chayne looked round the platform for his friend.

"And Monsieur Lattery?" he asked.

The guide's face lighted up.

"Monsieur Lattery? Is he coming, too? It will be the old days once more."

"Coming? He is here now. He wrote to me from Zermatt that he would be here."

Revaillood shook his head.

"He is not in Chamonix, Monsieur."

Chayne experienced his second disappointment that morning, and it quite chilled him. He had come prepared to walk the heights like a god in the perfection of enjoyment for just six weeks; and here was his guide grown old, and his friend, the comrade of so many climbs, so many bivouacs above the snow-line, had failed to keep his tryst.

"Perhaps there will be a letter from him at Couttet's," said Chayne, and the two men walked through the streets to the hotel. There was no letter, but, on the other hand, there was a telegram. Chayne tore it open.

"Yes, it 's from Lattery," he said, as he glanced first at the signature. Then he read the telegram, and his face grew very grave. Lattery telegraphed from Courmayeur, the Italian town just across the chain of Mont Blanc:

"Starting now by Col du Géant and Col des Nantillons."

The Col du Géant is the most frequented pass across the chain, and no doubt the easiest. Once past its great ice-fall, the glacier leads without difficulty to the Montanvert hotel and Chamonix. But the Col des Nantillons is another affair. Having passed the ice-fall, and when within two hours of the Montanvert, Lattery had turned to the left and had made for the great wall of precipitous rock which forms the western side of the valley through which the Glacier du Géant flows down—the wall from which spring the peaks of the Dent du Requin, the Aiguille du Plan, the Aiguille de Blaitière, the Gripon, and the Charmoz. Here and there the ridge sinks between the

peaks, and one such depression between the Aiguille de Blaitière and the Aiguille du Gripon is called the Col des Nantillons. To cross that pass, to descend on the other side of the great rock wall into that bay of ice facing Chamonix, which is the Glacier des Nantillons, had been Lattery's idea.

Chayne turned to the porter.

"When did this come?"

"Three days ago."

The gravity on Chayne's face changed into a deep distress. Lattery's party would have slept out one night certainly. They would have made a long march from Courmayeur and camped on the rocks at the foot of the pass. It was likely enough that they would have been caught upon that rock wall by night upon the second day. The rock wall had never been ascended, and the few who had descended it bore ample testimony to its difficulties. But a third night, no. Lattery should have been in Chamonix yesterday, without a doubt. He would not, indeed, have food for three nights and days.

Chayne translated the telegram into French and read it out to Michel Revaillood.

"The Col des Nantillons," said Michel, with a shake of the head, and Chayne saw the fear which he felt himself looking out from his guide's eyes.

"It is possible," said Michel, "that Monsieur Lattery did not start, after all."

"He would have telegraphed again."

"Yes," Michel agreed. "The weather has been fine, too. There have been no fogs. Monsieur Lattery could not have lost his way."

"Hardly in a fog on the Glacier du Géant," replied Chayne.

Michel Revaillood caught at some other possibility.

"Of course, some small accident, a sprained ankle, may have detained him at the hut on the Col du Géant. Such things have happened. It will be as well to telegraph to Courmayeur."

"Why, that 's true," said Chayne, and as they walked to the post office he argued more to convince himself than Michel Revaillood: "It 's very likely—some quite small accident—a sprained ankle." But the moment after he had sent the telegram, and when he and

Michel stood again outside the post office, the fear which was in him claimed utterance.

"The Col des Nantillons is a bad place, Michel, that 's the truth. Had Lattery been detained in the hut, he would have found means to send us word. In weather like this that hut would be crowded every night; every day there would be some one coming from Courmayeur to Chamonix. No, I am afraid of the steep slabs of that rock-wall."

And Michel Revalloud said slowly:

"I, too, Monsieur. It is a bad place, the Col des Nantillons; it is not a quick way or a good way to anywhere, and it is very dangerous. And yet I am not sure. Monsieur Lattery was very safe on rocks. Ice, that is another thing. But he would be on rock."

It was evident that Michel was in doubt, but it seemed that Chayne could not force himself to share it.

"You had better get quietly together what guides you can, Michel," he said. "By the time a rescue-party is made up—the answer will have come from Courmayeur."

Chayne walked slowly back to the hotel. All those eager anticipations which had so shortened his journey this morning, which during the last two years had so often raised before his eyes through the shimmering heat of the Red Sea cool visions of ice-peaks and sharp spires of rock, had crumbled and left him desolate; anticipations of disaster had taken their place. He waited in the garden of the hotel at a spot whence he could command the door and the little street leading down to it; but for an hour no messenger came from the post office. Then remembering that a long, sad work might be before him, he went into the hotel and breakfasted. It was twelve o'clock, and the room was full. He was shown a place among the other newcomers at one of the long tables, and he did not notice that Sylvia Thesiger sat beside him. He heard her timid request for the salt, and passed it to her, but he did not speak, he did not turn; and when he pushed back his chair and left the room, he had no idea who had sat beside him, nor did he see the shadow of disappointment in her. It was not until later in the afternoon when at last the blue envelop

was brought to him. He tore it open and read the answer of the hotel proprietor at Courmayeur:

"Lattery left four days ago with one guide for Col du Géant."

He was standing by the door of the hotel, and, looking up, he saw Michel Revalloud and a small band of guides, all of whom carried ice-axes, and some rucksacks on their backs, and ropes, come tramping down the street toward him.

Michel Revalloud came down to his side and spoke with excitement.

"He has been seen, Monsieur. It must have been Monsieur Lattery with one guide. There were two of them."

Chayne interrupted him quickly.

"Yes, there were two," he said, glancing at his telegram. "Where were they seen?"

"High up, Monsieur, on the rocks of the Blaitière. Here, Jules." And in obedience to Michel's summons, a young, brown-bearded guide stepped out from the rest. He lifted his hat, and told his story.

"I was on the Mer de Glace, Monsieur, the day before yesterday. I was bringing a party back from the Jardin, and, just by the Moulin, I saw two men very high up on the cliffs of the Blaitière. I was astonished, for I had never seen any one upon those cliffs before. But I was quite sure. None of my party could see them, it is true, but I saw them clearly. They were perhaps two hundred feet below the ridge between the Blaitière and the Gripon, and to the left of the col."

"What time was this?"

"Four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Yes," said Chayne. The story was borne out by the telegram. Leaving Courmayeur early, Lattery and his guide would have slept the night on the rocks at the foot of the Blaitière, they would have climbed all the next day, and at four o'clock had reached within two hundred feet of the ridge, within two hundred feet of safety. Somewhere in those last two hundred feet the fatal slip had been made; or perhaps a stone had fallen.

"For how long did you watch them?" asked Chayne.

"For a few minutes only. My party was anxious to get back to Chamonix. But they seemed in no difficulty, Monsieur. They were going well."

Chayne shook his head at the hopeful

words, and handed his telegram to Michel Revalloud.

"The day before yesterday they were on the rocks of the Blaitière," he said. "I think we had better go up to the Mer de Glace and look for them at the foot of the cliffs."

"Monsieur, I have eight guides here, and two will follow in the evening when they come home. We will send three of them, as a precaution, up the Mer de Glace. But I do not think they will find Monsieur Lattery there."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I believe Monsieur Lattery has made the first passage of the Col des Nantillons from the east," he said, with a peculiar solemnity. "I think we must look for them on the western side of pass, in the crevasses of the Glacier des Nantillons."

"Surely not," cried Chayne. True, the Glacier des Nantillons in places was steep. True, there were the séracs,—those great slabs and pinnacles of ice set up on end and tottering high above, where the glacier curved over a brow of rock and broke,—one of them might have fallen. But Lattery and he had so often ascended and descended that glacier on the way to the Charmoz and the Gripon and the Plan. He could not believe his friend had come to harm that way.

Michel, however, clung to his opinion.

"The worst part of the climb was over," he argued. "The very worst pitch, Monsieur, is at the very beginning, when you leave the glacier, and then it is very bad again half way up, when you descend into a gully; but Monsieur Lattery was very safe on rock, and having got so high, I think he would have climbed the last rocks with his guide."

Michel spoke with so much certainty that even in face of the telegram, in face of the story which Jules had told, hope sprang up within Chayne's heart.

"Then he may be still up there on some ledge. He would surely not have slipped on the Glacier des Nantillons."

That hope, however, was not shared by Michel Revalloud.

"There is very little snow this year," he said. "The glaciers are uncovered as I have never seen them in all my life. Everywhere is it ice—ice—ice. Monsieur Lattery had only one guide with him,

and he was not so sure on ice. I am afraid Monsieur that he slipped out of his steps on the Glacier des Nantillons."

"And dragged his guide with him?" exclaimed Chayne. His heart rather than his judgment protested against the argument. It seemed to him disloyal to believe it. A man should not slip from his steps on the Glacier des Nantillons. He turned toward the door.

"Very well," he said. "Send three guides up the Mer de Glace. We will go up to the Glacier des Nantillons."

He went up to his room, fetched his ice-ax and a new club-rope, with the twist of red in its strands, and came down again. The rumor of the accident had spread. A throng of tourists stood about the door and surrounded the group of guides, plying them with questions. One or two asked Chayne, as he came out, on what peak the accident had happened. He did not reply. He turned to Michel Revalloud, and forgetful for the moment that he was in Chamonix, he uttered the word so familiar in the high Alps, so welcome in its sound.

"Vorwärts, Michel," he said, and the word was the open sesame to a chamber which he would gladly have kept locked. There was work to do now; there would be time afterward to remember—too long a time. But, in spite of himself, his recollections rushed tumultuously upon him. Up to these last four years, on some day in each July his friend and he had been wont to foregather at some village in the Alps, Lattery coming from a government office in Whitehall, Chayne now from some garrison town in England, now from Malta or from Alexandria, and sometimes from a still farther dependency. Usually they had climbed together for six weeks, although there were red letter years when the six weeks were extended to eight—six weeks during which they lived for the most part on the high level of the glaciers, sleeping in huts or mountain inns or beneath the stars, and coming down only for a few hours now and then into the valley towns. Vorwärts! The months of their comradeship seemed to him epitomized in the word. The joy and inspiration of many a hard climb came back, made bitter with regret for things very pleasant and now done with forever. Nights on some high

ledge, sheltered with rocks and set in the pale glimmer of snow-fields, with a fire of brushwood lighting up the faces of well-loved comrades; half-hours passed in rock chimneys, wedged overhead by a boulder or in snow gullies beneath a bulge of ice when one man struggled above, out of sight, and the rest of the party crouched below with what security it might, waiting for the cheery cry: "Es geht. Vorwärts!" the last scramble to the summit of a virgin peak; the swift glissade down the final snow-slopes in the dusk of the evening, with the lights of the village twinkling below—his memories tramped by him fast; always in the heart of them his friend's face shone before his eyes. Chayne stood for a moment dazed and bewildered. There rose up in his mind that first helpless question of distress: "Why?" and while he stood, his face puzzled and greatly troubled, there fell upon his ears, from close at hand, a simple message of sympathy uttered in a whisper gentle but distinct:

"I am very sorry."

Chayne looked up. It was the overdressed girl of the Annemasse buffet, the girl who had seemed to understand then, who seemed to understand now. He raised his hat to her with a sense of gratitude. Then he followed the guides, and went up among the trees toward the Glacier des Nantillons.

III

THE FINDING OF JOHN LATTERY

THE rescue-party marched upward between the trees with the measured pace of experience. Strength which would be needed above the snow-line was not to be wasted on the lower slopes. But, on the other hand, no halts were made; steadily the file of men turned to the right and to the left, and the zigzags of the forest path multiplied behind them. The zigzags increased in length, the trees became sparse and finished; the rescue-party came out upon the great plateau at the foot of the peaks called the Plan des Aiguilles and stopped at the mountain-inn built upon its brow, just over Chamonix. The evening had come; below, the mists were creeping along the hill-sides and blotting the valley out.

"We will stop here," said Michel Re-

vailoud, as he stepped on to the little platform of earth in front of the door. "If we start again at midnight, we shall be on the glacier at daybreak. We cannot search the Glacier des Nantillons in the dark."

Chayne agreed reluctantly. He would have liked to push on if only to lull thought by the monotony of their march. Moreover, during these last two hours, some faint rushlight of hope had been kindled in his mind, which made all delay irksome. He himself would not believe that his friend John Lattery, with all his skill, his experience, had slipped from his ice-steps like any tyro. Michel, on the other hand, would not believe that he had fallen from the upper rocks of the Blaitière on the far side of the col. From these two disbeliefs his hope had sprung. It was possible that either Lattery or his guide lay disabled but alive and tended, as well as might be, by his companion on some insecure ledge of that rock cliff. A falling stone, a slip checked by the rope, might have left either hurt but still living. It was true that for two nights and a day the two men must have already hung upon their ledge, that a third night was to follow. Still, such endurance had been known in the annals of the Alps, and Lattery was a hard, strong man.

A girl came from the chalet and told him that his dinner was ready. Chayne forced himself to eat, and stepped out again on to the platform. A door opened and closed behind him. Michel Revailoud came from the guides' quarters at the end of the chalet and stood beside him in the darkness, saying nothing, since sympathy taught him to be silent; and when he moved, moving with great gentleness.

"I am glad, Michel, that we waited here, since we had to wait," said Chayne.

"This chalet is new to you, Monsieur. It has been built while you were away."

"Yes; and therefore it has no associations and no memories. Its bare white-washed walls have no stories to tell me of cheery nights on the eve of a new climb, when he and I sat together for a while and talked eagerly together of the prospects of to-morrow."

The talk ceased. Chayne leaned his elbows on the wooden rail. The mists in the valley below had been swept away;

overhead the stars shone out of an ebony sky, very bright, as on some clear winter night of frost, and of all that gigantic amphitheatre of mountains which circled behind them from right to left there was hardly a hint. Perhaps here some extra cube of darkness showed where a high glacier hung against the cliff, but, for the rest, the darkness hid the mountains. A cold wind blew out of the east, and Chayne shivered.

"You are cold, Monsieur?" said Michel. "It is your first night."

"No, I am not cold," Chayne replied in a low and quiet voice; "but I am thinking it will be deadly cold up there in the darkness on the rocks of the Blaitière."

Michel answered him in the same quiet voice. On that broad, open plateau both men spoke indeed as though they were in a sick chamber.

"While you were away, Monsieur, three men without food sat through a night on a steep ice-sheltered ice-slope behind us, high up on the Aiguille du Plan, as high up as the rocks of the Blaitière; and not one of them came to any harm."

"I know. I read of it," said Chayne; but he gathered little comfort from the argument.

Michel fumbled in his pocket and drew out a pipe.

"You do not smoke any more?" he asked. "It is a good thing to smoke."

"I had forgotten," said Chayne.

He filled his pipe and then took a fusee from his match-box.

"No, don't waste it," cried Michel, quickly, before he could strike it. "I remember your fusees, Monsieur."

Michel struck a sulphur match, and held it as it spluttered and frizzled in the hollow of his great hands. The flame burned up. He held it first to Chayne's pipe-bowl and then to his own, and for a moment his face was lighted with the red glow. Its age, thus revealed, and framed in the darkness, shocked Chayne at this moment even more than it had done on the platform at Chamonix. Not merely were its deep lines shown up, but all the old humor and alertness had gone. The face had grown mask-like and spiritless. Then the match went out.

Chayne leaned upon the rail and looked downward. A long way below him, in

the clear darkness of the valley, the lights of Chamonix shone bright and very small. Chayne had never seen them before so straight beneath him. As he looked, he began to notice them; as he noticed them, more and more they took a definite shape. He rose upright and, pointing downward with one hand, he said in a whisper—a whisper of awe:

"Do you see, Michel? Do you see?"

The great main thoroughfare ran in a straight line eastward; through the line and across it, intersecting at the little square where the guides gather of an evening, lay the other broad, straight road from the church across the river. Along those two roads the lights burned most brightly, and thus there had emerged before Chayne's eyes a great golden cross. It grew clearer and clearer as he looked; he looked away and then back again, and now it leaped to view,—he could not hide it from his sight,—a great cross of light lying upon the dark bosom of the valley.

"Do you see, Michel?"

"Yes." The answer came back very steadily. "But so it was last night and last year. Those three men on the Plan had it before their eyes all night. It is no sign of disaster." For a moment he was silent, and then he added timidly: "If you look for a sign, Monsieur, there is a better one."

Chayne turned toward Michel in the darkness rather quickly.

"As we set out from the hotel," Michel continued, "there was a young girl upon the steps with a very sweet and gentle face. She spoke to you, Monsieur. No doubt she told you that her prayers would be with you to-night."

"No, Michel," Chayne replied, and though the darkness hid his face, Michel knew that he smiled. "She did not promise me her prayers. She simply said, 'I am sorry.'"

Michel Revailoud was silent for a little while, and when he spoke again, he spoke very wistfully. One might almost have said there was a note of envy in his voice.

"Well, that is still something, Monsieur. You are very lonely to-night, is it not so? You came back here after many years, eager with hopes and plans, and not thinking at all of disappointments. And the disappointments have

come, and the hopes are all fallen. Is that not so, too? Well, it is something, Monsieur. I am lonely, too, and an old man, besides, so that I cannot mend my loneliness. I tell you—it is something that there is a young girl down there with a sweet and gentle face who is sorry for you, who perhaps is looking up from among those lights to where we stand in the darkness at this moment."

But it seemed that Chayne did not hear, or, if he heard, that he paid no heed. And Michel, knocking the tobacco from his pipe, said:

"You will do well to sleep. We may have a long day before us," and he walked away to the guides' quarters.

But Chayne could not sleep; hope and doubt fought too strongly within him, wrestling for the life of his friend. At twelve o'clock Michel knocked upon his door. Chayne got up from his bed at once, drew on his boots, and breakfasted. At half-past the rescue-party set out, following a rough path through a wilderness of boulders by the light of a lantern. It was still dark when they came to the edge of the glacier, and they sat down and waited. In a little while the sky broke in the east, a twilight dimly revealed the hills, Michel blew out the lantern, the blurred figures of the guides took shape, and outline, and silently the morning dawned upon the world.

The guides moved on to the glacier, and spread over it, ascending as they searched.

"You see, Monsieur, there is very little snow this year," said Michel, chipping steps so that he and Chayne might round the corner of a wide crevasse.

"Yes; but it does not follow that he slipped," said Chayne, hotly. For he was beginning to resent that explanation as an imputation against his friend.

Slowly the party moved upward over the great slope of ice into the recess, looking for steps abruptly ending above a crevasse, or for signs of an avalanche. They came level with the lower end of a long rib of rock which crops out from the ice and lengthwise bisects the glacier. Here the search ended for awhile. The rib of rocks is a natural path, and the guides climbed it quickly. They came to the upper glacier and spread out once more, roped in couples. They were now well

within the great amphitheatre. On their left the cliffs of the Charmoz overlapped them; on the right, the rocks of the Blaitière. For an hour they advanced, cutting the steps, since the glacier was steep, and then from the center of the glacier a cry rang out. Chayne, at the end of the line upon the right, looked across. A little way in front of the two men who had shouted, something dark lay upon the ice. Chayne, who was with Michel Revaillood, called and began hurriedly to scratch steps diagonally toward the object.

"Take care, Monsieur," cried Michel. Chayne paid no heed. Coming up from behind on the left-hand side, he passed his guide and took the lead. He could tell now what the dark object was. For every now and then a breath of wind caught it and whirled it about the ice. It was a hat. He raised his ax to slice a step, and a gust of wind stronger than the others lifted the hat, sent it rolling and skipping down the glacier, lifted it again, and gently dropped it at his feet. He stooped down and picked it up. It was a soft, broad-brimmed hat of dark-gray felt. In the crown there was the name of an English maker. There was something more, too: there were two initials, J. L.

Chayne turned to Michel Revaillood. "You were right, Michel," he said solemnly. "My friend has made the first passage of the Col des Nantillons from the east."

The party moved forward again, watching with redoubled vigilance for some spot in the glacier—some spot above a crevasse—to which ice-steps descended and from which they did not lead down. And three hundred yards beyond, a second cry rang out. A guide was standing on the lower edge of a great crevasse with a hand lifted above his head. The searchers converged quickly upon him. Chayne hurried forward, plying the pick of his ax as never in his life he had plied it. "Had the guide come upon the actual place where the accident had happened?" he asked himself. But before he reached the spot, his pace slackened, and he stood still. He had no longer any doubt. His friend and his friend's guide were not lying upon any ledge of the rocks of the Aiguille de Blaitière; they were not waiting for any succor.

On the glacier a broad track, littered

with blocks of ice, stretched upward in a straight line from the upper lip of the crevasse to the great ice-fall on the skyline where the huge slabs and pinnacles of ice, twisted into monstrous shapes, like a sea suddenly frozen when a tempest was at its height, stood marshaled in serried rows. They stood waiting upon the sun. One of them, melted at the base, had crashed down the slope, bursting into huge fragments as it fell and cleaving a groove even in that hard glacier.

Chayne went forward and stopped at the guide's side on the lower edge of the crevasse. Beyond the chasm the ice rose in a blue, straight wall for some three feet, and the upper edge was all crushed and battered; and then the track of the falling sérac ended. It had poured into the crevasse.

The guide pointed to the left of the track.

"Do you see, Monsieur—those steps which come downward across the glacier and stop exactly where the track meets them? They do not go on on the other side of the track, Monsieur."

Chayne saw clearly enough. The two men had been descending the glacier in the afternoon; the avalanche had fallen and swept them down. He dropped upon his knees and peered into the crevasse. The walls of the chasm descended smooth and precipitous, changing in gradual shades of color from pale, transparent green to the darkest blue, until all color was lost in darkness. He bent his head and shouted into the depths:

"Lattery! Lattery!"

And only his voice came back to him, cavernous and hollow. He shouted again, and then heard Michel Revailoud saying solemnly behind him:

"Yes, they are here."

Suddenly Chayne turned round, moved by a fierce throb of anger.

"It's not true, you see," he cried—"he did n't slip out of his steps and drag his guide down with him. You were wrong, Michel."

Michel was standing with his hat in his hand.

"Yes, Monsieur, I was quite wrong," he said gently. He turned to a big and strong man.

"François, will you put on the rope and go down?"

They knotted the rope securely about François's waist, and he took his ice-ax in his hand, sat down on the edge of the crevasse, with his legs dangling, turned upon his face, and said:

"When I pull the rope, haul in gently."

They lowered him carefully down for sixty feet, and at that depth the rope slackened. François had reached the bottom of the crevasse. For a few moments they watched the rope move this way and that, and then there came a definite pull.

"He has found them," said Michel.

Some of the guides lined out with the rope in their hands. Chayne took his position in the front, at the head of the line and nearest to the crevasse. The pull upon the rope was repeated, and slowly the men began to haul it in. It did not occur to Chayne that the weight upon the rope was heavy. One question filled his mind to the exclusion of all else—Had François found his friend? What news would he bring of them when he came again up to the light? François's voice was heard now, faintly calling from the depths; but what he said could not be heard. The line of men hauled in the rope more and more quickly, and then suddenly stopped and drew it in very gently; for they could now hear what François said. It was only one word, persistently repeated:

"Gently! Gently!"

And so gently they drew him upward to the mouth of the crevasse. Chayne was standing too far back to see down beyond the edge, but he could hear François's ax clattering against the ice-walls, and the grating of his boots. Michel, who was kneeling at the edge of the chasm, held up his hand, and the men upon the rope ceased to haul. In a minute or two he lowered it.

"Gently!" he said, "gently!" gazing downward with a queer absorption. Chayne began to hear François's labored breathing, and then suddenly at the edge of the crevasse he saw appear the hair of a man's head.

"Up with him!" cried a guide. There was a quick strong pull upon the rope, and out of the chasm, above the white level of the glacier, there appeared a face—not François's face, but the face of a dead man. Suddenly it rose into a colorless

light, pallid and wax-like, with open, sightless eyes and a dropped jaw, and one horrid splash of color on the left forehead, where blood had frozen. It was the face of Chayne's friend, John Lattery; and in a way most grotesque and horrible, it bobbed and nodded at him, as though the neck were broken and the man yet lived. When François, just below, cried, "Gently! gently!" it seemed that the dead man's mouth was speaking.

Chayne uttered a cry; then a deathly sickness overcame him. He dropped the rope, staggered a little way off, like a drunken man, and sat down upon the ice with his head between his hands.

Some while later a man came to him and said:

"We are ready, Monsieur."

Chayne returned to the crevasse. Lattery's guide had been raised from the crevasse. Both bodies had been wrapped in sacks, and cords had been fixed about their legs. The rescue-party dragged the bodies down the glacier to the path, and placing them upon doors taken from a chalet, carried them down to Chamonix. On the way down François talked for a while to Michel Revailoud, who, in his turn, fell back to where, at the end of the procession, Chayne walked alone.

"Monsieur," he said, and Chayne looked at him with dull eyes, like a man dazed, "there is something which François noticed which he wished me to tell you. François is a good lad. He wishes you to know that your friend died at once. There was no sign of movement. He lay in the bottom of the crevasse in some snow which was quite smooth. The guide he had kicked a little with his feet in the snow, but your friend had died at once."

"Thank you," said Chayne, without the least emotion in his voice. But he walked with uneven steps. At times he staggered like one over-done and very tired. But once or twice he said, as though he were dimly aware that he had his friend's reputation to defend:

"You see, he did n't slip on the ice, Michel. You were quite wrong. It was the avalanche. It was no fault of his."

"I was wrong," said Michel, and he took Chayne by the arm lest he should fall; and these two men came long after the others into Chamonix.

IV

MR. JARVICE TAKES ACTION

THE news of Lattery's death was telegraphed to England on the same evening. It appeared the next morning under a conspicuous head-line in the daily newspapers, and Mr. Sidney Jarvice read the item in the Pullman car as he traveled from Brighton to his office in London. He removed his big cigar from his fat, red lips and became absorbed in thought. The train rushed past Hassocks and Three Bridges and East Croydon. Mr. Jarvice never once looked at his newspaper again. The big cigar, of which the costliness was proclaimed by the gold band about its middle, had long since gone out; and for him the train came quite unexpectedly to a stop at the ticket platform on Battersea Bridge.

Mr. Jarvice was a florid person in his looks and in his dress. It was in accordance with his floridness that he always retained the gold band about his cigar while he smoked it. He was a man of middle age, with thick black hair, a red, broad face, little, bright black eyes, a black moustache, and rather prominent teeth. He was short and stout, and drew attention to his figure by wearing light-colored trousers adorned with a striking check. From Victoria station he drove at once to his office in Jermyn street. A young and wizened-looking clerk was already at work in the outer room.

"I will see no one this morning, Maunders," said Mr. Jarvice, as he passed through.

"Very well, sir. There are a good number of letters this morning," replied the clerk.

"They must wait," said Mr. Jarvice, and, entering his private room, he shut the door. He did not touch the letters upon his table, but he went straight to his bureau, and unlocking a drawer, took from it a copy of the "Code Napoléon." He studied the document carefully, locked it up again, and looked at his watch. It was getting on toward one o'clock. He rang the bell for his clerk.

"Maunders," he said, "I once asked you to make some inquiries about a young man called Walter Hine."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember what his habits were—where he lunched, for instance?"

Maunders reflected for a moment.

"It 's a little while ago, sir, since I made the inquiries. As far as I remember, he did not lunch regularly anywhere. But he went to the American bar of the Criterion restaurant most days for a morning drink about one."

"Oh, he did? You made his acquaintance of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you find him this morning, give him some lunch, and bring him round to see me at three. See that he is sober."

At three o'clock, accordingly, Mr. Walter Hine was shown into the inner room of Mr. Jarvice. Jarvice bent his bright eyes upon his visitor. He saw a young man with very fair hair, a narrow forehead, watery blue eyes, and a weak, dissipated face. Walter Hine was dressed in a cheap suit of tweed much the worse for wear; and he entered the room with the sullen timidity of the very shy. Moreover, he was a little unsteady as he walked, as though he had not yet recovered from last night's intoxication.

Mr. Jarvice noted these points with his quick glance, but whether they pleased him or not, there was no hint in his face.

"Will you sit down?" he said suavely, pointing to a chair. "Maunders, you can go."

Walter Hine turned quickly, as though he would have preferred Maunders to stay, but he let him go. Mr. Jarvice shut the door carefully, and walking across the room, stood over his visitor, with his hands in his pockets, and renewed his scrutiny. Walter Hine grew uncomfortable, and blurted out, with a cockney twang:

"Maunders told me that if I came to see you, it might be to my advantage."

"I think it will," replied Mr. Jarvice. "Have you seen this morning's paper?"

"On'y the 'Sportsman.'"

"Then you have probably not noticed that your cousin John Lattery has been killed in the Alps." He handed his paper to Hine, who glanced at it indifferently.

"Well, how does that affect me?" he asked.

"It leaves you the only heir to your uncle, Mr. Joseph Hine, the manufacturer at Lyons, who, I believe, is a millionaire. Joseph Hine is domiciled in France and

must, by French law, leave a certain percentage of his property to his relatives—in other words, to you. I have taken some trouble to go into the matter, Mr. Hine, and I find that your share must at the very least amount to two hundred thousand pounds."

"I know all about that," Hine interrupted; "but as the old brute won't acknowledge me, and may live another twenty years, it 's not much use to me now."

"Well," said Mr. Jarvice, smiling, "my young friend, that is where I come in."

Walter Hine looked up in surprise. Suspicion followed quickly upon the surprise.

"Oh, on purely business terms, of course," said Jarvice. He took a seat and resumed gaily: "Now, I am by profession—what would you guess? I am a money-lender. Luckily for many people, I have money and I lend it—I lend it upon very easy terms. I make no secret of my calling, Mr. Hine. On the contrary, I glory in it. It gives me an opportunity of doing a great deal of good in a quiet way. If I were to show you my books, you would realize that many famous estates are only kept going through my assistance; and thus many a farm laborer owes his daily bread to me and never knows his debt. Why should I conceal it?"

Mr. Jarvice turned toward his visitor with his hands outspread. Then his voice dropped.

"There is only one thing I hide, and that, Mr. Hine, is the easiness of the terms on which I advance my loans. I must hide that. I should have all my profession against me were it known. But you shall know it, Mr. Hine." He leaned forward and patted his young friend upon the knee with an air of great benevolence. "Come, to business! Your circumstances are not, I think, in a very flourishing condition."

"I should think not," said Walter Hine, sullenly. "I have a hundred and fifty a year, paid weekly. Three quid a week don't give much chance for a flutter."

"Three pounds a week! Ridiculous!" cried Mr. Jarvice, lifting up his hands. "I am shocked, really shocked. But we will alter all that. Oh, yes; we will soon alter that."

He sprang up briskly, and unlocking once more the drawer in which he kept

his copy of the "Code Napoléon," he took out this time a slip of paper. He seated himself again, drawing up his chair to the table.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Hine, whether these particulars are correct? We must be business-like, you know. Oh, yes," he said gaily, wagging his head and cocking his bright little eyes at his visitor. And he began to read aloud or, rather, paraphrase the paper which he held:

"Your father inherited the same fortune as your Uncle Joseph Hine, but lost almost the entire amount in speculation. In middle life he married your mother, who was—forgive me if I wound the delicacy of your feelings, Mr. Hine—not quite his equal in social position. The happy couple then took up their residence in Arcade street, Croydon, where you were born, on March the 6th, twenty-three years ago."

"Yes," said Walter Hine.

"In Croydon you passed your boyhood. You were sent to the public school there. But the rigorous discipline of school life did not suit your independent character." Thus did Mr. Jarvice gracefully paraphrase the single word "expelled," which was written on his slip of paper. "Ah, Mr. Hine," he cried, smiling indulgently at the sullen, bemused weakling who sat before him stale with last night's drink. "You and Shelley! Rebels, sir, rebels both! Well, well! After you left school, at the age of sixteen, you pursued your studies in a desultory fashion at home. Your father died the following year, your mother two years later. You have since lived in Russell street, Bloomsbury, on the income which remained from your father's patrimony. Three pounds a week,—to be sure, here it is,—paid weekly by trustees appointed by your mother. And you have adopted none of the liberal professions. There we have it, I think."

"You seem to have taken a lot of trouble to find out my history," said Walter, suspiciously.

"Business, sir, business," said Mr. Jarvice. It was on the tip of his tongue to add, "The early bird, you know," but he was discreet enough to hold the words back. "Now let me look to the future, which opens out in a brighter prospect. It is altogether absurd, Mr. Hine, that a young gentleman who will eventually in-

herit a quarter of a million should have to scrape through meanwhile on three pounds a week. I put it on a higher ground. It is bad for the state, Mr. Hine, and you and I, like good citizens of this great empire, must consider the state. When this great fortune comes into your hands you should already have learned how to dispose of it."

"Oh, I could dispose of it all right," interrupted Mr. Hine, with a chuckle. "Don't you worry your head about that."

Mr. Jarvice laughed heartily at the joke. Walter Hine could not but think that he had made a very witty remark. He began to thaw into something like confidence. He sat more easily on his chair.

"You will have your little joke, Mr. Hine. You could dispose of it! Very good indeed! I must really tell that to my dear wife. But business, business!" He checked his laughter with a determined effort and lowered his voice to a confidential pitch: "I propose to allow you two thousand pounds a year, paid quarterly in advance—five hundred pounds each quarter. Forty pounds a week, Mr. Hine, which, with your three, will make a nice, comfortable living wage. Ha! Ha!"

"Two thousand a year!" gasped Mr. Hine, leaning back in his chair. It ain't possible. Two thou—here, what am I to do for it?"

"Nothing, except to spend it like a gentleman," said Mr. Jarvice, beaming upon his visitor. It did not seem to occur to either man that Mr. Jarvice had set to his loan the one condition which Mr. Walter Hine never could fulfil. Walter Hine was troubled with doubts of quite another kind.

"But you come in somewhere," he said bluntly; "on'y I'm hanged if I see where."

"Of course I come in, my young friend," replied Jarvice, frankly—"I or my executors. For we may have to wait a long time. I propose that you execute in my favor a post-obit on your uncle's life, giving me—well, we may have to wait a long time,—twenty years you suggested. Your uncle is seventy-three, but a hale man, living in a healthy climate. We will say four thousand pounds for every two thousand which I lend you. Those are easy terms, Mr. Hine. I don't make you take cigars and sherry. No. I think

such practices almost reflect discredit on my calling. Two thousand a year, five hundred a quarter, forty pounds a week—forty-three with your little income! Well, what do you say?"

Mr. Hine sat dazzled with the prospect of wealth, immediate wealth, actually within his reach now. But he had lived among people who never did anything for nothing, who spoke only of friendship when they proposed to borrow money, and at the back of his mind suspicion and incredulity were still at work. Somehow Jarvice would be getting the better of him. In his dull way he began to reason matters out.

"But suppose I died before my uncle; then you would get nothing," he objected.

"Ah, to be sure! I had not forgotten that point," said Mr. Jarvice. "It is a contingency, of course, not very probable, but still we do right to consider it." He leaned back in his chair, and once again he fixed his eyes upon his visitor in a long and silent scrutiny. When he spoke again, it was in a quieter voice than he had used. One might almost have said that the real business of the interview was only just beginning.

"There is a way which will save me from loss. You can insure your life, as against your uncle's, for a round sum—say, for a hundred thousand pounds. You will make over the policy to me. I shall pay the premiums, and so, if anything were to happen to you, I should be recouped."

He never once removed his eyes from Hine's face. He sat with his elbows on the arms of his chair and his hands folded beneath his chin, quite still, but with a queer look of alertness about him.

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Hine, as he turned the proposal over in his mind.

"Do you agree?" asked Jarvice.

"Yes," said Walter Hine.

"Very well," said Jarvice, all his old briskness returning. "The sooner the arrangement is pushed through, the better for you, eh? You will begin to touch the dibs." He laughed, and Walter Hine chuckled. "As to the insurance, you will have to get the company's doctor's certificate, and I should think it would be wise to go steady for a day or two—what? You have been going the pace a bit, have n't you? You had better see your solicitor to-day. As soon as the post-obit

and the insurance policy are in the office, Mr. Hine, your first quarter's income is paid into your bank. I will have an agreement drawn binding me, on my side, to pay you two thousand a year until your uncle's death."

Mr. Jarvice rose, as if the interview was ended. He moved some papers on his table and added carelessly:

"You have a good solicitor, I suppose?"

"I have n't a solicitor at all," said Walter Hine, as he too rose.

"Oh, have n't you?" said Mr. Jarvice, with all the appearance of surprise. "Well, shall I give you an introduction to one?" He sat down, wrote a note, placed it in an envelop, which he left unfastened, and addressed it. Then he handed the envelop to his client.

"Messrs. Jones & Stiles, Lincoln's Inn Fields," he said. "But ask for Mr. Driver. Tell him the whole proposal frankly, and ask his advice."

"Driver?" said Hine, fingering the envelop. "Had n't I ought to see one of the partners?"

Mr. Jarvice smiled.

"You have a business head, Mr. Hine, that's very clear. I'll let you into a secret. Mr. Driver is rather like yourself—something of a rebel, Mr. Hine. He came into disagreement with that very arbitrary body, the Incorporated Law Society—so—well, his name does not figure in the firm. But he *is* Jones & Stiles. Tell him everything. If he advises you against my proposal, I shall even say take his advice. Good-morning." Mr. Jarvice went to the door and opened it.

"Well, this is the spider's web, you know," he said with the good-humored laugh of one who could afford to despise the slanders of the ill-affected. "Not such a very uncomfortable place, eh?" And he bowed Mr. Fly out of his office.

He stood at the door and waited until the outer office closed. Then he went to his telephone and rang up a number.

"Are you Jones & Stiles?" he asked.

"Thank you! Will you ask Mr. Driver to come to the telephone?" And with Mr. Driver he talked genially for five minutes.

Then, and not till then, with a smile of satisfaction Mr. Jarvice turned to the unopened letters which had come to him by the morning post.

TWO POEMS

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

FOR A GUEST-BOOK

A BOOK of guests! May it include
The wise, the witty, and the shrewd,
And such as own the double art
That makes them friends of head and heart.
May those who stand recorded here
Grow dearer with each added year;
Acquaintance into friendship grow,
And friendship ever brighter glow.
Old friends are best, we lightly say,
But, as they fall upon the way,
Keep full the ranks with newer friends,
Till time the adjective amends.
And if old friends still seem the best,
The adage should be thus expressed:
Friends are not best because they 're old,
But old, because the years that rolled—
The years that try and mar and mend—
Have proved them worth the title friend.

INNOGEN

A stage direction in the old copies of "Much Ado About Nothing" is "Enter Leonato, Governour of Messina, *Innogen* his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a messenger." As the wife of Leonato takes no part in the action, and neither speaks nor is spoken to throughout the play, she was probably no more than a character the poet had designed in his first sketch of the plot, and which he found reason to omit afterward.

IMMORTAL shadow, faint and ever fair,
Dear for unspoken words that might have been,
Compelled to silent sorrow none may share,
A ghost of Shakespere's world, unheard, unseen,
How many more like thee have voiceless stood
Uncalled upon the threshold of his mind,
The speechless children of a mighty brood
Who were and are not! Never shall they find
The happier comrades unto whom he gave
Thought, speech, and action—they who shall
not know
The end of our realities, the grave,
Nor what is sadder, life, nor any human woe.





"ELFRIDA SAYS THEY ARE SEEING EUROPE NICELY ON LESS THAN
A DOLLAR A DAY, AND UNCLE SAID, 'GREAT SCOTT!'"

(SEE PAGE 553)

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

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WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VII



Y DEAREST MAMA:

We are *en route*! We left Paris at the cheerful hour of seven A. M. yesterday morning. No one was up, and there was another train at half-past nine, but Uncle said that, considering the work that lay before us, we had better not begin by dawdling. I do think there is a happy medium between rising at five and "dawdling," but of course I did n't tell him so.

Edna sat up in bed and kissed me good-by. She and Mrs. Clary looked upon me as a cross between the savor of the situation and a burnt offering on Uncle's al-

tar; but they were all happy, and I did n't care—much.

Uncle mapped out the route, and, as a result, we got down at Chartres about half-past nine. He put the baggage in *consigne*, and then looked about with the air of a charger who snuffs the battle afar. I stood beside him, feeling like Mazeppa just before they let the horse loose.

The outlook from the station is not very attractive, and the first thing that Uncle said was that he did n't believe it was worth while stopping at all, and that he had a good mind to go on with the train; but just at that instant the train went on by itself, so we did not need to discuss the subject.

You see, there is a high ridge that runs

in front of the station, and Chartres is on the other side. Nearly all the towns here seem to be quite a little ways from the railway stations. Mr. Edgar says it 's because the railroads run after their passengers in Europe instead of running over them, as they do in America. Uncle says it 's very inconvenient, anyhow, and he pulled his hat down hard and said, "Well, let 's have a look at the cathedral, anyway."

So we stormed the ridge forthwith, and spread down into the flat country beyond. As we descended the slope, Uncle began to be glad he had come. Chartres is very modest, and mainly one story high, so the cathedral towers aloft in a most soul-satisfying manner. Uncle said it was "something like." I was ever so glad that he felt so, because he said in Beauvais that something he had read had led him to expect that the cathedral there would be big enough to hold the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in one of its niches, and of course he was horribly disappointed, as a consequence.

We walked straight to the cathedral, and it was so big that Uncle thought we had better each take one side and meet behind, "so as to save time and not miss anything." I acquiesced, because I mean to keep him good-tempered, if keeping good-tempered myself and acquiescing will do so.

We started "fair" in front of the middle front door, and I could hardly keep a straight face as we walked promptly and solemnly off in opposite directions. The cathedral is enormous and just covered with carving, and I was only part way down the side when I saw Uncle coming around the corner, swinging his umbrella in the briskest sort of manner. He looked absolutely disgusted when he saw me, and said in the most injured tone



"WE WENT INSIDE AT ONCE, AND THERE I HELD THE GUIDE-BOOK AND READ THE EXPLANATIONS, WHILE HE KEPT UP A RUNNING CONTRADICTION OF EVERYTHING I READ"

imaginable, "You must have been stopping to look!"

He would n't hear to my continuing my tour of circumnavigation, so we went inside at once, and there I held the guide-book and read the explanations, while he kept up a running contradiction of everything I read. I don't see the good of Uncle's carrying a guide-book, for he says they need n't suppose he does n't know better than most of it.

There is a wonderful carved marble screen around the altar and a sacred statue with a yellow satin dress on; but being inside made Uncle John want to be outside right away, so we left very quickly, and he studied the Baedeker just long enough to let me notice how all the Roman noses on the kings and saints outside had been turned into Eskimo noses by the rains of centuries; and then he suddenly shut it, and said we would go right straight off then and there to see the famous enamels that Diane de Poitiers gave Henry II. He explained to me that this' was n't the English Henry II, but the French Henry II, and then he asked me which of us had the luggage-checks, and if I had noticed whether the train went at eleven or half past. I must say it is like doing multiplications in your head to travel with Uncle; but of course I enjoy it, and the walk to St. Peter's Church was very pleasant, through quaint streets and along by little canals like those at Gisors.

The church was open, and open in more ways than one, for they were tearing up the whole floor to put in a furnace, and gravestones and pick-axes were leaning

up against the columns everywhere. There was n't a soul to be seen, and Uncle was so happy to be able to poke about unconcierged for a while that I sat down and let him desecrate around with his cane until he came to with a start and asked me what I supposed we came to Chartres for, anyway. I got up at that, and we went to look at the enamels, which

are in behind a locked balustrade and have curtains hung in front of them, besides. We had to get a woman to unlock the gate and draw the curtains aside and explain which enamel was which Apostle, and Uncle was very much put out over their being Apostles at all. I don't know what he expected in a church but he said he never thought about the church; he only thought about Diane de Poitiers. He says he does n't think it was in good taste, her having anything to do with the Apostles, and then he read in the book again and found he'd made a mistake, and it was the king who gave them to her, and not she who gave them to the king, and that used him all up, and he said he wished

that he had never come.

I saw that we should have to have something to eat right off, so I said I was hungry, and Uncle said that was just like a woman, but to come on. We found a small restaurant, and had a very good lunch, and then Uncle said if I felt satisfied he would take it as a personal favor if we could go on to Dreux. I do wish he would n't put everything just that way when I really have n't done anything; but he looked at his watch and found that



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DREUX

the time before when he had looked at it he had looked at it wrong and that we had barely ten minutes to make the train. As a matter of fact, the train was going then, but they don't go until ten minutes after in France, so when you miss a train, you always have ten minutes left to make it. We took a cab, and Uncle made the man understand that if he hurried it would pay; so we galloped madly over the ridge and just got aboard in time to learn that Uncle had left his cane in the cab and we'd forgotten our luggage in *consigne*.

Of course the ride was rather gloomy, because there was almost no way to lay the blame on me; but after a while Uncle asked me if I really ever did see such a rank idiot as M. Sibilet, and he felt better after that. We reached Dreux about two o'clock, and I telegraphed back about the luggage while Uncle looked up a train for Argentan and set his watch by the railway time. He told me that the train that he had decided on left at 3:04 and that we could make it and see the mausoleum "easy." I never contradict Uncle, because it does n't do any good and does upset him awfully, so I went with him to get the cab, and wondered how long a mausoleum usually took to examine.

It seems that there are no cabs in Dreux!

I thought that that would end the mausoleum, but Uncle merely swept his eyes over the prospect and said we'd have to walk, and walk pretty prompt. It was 2:10, and we walked fast. The mausoleum is on top of a hill, and Uncle said we could catch our breath after we got to the top. We never spoke a word going up. I knew that I was too young to die of heart-disease, so I did n't care, if he did n't.

It was a terrible climb, but we reached there at 2:32. It's the mausoleum of the Orléans family, and is modern. There is a concierge who takes you around, and we followed him, Uncle with his watch in his hand and going on like this: "2:40—tomb of the king's mother, eh? Fine old lady! 2:41—tomb of the Duc d'Aumale; good face, handsome decorations on his bosom, stained-glass windows—all made at Sèvres, eh? 2:43—" etc. You can imagine!

But what you can't imagine is the sublime and peaceful beauty of all those exquisite marble people sleeping there under the slanting rainbow sun-rays of the magnificent windows. They affected me so deeply that, in spite of Uncle, I could hardly keep back the tears. They did n't seem living and they did n't seem dead; I don't know what they were like—spirits made visible, perhaps. The Duchesse d'Orléans has her arm stretched across, so that it touches her husband, who was the eldest son of Louis-Philippe. The king himself stands upright in the midst of them all, and Queen Marie-Amélie kneels at his side in a beautiful pose. Two precious little babies are sculptured together on one tomb, and all the while we were going about, the place resounded with the echoes of the chisels that were preparing a place for the Prince Henry who was killed in Africa.

I could have stayed there hours, wrapped up in the mystery and wonder of it all, but Uncle fell down some steps while he was looking at his watch, and we departed forthwith. He said we must walk fast, and so again we walked fast. Of course it was easier, though, going downhill, and I said, when we were near enough not to be anxious any more, "It was worth seeing, was n't it?" To which Uncle replied: "Yes, if you enjoy that kind of thing; but all I could think of was the idea of spending such a lot of money on statues and then not having any cabs at the depot."

There was no time to get anything more to eat at the moment, so I just held my tongue until we were safely on the train again.

We reached Argentan at 6:15 P. M., and I felt as if I'd been running Uncle, or, rather, running with Uncle, for a month.

The next morning we were called at seven, and I really thought that I could not get up at first; but I made it at the third try, and Uncle and I were out "seeing Argentan" at eight. At half-past he declared that there was really nothing to see, so we went to the *gare*, and he bought a Paris "Herald." As we were sitting there, waiting for the 8:04 train to Coulibœuf, in came Elfrida Sanders and her sister with bicycles. I was so astonished,



"PAID THE MAN AT THE ENTRANCE AND LET HIM GO"

and Uncle was rather pleased, too. They are doing Normandy on wheels, and they have their tools and a kodak and a small set of toilet-things and four clean collars all tied on to them. Elfrida says they 've had a lovely time—only broken glass once, and rain two days. The sister is going to write a book and call it "Two on a Trot." I think that 's a funny name for a bicycle story. Uncle said to call it "Two on a Tire"; but you know how stupid Elfrida is, and so she said, "Oh, but it 's not a tandem." They were going to Coulibœuf, too, but we could n't go together, because they were traveling third-class. Elfrida says they are seeing Europe nicely on less than a dollar a day, and Uncle said, "Great Scott!"

While we were on the train, it began to rain and then it poured. Uncle became very gloomy, and said that was just what we might have expected. I did n't expect rain, and I did n't see why I should have expected it, so I only nodded. Uncle

did n't like my nodding, and said I should n't take such a pessimistic view of life at my age. While he was talking, I suddenly remembered the umbrella, and asked him where it was, and he had left it in Argentan! Then there was no more conversation.

We had to change cars at Coulibœuf, and we reached Falaise about noon. Elfrida and her sister got right on to their wheels and bumped gaily away over the cobblestones at once. The rain was over and the sun was shining, but Uncle said he had lost all faith in France and wanted to buy another umbrella the very first thing. We went to a store, and he said to buy a cheap one, as I would be sure to lose it. I asked for a cheap one, but the woman was quite indignant and said that she did not keep any cheap umbrellas—that the lowest she had was two francs—forty cents. I had to translate it to Uncle, and he was so amused that he bought one for three francs and gave a

franc to her baby, which was tied in a high-chair by the window.

Then we took a cab to the castle and paid the man at the entrance and let him go. There is a lovely, sloping road that follows the curve of the outer wall up to the summit of the hill, and we forgot how tired we were in thinking how pretty it was. These old castle enclosures are all so big. This one contains a college at one end, and then there is quite a wood which you must walk through before you come to the castle itself at the other end.

The castle is wonderful. It is splendid and big and old and strong and Norman. It is built out of the red rock, and it has oubliettes and wells and pits and towers and everything of the kind that heart could wish to see. We saw the room where Prince Arthur was imprisoned for seven years and the room where William the Conqueror was born. It's a very little room in which to have had such a wonderful thing happen.

Uncle enjoyed the castle immensely; he took the deepest interest in every inch of it, and when the concierge showed us the window from which Robert the Devil first saw Arlette, he planted himself firmly inside it, and I almost thought that he was going to stay there forever. My feet ached so that I was glad enough to lean up anywhere for a minute, and I honestly believe that it was ten before he moved. Then he gave himself a little shake and said: "Well, to think of owning this place, and being able to stand in a window as high up as that one, and then to look down as far as that well is, and then only need to say, 'Bring her up!' and to know she 'd got to come! Great Scott! no wonder their son conquered England. I'm only surprised that he did n't wipe Europe off the face of the continent!" Then he shook his head for quite a while, and we got under way again and went to Talbot's Tower.

It's high, and Uncle wanted to climb it. I did n't mind his climbing it, but he wanted me to climb it, too, and some one was ringing

the bell, so the concierge had to leave us and go back before anything was settled. Uncle said it was rather hard when he was doing so much to try and finish me up (he meant "finish me off," I think), for me to be so lukewarm about being finished; so I started in to climb, although my knees felt like crumpled tissue-paper. The steps were so worn that it was awful work, and Uncle would go up as far as any one could. He had the umbrella, and I had the candle, and often we had to step two and even

¹ The author begs the reader's lenient consideration as to this description of Talbot's Tower. The story was written from notes taken five years ago, since which time the tower has undergone a thorough restoration.



"THE COMING DOWN WAS AWFUL . . . UNCLE WENT FIRST, AND I STEPPED ON HIS COAT TWICE AND SPILT CANDLE-GREASE ON HIS HAT"

three steps at once. When we came to the place where the steps ended, he stood and peeked out of a window (imagining himself Lord Talbot, I reckon), and then we started back. The coming down was awful; I was honestly frightened. Uncle went first, and I stepped on his coat twice and spilt candle-grease on his hat. Uncle found it easier coming down than going up, and it was n't until we reached the bottom that we discovered that the reason why was because he had left the umbrella behind, and so had two hands to hold on by. I said, "Never mind; it only cost sixty cents"; but he was not to be comforted, and said bitterly, "You forget the franc that I gave her baby." I would have gone back for it, but I felt *so* hot and tired.

We came to Caen this noon, and went to bed, and I don't believe we shall ever get up again. Uncle said that with my kind permission he would suggest that I should not disturb him, and Heaven knows that I have no desire to. I telegraphed Mrs. Clary about mail, and then I went to sleep, and I slept until just now.

I never was so near dead in all my life; but you must n't think for a minute that I'm not having a lovely time, for I am, and it was so kind of Uncle to bring me. Now good-by, and with much love,

Yours,
Yvonne.

VIII

UNCLE JOHN PARALYZED

"COME in! Come on! Well, don't you hear? Can't you understand any—Oh, it's you, child. I thought it was one of those darned waiters.

"Sit down; pull up a chair by the bed. It's so long since I sent for you that I just about thought that you were not com-

ing. I suppose you were surprised at my sending for you; but it was the only way to do. It's a hard thing to break to you, Yvonne; but you'd have to know in the course of the day, and I always do everything right off that I've not decided to wait and see about. Now don't look frightened, my dear; nobody's *dead*—it's only that I'm paralyzed!

"There, what do you think of that? Yes, it's true for a fact. My legs! I had some premonitory symptoms yesterday going up that cursed old tower, and I had some very advanced ones coming down from it; and this morning, when I started to shave, the truth just burst in my face. Now, don't try to say anything, for I've read too many patent-medicine advertisements not to recognize paralysis when I feel it up and down the back of my own legs. I'm not the man not to know my own feelings, and I want to tell you that when I got up this morning I could n't stand up, and then, after I stood up, I could n't sit down; and if that

is n't a clear case of having completely given out, I don't know what you would call it.

"Now, my dear, the question is, What's to be done? Of course our travels have come to a full stop, for I shall probably never walk again. The curious thing is that I don't feel any particular inclination ever to walk again. You've no conception of the sentiments that I feel in my legs; but if you roll the fatigue of a lifetime into either the left or the right, you can get some faint inkling of the first freshness of paralysis. I tell you, Yvonne, it is awful. Every cobblestone I've gone over seems to be singing in my calves; but that's neither here nor there. What I want you to do is to go to the pocket of my valise, get out the cable-code book, and look out a word that means 'Both



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FALAISE

legs paralyzed. What shall I do with the girls?' You 'll find a word that means it, if you look long enough. They 've got forty pages of words that mean every fool thing on earth from 'It 's a boy' to 'Impossible to lend you ten dollars.' I was reading it over in Paris the other day.

"Well, ain't you going to get the code-book? I don't want to be impatient, but I want some one to be doing something. You don't know how restless it makes me to think of lying here for the rest of my life. While I was waiting for you, I was thinking that probably I shall live right here in Caen till I die. I 'm very glad we got here too late to see anything, because now I can take it bit by bit and drag it out through my remaining days. I shall have a wheeling-chair and a man to push me around, and—well, maybe it 's in the little outside pocket. I know I had it in Paris, anyhow; I remember I was just reading that 'Salsify' means 'Your mother-in-law left by the ten o'clock train,' and that 'Salsifry' means that she did n't, when they brought me my money, and I was free to go.

"Well, now you 've got it. I thought maybe it would be in the little valise all the time. Seems to me the sicknesses begin with 'Salt.' I remember 'Salt-fish' means 'Have got smallpox; keep away,' and 'Saltpetre' means 'Have got a cold; come at once.' You look along there and find 'Paralysis.' I 'll just keep quiet while you 're looking. I 'd better be learning to keep quiet. Keeping quiet must be the long suit of the paralyzed, I should fancy. But you see what it is now to be an optimist. Here 's my life practically over all of a sudden, and, instead of being blue, I am as cheerful as a cricket. No need of fussing over the candle-grease on my hat now, for I shall never wear that hat again, I shall wear a soft felt tied over my ears with a plaid shawl, as they always do in rolling-chairs; as for the umbrella, I 'm actually glad I left it. It would only have been an aggravation to have seen it lying around. But all the same, I can't see why you did n't notice it lying down there. It must have been in plain sight,—I remember pointing over at Mont Mirat with it, and saying the rock looked as if it had been dropped there from above.

Yvonne, I tell you, when I think of all we did these last two days, I feel perfectly content to be paralyzed. I 'm glad to think that I 've got such a good excuse to stay right in bed; I 'm happy that it will be out of the question for me ever to travel again. I feel as if I 've traveled enough to last me forever; I actually don't want to see anything more. No more catching trains and climbing castles for your Uncle John—not in his life. You can put the Baedeker in the fire right now—I never want to see a red cover or a green string or an index again as long as I live. What 's that? No, I sha'n't want it to look over and recall things by; I can recall more than I want to just by the way I feel. I don't need any guide-book to remember what I 've been through since I left Paris. I remember too much. I remember so much that I am rejoiced to think that muscles over which I have no control will prevent my having to go out to-day and see anything else. It seems a little hard to think of having sight-seen so hard that you never want to see another sight, but I 'm perfectly content. And I don't want a doctor, either; I 've no faith in French doctors. It would be just like one to hypnotize me and set me going again, and I don't want to go. I want to lie right here, and I thank the Lord that I have money enough to allow me to lie here forever, if I feel like it. I was thinking this morning what a horrible existence a tramp must lead—always going on to new places. Thank Heaven! I can just settle down in this old one and stay on indefinitely. I want you to go down to the office and ask what rate they 'll make for this room by the year. I want this same room right along. It 's the first restful spot I 've struck since my trunk went smash into that ship. Yvonne, did you notice the way they handled those trunks when we landed—as if they were eggs? I tell you, the baggage system at home is a burning disgrace. That 's one reason I like Europe so—it 's quiet and peaceful. I heard some goats go by this morning; I 'd like to know a hotel in America where you can listen to a goat. And then that wallpaper, what a tranquil pattern—a basket of sunflowers upside down alternately with a single palm upside up! What a contrast to the paper on that room I sailed from! It looked

more like snakes doing physical culture than anything else.

"Yvonne, I was thinking it all over as I lay here this morning waiting for you, and the truth is, we've been traveling too fast. I wanted you to see all there was to see, and I overlooked myself completely. Don't feel badly, child, because

went to Falaise. 'No, I'm not sorry. Yvonne, there was something about that castle that I'll never get over. I tell you, those were the days to live in! I was thinking about it while I was waiting for you this morning. Will you consider what it must have been to put on a suit that you could n't be punched through,



"GET OUT THE CABLE-CODE BOOK, AND LOOK OUT A WORD THAT MEANS "BOTH LEGS PARALYZED. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THE GIRLS?"

I know you never meant it; but it *is* the truth, and, as a consequence, here I lie paralyzed. Yes, we've been traveling too fast. It's the vice of the American abroad; it's the terrible secret drain upon the strength of our better classes. We come over to rest, and if we don't do two countries a week, we feel we've wasted our money. The idea of leaving Paris in the morning and doing Chartres and Dreux and getting to Argentan that night! Why, Hercules himself would have been used up. And then that castle at Falaise. But I'm not sorry that I

and then get out with an ax that faced two ways, and have full freedom to hack at people you hated. I tell you, child, I should have been one of those who barricaded themselves behind the dead bodies they had killed and kept right on firing over the top. And to-day my armor would be hanging up somewhere all full of dents and rusty blood-stains, and I'd be a sight in some cathedral, with your Aunt Jane wearing a funnel and an accordion beside me. We'd both be in marble, of course, some worn by time and some chipped by tourists—ah, well.

"Can't you find anything suitable in that code-book? Here, I've been waiting a quarter of an hour for you to hunt—hand me the book. I remember 'Shell' is 'Have broken my left leg,' and 'Shell-fish' is 'Have broken my right leg,' and 'Shawl' is—wait a bit—keep still, Yvonne; no one in the wide world can study a code and listen at the—

"Oh, well, I'll leave it till to-night. Not that I'm irritated at your interrupting, for I never let anything ruffle me, and when you write home the first thing I want you to tell your mother is that being paralyzed has not changed me one particle. Same even disposition, same calm outlook on life, same disinclination to ever bother any one. I want you to make them understand in particular how cheerful I am. Some men would turn cynical at waking up paralyzed, but not me. I feel as if I might get about quite a little in Caen, maybe even get to Falaise again some time; but you can bank on one thing, and that is that if I ever go back to Falaise I won't go up that tower again. I was wondering this morning as I lay here waiting for you how in thunder you were holding that candle to spill so much grease on my hat. You can't say that you did n't know I was there, for every second step you took your foot hit me in the small of the back. You ought to have gone first, anyhow. I know the rule is for a man to go first going down a staircase, but I don't call that business we were on any staircase; it was more like a series of cascades, with us forming the merry, leaping part. I tell you what, Yvonne, the next time it's up to your Uncle John to play the chamois that springs from crag to crag over an old middle-aged staircase while his niece pours candle-grease on his hat, you can excuse me.

"What I like is clean, open-to-the-day-light ruins, like that old one at Jumièges. No peril, no anxiety—all on a level, and time to look up at what was n't. I tell you, I would n't have missed seeing Jumièges for anything. I was thinking this morning as I lay here waiting for you that I have a good mind to write a book about

my travels, and that when I do I shall have the frontispiece me in front of Jumièges. I could take an artist down there on purpose, and while he was n't doing me, I could look it all over again. Maybe I could go there alone with a kodak and get a satisfactory frontispiece, only those rocks were so thick that most people would think it was a defective plate. I should n't like to have them think that, for if I was going to have a book at all, I should have it in good style—gold edges, bevel-plate, and so forth, don't you know. I'd like to write a book about Europe, I vow. I have n't been here very long, but I'll swear I know ten times more than any book ever tells. It never said a word in Baedeker about there not being any cabs at Dreux, or about the condition of those steps in Talbot's Tower, and such things ought to be known. It's all right to make light of perils past, but those steps were too dark for me to ever make light of in this world. Up toward the top, where we had to sit down and stretch for the next one—you remember?—I must own that I was honestly sorry I came.

"Well, my child, it must be nearing noon, and I feel like taking a nap before dinner. Suppose you go in and write to your mother and Mrs. Clary. After your mother gets the cable, she'll naturally be anxious for details, and she won't want to wait longer than ten days to know all. I wish you'd ring and tell them to bring me some hot water before you go; tell them I want it in a pitcher. Make them understand a pitcher. They brought it last night in a sort of brass cylinder, and I could n't get the thing open anyway—had to use it for a hot-water-bag in bed in the end. It worked fine for that. Never cooled off all night; in fact, I could n't put my feet against it till morning.

"There, now, you go on and leave me to sleep. You have n't the faintest idea of how used-up I feel. Don't forget to write your mother how cheerful I am; don't forget the hot water. I'll send for you when I want you. There—there—I'm all right, child; don't you worry. Just pull the curtains and let me sleep."

(To be continued)

HAND-OF-LOVE

BY ROSE YOUNG

Author of "Miss Nigger," etc.



MISS NIGGER was "shet of Poke Tate." She told me so herself. "Good riddings! Good riddings!" she said. Soon she was saying it morning, noon, and night, her face stormy and her bosom heaving.

Meantime Poke, a shiftless, jolly little man by nature, could eat "no satisfyin' bread nur drink no satisfyin' water." My mother, who could see more than most people, said that she did not believe that he could survive many or long-continued estrangements from Miss Nigger. There was something uncompromisingly dog-like in his devotion to her.

On the second Saturday of the difficulty Miss Nigger came up to the big house to scrub the porches. I got on the porch railing to talk to her while she worked. She had reached a crisis in her feelings. If you had known her at all, you would have known that she was just ready to take action in one way or another. She began at once to talk of Poke as if, in her thought, she had never left off—"no-countest, sit-downest nigger whut e'er wo' out a pant's seat. I shet of eem fuh good an' all this time, I is. I sho is." Up on the porch railing I reflected her emotions to the best of my facial ability. At this moment the emotion was triumph, blatant and flippant.

"How yeh reckon I e'er persuage myse'f I lak eem, pudden? Sech a ornery kind of nigger! Yeh know I ain't un'stan' how 'omans kin be the fools 'bout min they is sometimes." She looked up at me with an instructive exhibition of wonder at the feminine follies that she had outlived. Then, as quick as a flash, the emotion changed. "Ain't had no endurin' pledger

outen eem sence I taken up with eem. Thess trouble an' worry—trouble an' worry." And when she added, "Good riddings! Good riddings!" it was as if she moaned.

"Well, but, Miss Nigger," I began, jumping over her words to her feelings with a child's instinct, "if I were you, I should go on and make up with Poke, anyway."

She rocked back on her knees in a sea of suds, put her arms akimbo, and looked at me with guileful eyes. "Prups yeh ain't thess hyeh me seh he no 'count. Prups yeh ain't hyeh me seh he ornery. Yeh don't compromise how 't is 'bout a man, lamb-baby."

She fell back to her work vehemently, and I watched her, oppressed and silent. As my eyes never left her face, I was able to see its first sign of brightening. The manifestation of increasing optimism was gradual. First, she stopped plying her scrub-brush and rested on all fours, the brush under one hand, her head tucked to one side. She looked as if she heard something coming from afar. Then, quite unexpectedly, she gave a low chuckle and rocked back on her knees again and said with a subtle inflection: "Whin I mek up with Poke Tate, I 'low it gwine happen 'ca'se ol' Mam Jezzy cunjer the sinse outen me with one them tha han'-of-lub chahms of hern." She eyed me hypnotically as she proceeded in the tone of casual gossip: "They teh me down tuh Melrose Bottoms tur day 'bout Salsify Sue. Sue she be'n kippin' comp'ny with Mist' Cass Levassy, but they hev turbul fallin' out. Salsify Sue won't mek up, an' she won't mek up. Whut yeh reckon Cass do 'bout thet? Reckin he go round wibbily-wobily, lak a frog in a walk?"—This was a

telling aspersion upon Poke's sick-hearted languor—"No, seh! He hump hisse'f tuh Mam Jezzy's house an' he buy a pow'-ful han'-of-lub chahm. It made outen these yer ingreegens,"—she checked off the ingredients with unnecessary care,—“one chunk brimstun, one chunk sumphur, one root of Conquer-John, dried-up breens of one peckerwood, an' a rattlesnake haht b'iled in turkumtime. Cass pay fuh thet chahm with two pullet heads an' fo' pullet feet. Thin he fotch the chahm erroun tuh Salsify Sue's do'-step, t'gur with a shouldeh of pork an' a mess of turnip greens. Thin he hide in the pawpaw bresh. Salsify Sue come to the do'. Glampse whut on huh do'-step. Pick up the shouldeh. Mek a 'miration oveh it. Pick up the greens. Mek anur 'miration. Pick up the chahm—an', 'fo' Gord, rat thet minute she whimple out: 'Whah my Cass? Wha my li'l' dahlin' Cass?' An' she flop erroun' an' cut up the didos tuel Cass kim out the pawpaw bresh an' squeeze huh. Thass the way han'-of-lub chahm wuck with the Salsify Sue kind of nigger. But dellawsy me!”—she wrung out her scrub cloth and gave it an airy flip,—“some niggers is diff'unt in respex tuh bein' unsimilyar. Thish yer nigger's feelin's not li'bul tuh be fotch up by one chunk of brimstun, one chunk sumphur, one root of Conquer-John”—she repeated the hand-of-love ingredients mincingly, her derision finding expression in grotesque emphases—dried-up breens of a peckerwood—bress the ram! An' a rattler's haht b'iled in turkumtime—fuh the Lawd's sake! Tha yo' fine resipeep! Don' reckin, li'l' chile, lak you could say thet humbuggery atter me, honey-jug?”

But I could and did. My achievement made her laugh, and her subsequent remarks seemed born of a perverse hilarity and without sequence, so far as I could see. Perhaps an older person would have seen farther.

“Thet sho was a bad ruction twixen Sue an' Cass. Cass lif up one he stremikies—had he boots on, too—an' fotch Sue a kick in huh haid whilst she bendin' oveh huh wash-tub. Yit—would yeh bleeb it?—the han'-of-lub done druv thet 'membunce clean outen huh breens.” This was the more extraordinary, when the size of Mr. Cass Levassy's booted ex-

tremities was considered. “I decla',” said Miss Nigger next, with a toss of her head, “the notion of a han'-of-lub cer-t'n'y do mek me laugh!—Lan' of goodness! thet li'l' splay-footed Poke settin' out yonneh by the hin-house this ve'y minute!” She squeezed the water from her cloth and got up and clicked her heels together, a sure sign of effervescing spirits with her. She had not been so gay in a fortnight. “I gwine home tuh my house pud soon, sugah.” Half-way down the side porch steps on her way to the kitchen she called back ever so casually: “I ain't gwine nowhurs. I gwine stay rat at home the endurin' evenin'.” Not quite satisfied even then, she added: “Cass pay fuh the chahm with fo' pullet haid an' fo' pullet feet,” as if she could not get done laughing about it.

With a bland notion that I was acting on my own initiative, I hopped from my perch and ran around to the back-yard to find Poke. He was sitting on a log beside the hen-house. His head was bowed in the habit of these days. Two headless pullets, sacrificed for our supper, lay stiffening some ten feet from him.

“Poke, do you want to know how you can make Miss Nigger fond of you again?” He and I had discussed the situation before this, but on those various occasions I had not been able to speak to the point as I was speaking now. He did not raise his head, but lifted his dull eyes, and his big, flexible ears flickered.

“You've got to go to Mam Jezzy's and buy a hand-of-love and let it work on Miss Nigger, Poke. And you've got to go now.” I made this emphatic because Possum Swamp, on the edge of which Mam Jezzy lived, was a weird place, full of peculiar sights and sounds.

“Is I got tuh do dat?”

“Cut the heads and feet off your chick-ens first.” I saw that he would have to be whipped on.

He obeyed me, but operated without enthusiasm and very slowly.

“Now take the bodies to the house.” I kicked the heads and feet into a little pile, and followed his reluctant lead toward the kitchen.

Miss Nigger and Flindy, our cook, were in the kitchen. Flindy was baking cake and “light-bread,” and the kitchen was fragrant. It was late in the after-

noon, but the rays of the declining sun found ample ingress through the wide windows, and what with the delightful odor and the bright sunshine, the fat, amiable face of Flindy, the lean, animated face of Miss Nigger, and the sound of their rich voices, the kitchen seemed a very pleasant place—far pleasanter than Possum Swamp, for instance. Poke, an impressionable soul, brightened, and laid the chickens on the white pine table with a flourish.

"Tha, ladies," he said jovially, "tha two mo' ol' hins." I am sure that, although both Miss Nigger and Flindy were supposed to be spinsters, he meant nothing personal in this remark. He was nervous and wanted to seem at ease, and he had often, in palmier days, delivered himself of little pleasantries of this sort, and they had gone well. Unguided, Flindy would have laughed even now, in her silent, shaking fashion, but, taking her cue from Miss Nigger, she was able to maintain an impressive sobriety.

"As I was remockin', Miss Ginness,"—pretending to resume a narrative that she had never begun, Miss Nigger raised her brows and spoke as simpering as the ladies in "Godey's Magazine" would have spoken could they have spoken at all,—*"as I was remockin', he wint with the bes' colluhd people in the country, my hubsum did. Lan' alive! long 'fo' we was married I use' tuh look off andy-gogglin' at' thet nigger an' thess wonneh was the good Gord e'er gwine lemme soshate with sech a high-classer. Sim lak I thess was n't fitten fuh nuttin' but a do'-mat fuh he feet, he sech a true gemplum, my hubsum was."* At this gush of wifely appreciation and humility I stared wonderingly. Not only was humility not one of Miss Nigger's prominent attributes, but it was the first time I had ever heard of her husband. I think it must have been also the first time that Poke had ever heard of him. He stood regarding Miss Nigger, with his lower lip sagging.

"Miss Ginness," continued Miss Nigger, waxing more and more eulogistic, "I thess wisht *you* could 'a' seen eem. He so brack he shine. He thet han'some it 'mos' mek yo' eyes bleed tuh look at eem. An' whin he wint off tuh the waw behinst he young marse, I tromp 'longside he hoss twel I fell down 'mos' daid. An' whin I

res'rect, I see befo' me them riders a-marchin' out of ol' Kintuck'. They sim lak phantyums thin, young marse an' my hubsum, parolin' the hilltops." According to every precedent established by pen and brush, she should have been overcome at this juncture in her recital. But she was n't. Her voice was soaring exultantly as she added, "An' I ain't ne'er sot eyes 'pun my hubsum f'om thet day tuh thissen."

Poke had stood all that he could stand. He beckoned to me to come out into the yard with him. There we held a short and hurried consultation. "Sim lak I des 'bleege' tuh go tuh Mam Jezzy's atter all," he admitted solemnly. "An' I want yeh teh me whut dat han'-of-lub chahm kimpoge of, so I know whut I gwine ax fuh."

"One chunk of brimstone, one chunk of sulphur"—But Poke let me go no further. "Urgghh!" he cried through chattering teeth. "Dey pow'ful mindful wuhds. Hol' yo' hosses des a minute. I gwine up tuh dat kitchin ag'in an' ax Miss Nigger"—nerved by the vapory horror lying latent in the hand-of-love, he ran back to the kitchen to try the effect of another plea for forgiveness. Now it so happened (at least I suppose it *happened*) that Miss Nigger opened the kitchen door and flung out her scrub water just as Poke reached the kitchen steps. She stood in the doorway for a freezing moment and looked at the dripping wretch below her. "Flindy," she called icily, "you be'r shoo thish yer li'l' banty rooster offen the steps. He li'bul tuh git drown out by watch ur buhn up by fiah ef he cayn't kip hisse'f tuh hisse'f."

The effect of all this upon a braver man would doubtless have been deterrent, but upon Poke it acted as a needed stimulus. It showed him that the situation was so desperate, and that such uncomfortable things were going to happen because of it, that it must be relieved at all hazards. He shook the dirty water from his clothes and came back to me with a firmer tread.

"Whut dat resipeep?" he asked in a laconic, business-like manner.

I gave him the ingredients as I had received them from Miss Nigger, and he enumerated them again and again, a smouldering fire in his eyes. Then he

asked me to go down to the front gate with him while he got "de resieep sot in 'membunce." We went down the driveway to the tune of "brimstun, sumphur, peckerwood breens, Conquer-John root, an' rattler's haht."

At the gate I stopped. Poke stopped, too, and stood pensively rubbing the top of his right foot on the back of his left leg. "Yeh gwine be hyeh at de gate whin I git back—ef I e'er do git back?"

I promised him that I would meet him there, and I reminded him that it was not far to Possum Swamp by way of the bridle-path across Camelot Meadows, and that the journey need not take more than half an hour if he hurried.

He shook his head in a whimsical way and started off as silent as the grave. He had not gone twenty steps when he turned and came back to me, smiling propitiatingly. "I decla' ef 't'ain't pass my 'membunce whur dat was brack-dawg grease ur turkumtime whut we want putt in dat chahm fuh shawtnin'."

I straightened him out on that point, and fretted until he dragged himself off again. When at last Camelot Paddocks cut him from my range of vision I slipped from the gate-post and ran into the kitchen to commune with Miss Nigger for a moment. I greeted her with a sly look, and said to her in the dog Latin that we used when we wished to exclude Flindy from our secrets:

"I-vus bet-vus you-vus make-vus up-vus with-vus your-vus sweet-vus heart-vus to-vus-night-vus."

"Go-vus way-vus with-vus yo'-vus talk-vus! Sweet-vus-haht-vus? Sim lak I has hyeh the wuhds in yehs gone by. But I cayn't ketch the air tuh the chune of it these days. Not lessen mebbe ol' Mam Jezzy wuck a chahm oveh me—ki-yi!" In adding this, she managed to give voice to a rare combination of contempt and credulity. "But tha now, Mam Jezzy not li'bul tuh wuck a chahm oveh thish yer nigger lessen you goes an' fetches the han'-of-lub yo'se'f, honeysuckle dump-lum." She gave a furtive glance out of the window, and, following her example, I was horrified to see Poke coming back up the long lane as fast as his feet could carry him. I ran down the kitchen steps and out to the front gate. Waiting for neither explanation nor apology, I seized

him by one coat sleeve and pulled him along with me. He was so nearly breathless that he was helpless and stumbled on obediently.

"Huccome I kim back"—he began as we entered upon the Camelot bridle-path; but I shut him up. At the paddocks he began again, "Huccome—". And again I shut him up. But as we sped along the banks of the Rillrall, very close to the skirts of the swamp, his explanation would no longer be denied, and he shouted in one explosion—"I done fegit tuh fotch along de hin haid an' feet."

However, it was too late to remedy that oversight. I assumed the responsibility of getting credit with Mam Jezzy, and made Poke go on.

If you were ever in the Twin Oaks country, you must have noticed that the Rillrall will not cross Possum Swamp, but makes an acute angle at the sycamore break and goes winding off toward Melrose Bottoms. Nesting there in that angle of the creek was Mam Jezzy's cabin. Back of it were three lean, white sycamores. The sun was setting now, and the sycamores seemed etched out on a background of living fire. Mam Jezzy was nowhere in sight.

"My lan'! ain't dat too bad! We done got trouble fuh pains. We des 'bleege' tuh go rat back."

I tried a new policy with the faint-hearted adventurer. "All right, go back; but the next time Miss Nigger douses you, the water 'll prob'ly be hot."

He became passive once more and tried to laugh, but his teeth chattered and the noise that he made was sepulchral.

And, in view of Mam Jezzy's reputation, his fears were not unreasonable. It was all that I, a white child with a father and mother that laughed at things, could do to hold myself to the project of facing her. She was an obi woman who had taken up her abode in the swamp cabin without asking or answering any questions. Some said that she was Algonquin as well as negro. But all that anybody knew was that on a Monday the swamp cabin was vacant; on a Tuesday she was in it. Ever since that Tuesday strange things had been happening in the Twin Oaks neighborhood. The bringing of recalcitrant Sue back to her lover's arms was only one of many. Yellow Annie's

baby had been born with straight legs, Lafayette Chouteau's dog had got the mange, Flagtail Cooper had been laid low with a mortal illness, his flesh had shriveled on his bones, his bones had cracked, and he died. The person that cannot see cause and effect in the high-priced trick-bag yellow Annie had bought of Mam Jezzy and the straight legs of yellow Annie's baby will not be able to see that the Chouteau dog's mange and Flagtail Cooper's death were results of efforts to irritate and defy the obi lady.

As we stood and faced her lair, with the memory of her doings in our minds, and in our eyes the vision of the white sycamores on the blood-red background, Poke's impressionisms worsted him and he threw back his head and lifted up his voice and howled.

"*Chut! Chut-chut!*" It was hard to tell whether it was the chirp of an angry sparrow or the voice of a human being. Poke and I looked up into the nearest sycamore-tree, whence the sound seemed to come. When we looked down, the obi lady stood peering around one corner of her cabin with moody eyes.

"Dat a bufler-bull yeh got fuh pet?" she asked of me, with a derisive look at Poke. She was inexpressibly dirty, her eyes were watery, her chin made a leathery dewlap, and her jaws were ornamented with gray bristles; but these witchy attributes, though perhaps not fascinating in themselves, were soothingly commonplace in comparison with that ventriloquistic voice of hers, young and cold and sneering. Taken all together, dirt and eyes, dewlap and bristles and voice, she was too much for Poke. He half sat, half fell upon the ground and covered his face with his hands. Although his supineness made Mam Jezzy mutter something else about a bufler-bull, it served the good purpose of recalling me to the task in hand.

"No, he is not a buffalo-bull," I explained to the obi lady. "He is Miss Nigger's sweetheart, and they have had a falling-out."

"Ty-hoo-hoo!" It was the sound that the owl makes in the dead of night when she laughs at the stars.

"And we have come to buy a hand-of-love charm for Miss Nigger, like the one you made for Salsify Sue."

The obi lady looked straight up at the sky. "I ain't see no pullet haid. I ain't see no pullet feet," she told the sky.

"I forgot to bring them. But I am the child from Twin Oaks,"—it was a joy to me to fall into her fairy-tale measure,—
"Give me the charm and I will send you the heads and feet by this man to-morrow." At this Poke lay flatter to the earth, as a very sick man lies deep into his pillows. Mam Jezzy shook her head.

"Tek de haid an' de feet," she said, still talking to the sky, "an' putt um in de long lane wheh yeh will find six crosses in de dus' clost by de ha'nt place in de osage-haidge. Dey will be brung unter me."

I closed the bargain immediately, and Mam Jezzy turned her attention to Poke for a moment. "Whyfo' yeh hab ruction wid yo' lady-frien'?"

Even in a state of collapse Poke showed himself more than a match for a witch when his skill as a fencer was engaged. "Well, it lak dis: I drap some salt las' week an' I clean fegit tuh th'ow air pinch oveh my lef' shouldeh. In co'se I 'bleege' tuh hab ruction atfeh dat."

"That was n't the only thing," I began, but Poke cut cross the path of my malice like the flash of a jay-bird's wing—

"Oh, yassum, an' nur day de fiah spit out at me, an' I clean fegit tuh spit back—dat so."

Rather than lose time in this fashion, Mam Jezzy turned her back upon him and went into her cabin. Only the shadowy outline of her was visible as she bent over a kettle that hung in her fireplace; but now and then words of magic import drifted out to us—"Gord above me—Gord ahine me—Gord afore me—mek dis rat'ler fang sweeten huh mout' fuh kind langidge—mek dis yarb rouge up huh feelin's—mek dese breens argify fuh peace." The incantation was more interesting than it was long, and very soon Mam Jezzy came forth, carrying a small greasy bag. "Dere now, dat chahm gwine mek huh ez weevily-wavily ez a speard of grass. Dey ain't no qeschin 'bout dat. But ef it don't, des come rat back hyeh, an' I fix huh up wid de grave-dus' wet in de blood of de pig-eatin' sow."

I put out my hand for the bag, but the obi lady gave a scream, and held it high above my head.

"Gordamighty! yeh want tuh fall in love wid de li'l louse yo' own se'f? Don't tetch dat bag! What e'er yeh do, *don't tetch dat bag!*" So saying, she carried it to Poke, who cowered pitifully as she put it into his hands.

Then from her cabin door she waved her claw-like hands to us in farewell. When Poke reached the foot-board over the Rillrall, he took off his cap and ducked his body several times in convulsive politeness. Mam Jezzy cackled, and, at the sound, which seemed to come from close under his left ear, he leaped across the creek and bounded away into Camelot Meadows.

He was close to the paddocks before he ever stopped to draw breath or wait for me. "How I gwine look atfeh yeh whin yeh kip so fur behinst me?" he asked with mild and forgiving remonstrance.

I looked at him witheringly, but he declined to wither, for with Mam Jezzy behind him, the charm was steadily begetting confidence within him. As we went on through the meadow, he held the charm up now and again and addressed it as little Pokey. "Roll up yo' sleebs, li'l Pokey, an' git raddy fuh wuck," he would say, lifting his chest arrogantly and winking at the charm slyly. Or, holding it in the one hand, he would move a slow, menacing fist before it and say, "Ef yeh don't bring my lady-frien' erroun, I gwine pounch de stuffin' outen yeh, mind dat, my small boy."

Just beyond Henway Wood we met my young uncle, Norval Henway, riding home to Camelot. Poke, as gay as a bobolink now, ran up to the mare's side.

"Say, Mist' Norve, could n' len' me no rattlin' money fuh to-night, could yeh? I gwine set up wid my bes' gal to-night, I is." He was sure of it at this moment. "I lak midy well tuh have a li'l rattlin' money in my pottit." The borrowing of rattling money was a well-established custom among the negro beaux of Twin Oaks. White men would lend on the "rattling" plea without flinching, for the money was always scrupulously returned next day. The accommodation was too much prized to be jeopardized. Norval, looking from Poke to me, divined the impending reconciliation, and rather glad of a chance to further it, let Poke have two silver quarters. Then, wishing us good

luck, our benefactor went on his way, and we went on ours.

We stopped at Twin Oaks just long enough to pick up a side of bacon from the smoke-house and a "settin' of aigs" from the barn, and hurried back to the long lane, and down the long lane to Miss Nigger's house.

Her door was closed. This was as unusual as it was fortuitous. It gave us a nice opportunity to deposit our burdens unseen. We placed the side of bacon on the west end of the door-step; then came the eggs in Poke's hat; then a small greasy bag, which I took great care not to touch. We made a good deal of scuffling noise, but we did not seem to disturb Miss Nigger. When our arrangements were complete, Poke gave the door a resounding knock and retired to the shelter of a syringa-bush at one corner of the house, where he stood with one hand in his pocket, rattling his money merrily. I ran entirely round the house to the back and peeped in through the open window.

When I reached the window, Miss Nigger was opening the door. From the door she stalked to the table with the bacon in one hand and a high-and-mighty look on her face. Glancing neither to the right nor to the left, she flung the bacon upon the table.

"Lak tuh know who be'n traffickin' with my do'-step, puttin' hawg-meat on my do'-step."

I had never seen her in such an ungracious mood, and I trembled for fear the charm would not be able to overcome her. She wheeled about and pranced back to the door in a frenzy—or a fine imitation of a frenzy. Instead of picking up the eggs, she stood for one harrowing moment like one whom fury renders mute. Then she burst forth into ungoverned whoops and yells.

"Who putt thet scorpym's hat 'pun my do'-step?" she screamed, when she allowed herself to become articulate. "Thet low-down niggery hat! Tek it 'way f'om hyeh!" She was too good an actress to do anything by halves, so she put her hands before her avertingly, and let her voice become a wild whine. "Won't nobuddy please tek it 'way? I drur see a rattler, I drur see a painter, I drur see a kangarilla." I could not help pitying the forlorn and droopy little figure by the

syringa-bush. The gay jingle of his money had ceased. He turned, with a lost-dog look upon his face, and had actually started to sneak away when these words stayed his flight: "Now whut thet grizzly li'l bag a-doin' on my do'step? Fo' Gord! I li'bul tuh kill somebuddy fuh all thish yer traffickin'. I thess gwine pick up thet varmint an' fling eem—whay-ow!"

And there she stood with the bag in her hand, her body stiffening as if it had received an electric charge, her face shining, and her mouth smiling. For a moment she stared into space with a peculiar waiting expression, as if she were watching something fine blossom into fullest glory. Then, little by little, her eyes came back to the hat full of eggs.

"Dellawsy me!" she honeyed, "who be'n so kind ez tuh fotch me a sittin' of nice aigs? Thet mus' 'a' be'n my li'l white podner." She picked up the eggs, hat and all, and nested them in her arms. Then she gave a squeal. "This yer Mist' Pokeberry Tate'sez hat, this is!" She danced all round the room and out through the door into the yard. "Sim lak I ain't seen thet young man fuh coon's age. Hoodah! sim lak I be rat glad tuh see eem."

While she pirouetted in a seemingly uncontrollable ecstasy, the little figure over by the syringa-bush went into grotesque spasms of gaiety, now slapping both hands to his knees, now waving his arms over his head hilariously, now rattling his money loudly, now pounding the syringa-bush with a joyous fist.

Finally Miss Nigger sat down on the door-step, exhausted. "I declah I do 'bleeve li'l buhd tellin' me I gwine have comp'ny fuh suppeh," she said, and held her head on one side, as if to listen to the little bird. And, at the covert invitation, Mr. Pokeberry Tate, as brave as a lion and as prideful as a peacock, came from behind the syringa-bush, jingling his silver nonchalantly.

"Good-evenin'," he said with easy affability.

Starting violently and calming her feelings by a most evident effort, Miss Nigger rose and gave him good-evening.

"How all yo' folks?" continued Poke, expanding more and more elegantly and less and less relevantly. Miss Nigger had no folks.

"They tol'bul. How 's yourn?" Poke had no folks, either.

"They middlin'. I hopes I see yeh well yo' own se'f, Miss Nigger."

"Wy, I sagashyatin' 'bout same as us'l. How *you* come on, Mist' Tate?"

"Wy, I be'n a li'l squawmish fuh some days, but I kip able tuh sit up an' tek my victuals."

"Spikkin of victuals, I don't reckon yeh dispoze tuh some choke taters an' a li'l good hawg-meat?"

"Go' long now, yeh know I dispoze."

As they entered the cabin, I saw that the gloom and unrest were all gone from Miss Nigger's face, the lost-dog look from Poke's. Miss Nigger left Poke and came straight to the window, as if she had known all along that I was there. She put her arms through the window and squeezed me vehemently. "Sim lak I kin putt inn'ything in this worl' thoo hand-runnin' ef my li'l white podner he'p me," she said, with more meaning than I caught. I laughed at her.

"That 's a good one on you, Miss Nigger. It was the hand-of-love did that."

"Snakes alive! so 't was!" She was swinging the charm from her hand, and she let her eye rest upon it again, with an able resumption of the rôle that she had already played so well. Then she looked at Poke archly, and Poke jingled his money and spun around twice on one heel. They were still standing in the middle of the cabin, eying each other with a foolish but tremendous satisfaction, when I turned away from them and ran back up the long lane to my father's house.





From a photograph

FRANK A. PERRET, CHARLES CARYL COLEMAN, AND PROFESSOR MATTEUCCI,
ON THE TERRACE OF THE OBSERVATORY

VESUVIUS IN FURY

CAUSES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GREAT ERUPTION
OF APRIL, 1906

BY WILLIAM P. ANDREWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES CARYL COLEMAN



ARDLY since Martial sang
and Pliny the younger
wrote of the great eruption
of A. D. 79, which de-
stroyed the cities of Pom-
peii and Herculaneum,

has there been such a catastrophe as has
this year visited the smiling Campania.
Their words read like a description of the
horrors of to-day.

"This is Vesuvius; lately 't was verdant and
shaded with vine-leaves;

Here the grape was splendid, pressed in the
yet-dripping coolers;

* * * * *

All in flames lie buried, immersed in
mournfulest ashes;

Nor supernal Gods would have wished it
allowed them."

Martial, Epigrams, IV, 44.

This is true to-day of the 193,000 acres of
lately smiling vineyards, arable land, and
forests greenning in the spring sunshine,
which, with some of the villages nearer

the crater, lie smoking in utter ruin, or are buried under from one to two metres of pumice-stone.

The present eruption, though one of the most terrible on record, has not quite reached the pitch of horror which the younger Pliny describes as accompanying the earlier phenomenon, though many of the incidents related by him of that earlier catastrophe have been repeated. The same enormous cloud, which Pliny likens to the appearance of a gigantic pine-tree, "shot up to a great height," and "spread itself out at the top in a sort of branches." Again it shrouded the whole vast gulf, and again the region round the mountain was covered with "a fall of cinders and pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock, while broad flames shone out from various places on the mountain." The terrible earthquake, and uproarious seas retiring from the shore, were lacking in this last convulsion; but the darkness, "not like a night when the sky is cloudy and there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are put out," was observed at various points about the bay, as it was by Pliny that fatal night near his villa at Misenum.

Lately, at Capri, twenty miles away, this phenomenon was noticed for an hour or two. It occasioned great alarm among some of the foreign visitors, and on the steamers making for the port of Naples, many of which were obliged to put back. For a day the port was inaccessible, owing to the showers of cinders darkening the air.

In half an hour the streets of Naples were filled to the depth of from five to six inches with a soft, powdered material resembling ashes, and this has occurred more than once. The inhabitants did not seem to be seriously alarmed, except the inmates of the prisons, who rebelled, and had to be controlled by troops. The streets, however, have been filled with religious processions, carrying the effigies of their patron saints and imploring divine aid. The people entered the cathedral and took forcible possession of their patron saint, and fully 30,000 persons escorted this sacred bust of St. Januarius from the cathedral to the confines of the city nearest the mountain.

The towns lying round the mountain-sides, however, were deserted and some of the smaller villages nearer the cone were



From a photograph

VIEW OF THE OBSERVATORY COVERED WITH CINDERS AND ASHES

destroyed. There the awful scenes reported by Pliny were repeated. An infernal darkness reigned, lighted up by the monstrous streams of burning lava, pouring down from the central cone and from vast crevices in its sides. From time to time new craters would burst forth, exploding with a tremendous roar and threatening to sweep all before them.

In the doomed upper villages the rain of cinders became a downpour of volcanic sand, mixed with larger pumice-stones and considerable masses of molten material. At the larger town of Ottaviano and in the outlying region of San Giuseppe, which are situated on the northeastern slope of the mountain, within the line of the railroad running round it, the people fled through this awful hail of projectiles, protecting themselves with tables and chairs held above their heads. The Government had sent trains to the station to take them away; but the removal was necessarily slow, owing to the constant blocking of the line by the masses of falling material, which in places filled the tracks to the depth of a yard. The distressing scenes of "The Last Days of Pompeii" were repeated, with husbands, wives, and children calling through the darkness for one another. Most were carried to places of safety; but of those who had fled for protection to the church to pray for heavenly aid, a hundred and fifty or more were buried beneath its roof, when it fell, crushed by the weight of the material falling upon it. A large number died in their own houses, unable or unwilling to leave their homes and face the terrible fire of missiles outside. This village of San Giuseppe and the larger town near it are like a partly excavated Pompeii, the pumice and sand reaching nearly to the tops of the lower houses, many of which were crushed by the additional weight imposed upon their level roofs.

The whole region round this part of the mountain was shrouded for days in dense clouds of smoke and cinders, and the smiling vineyards lie buried a yard or two deep beneath the material vomited forth by the awful crater menacing them from on high.

When the worst was over, the people at once came back and the desolated streets were full of returning fugitives seeking their lost homes or the bodies of

their dear ones. Naples and Castellamare, and the towns on the Bay of Salerno, were crowded with tens of thousands of refugees from the threatened or destroyed communes, who had to be fed by the authorities; but at the first chance of possible security they returned to their houses.

At Torre Annunciata, the large town nearest to Pompeii on the seashore, the people were opening their houses and shops on Monday, though they had been ordered out on Saturday, when it seemed impossible to save the town from the torrent of lava four hundred yards wide, and nine or ten feet in height, which was sweeping down upon it. On Sunday, April 8, this stream swept through a part of the village of Boscotrecase, on the heights above the larger town, destroying beyond recovery everything in its path; but at the high-lying cemetery outside the more thickly settled portions of the town it paused, divided, and then suddenly ceased flowing, quickly hardening on the outer parts, so that by Monday it was possible to walk on its surface.

At one house, which had been entirely surrounded by the flood, but not destroyed, one saw people, on top of the mass of lava, entering the upper windows with a ladder and bringing forth their household goods, to transport them to a place of safety. One vineyard was surrounded on three sides by this dividing current, and it was possible to walk into it among the lines of trimmed vines, and to perceive the fire still glowing in the towering walls of lava on each side. The people attributed this remarkable phenomenon to the miraculous intervention of their Madonna, "Our Lady of the Snows," with whose sacred image they had confronted the all-devouring monster sweeping implacably down on their apparently doomed homes. Step by step the priests and the faithful, singing the litany, retreated, as the awful flood swept on, and still the sound of singing and prayer rose above the fearful roar of the torrent and the thunder of the mountain above, belching forth from the central crater fiery bombs and enormous swirls of cinder, sand, and smoke, which rose to great heights. Yard by yard the lava swept onward: now a palatial villa would be surrounded by the torrent, crushed down, and disappear in smoke;





Drawn in pastel by Charles Cary Coleman

VESUVIUS AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF CAPRI BETWEEN NINE AND TEN O'CLOCK
OF THE FORENOON OF APRIL 10, 1906

now a weeping peasant would see his little cottage and vineyard, his all, go under in an instant. One poor woman was thus watching the fate of her earthly belongings from a little eminence, when a smaller crater came roaring forth at her very feet. She turned to flee, fell, rolled to the bottom of the little hill, and the next moment the lava flowed forth like

from the Naples side, it was not seen for more than a week. Only vast, dense clouds apparently of ashes and cinders, now as black as night, now gray, now tinged with red, came rolling and swirling down over all the region. It was these awful obscuring, asphyxiating clouds which from time to time made navigation impossible. In Naples itself it occasioned



From a photograph

PROFESSOR MATTEUCCI IN HIS STUDY AT THE OBSERVATORY

the foam from a glass of beer and swept over the spot where she had been standing in an instant before.

In the eruption of A. D. 79, it was the shower of pulverized material which came in this direction and destroyed Pompeii, while the lava flowed toward Herculaneum. This is what has made it easy to dig out Pompeii, but impossible to uncover any great part of the finer city, now lying under the modern town of Resina, on the confines of Naples itself. In the present eruption the conditions have been reversed.

The view of the mountain from Pompeii was comparatively unobstructed; but,

great inconvenience, and the roof of the market was crushed in, killing several persons. These ashes have several times filled the streets to a depth of six inches, but nearer the mountain, at Portici, Resina, and Torre del Greco, this rain of powdered material, mixed with lapilli and small stones, accumulating on the flat roofs, destroyed many houses. Though the electric lights were kept constantly lighted, it was impossible to see with any distinctness, or to move about without a lantern.

The Government sent steamers to Torre del Greco to bring away the fugitives, and



From a photograph by Alfred Green, made for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS

the screams of their sirens added to the uproar. Amid this scene of horror and desolation, the courageous King and Queen came from Rome to aid the stricken people, and went, through the showers of dust and mud and lapilli, from



From a photograph by Alfred Green, made for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

WORKMEN CLEARING ASHES AND CINDERS FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO
SAN GIUSEPPE, APRIL 24, 1906

place to place, cheering, comforting, and giving orders for their relief. Their cousin, the Duke of Aosta, in command of the troops, has daily been on the scene of action, and the artillery, with their wagons, have removed the feeble and wounded; while the engineer corps and the infantry have dug the dead from the ruins, or rescued those who have chanced to be saved by some protecting arch. Several children have come into the world while their distressed mothers were thus imprisoned among their shattered homes, or prostrated in the cinder-filled streets, and for a long time it will be impossible to verify the exact number of the victims, some of whom, still buried in the wrecks of their houses, were found alive after five days.

There have been splendid instances of heroism and devotion to duty, and the conduct of Prof. Matteucci at the observatory near Cook's railway has elicited the applause of Europe. This intrepid scientist remained at his post through the whole of the catastrophe, with his American coadjutor, Mr. Frank A. Perret, and five carabinieri, though the observatory itself was shattered and the power-house of the railway near by was swept away. The force of the blast from the crater can be estimated by the fact that one of the large boilers of the funicular railway was carried one hundred metres away from its foundation. His telegrapher fled, but Prof. Matteucci remained at his post, sending forth warnings and encouragement to the threatened communes below, while the bombs from the summit roared and crashed around him and the dense cinders and smoke enveloped him on every side.

Dr. Grahlavitz, of the observatory at Ischia, a seismologist of wide fame and experience, who has invented several most delicate instruments for measuring these phenomena, reported that the now extinct volcano on that island has not been at all affected by the occurrences across the bay. The cause of this eruption, he said, is certainly local and hydro-meteorological, due, that is, to the vaporization of the sea-water coming in contact with the incandescent mass in the mountain, and though the present activity is not likely to be of long duration, it cannot be expected to cease immediately.

The present eruption as a spectacle has been terrible and awe-inspiring, but not,

for the most part, as brilliant a sight as other minor manifestations of the volcano's power; for the whole region was covered nearly all the time with a dense pall of smoke and powdered dust through which nothing could be seen except the terrible flashes of lightning which seemed to pervade the earth and sky. This lightning was incessant, and accompanied with horrible roarings, which, mingled with the unceasing bellowings of the crater, made a scene of terror that might well be compared to the descriptions of Dante's *Inferno*. Yet such was the unquestioning faith of the peasants in the protective power of their saints, that they confronted the monstrous serpents of lava sweeping down on their homes, almost as if they were watching the progress of a railroad train, till the implacable nature of their deadly enemy dawned upon them.

These eruptions go through three phases: First, the lava pours forth in a torrent, sometimes, as in the eruption which destroyed Herculaneum, preceded by a flood of mud. In that case it was the mud, burying the lower stories of the houses in Herculaneum, which preserved for us the treasures of art found in those ruins of the ancient city that men have been able to uncover. Secondly, the eruption or explosion takes place at the central crater, which covers the land with masses of pumice, powder, and sand. This sand at Herculaneum hardened into the soft sandstone called tufa, of which most of the houses are built. Then the third phase of sporadic eruptions sets in, gradually decreasing in intensity till the mountain resumes its normal condition.

In the present eruption, as in that of 1872, the flow of lava came not from the filling and consequent overflow of the central cone, but from the rupture of the sides of the cone itself, which the present writer had noticed from Resina, the week previous to the outburst, as apparently cracking in every direction, though the natives assured him that they felt no alarm. But a week later a tremendous crevice opened in the cone on the side above Torre Annunciata, and from this the lava descended in a stream over 600 feet in width. On Sunday night this stream of lava, reinforced by the explosion of a new opening beneath the central cone, reached the outward village of





MAP OF THE SLOPES OF VESUVIUS WHICH WERE INVADIED BY THE LAVA OF THE RECENT ERUPTION

Oratorio, the part of Boscoreale lying between it and the town of Bosco Reale, above Pompeii. Then the spectacle from all round the bay was not only tremendous and awe-inspiring, but also gorgeous to the last degree. The pall of smoke was swept aside for an hour or two, about four o'clock in the morning, and the glowing lava stream, the fiery crater, and the burning woods and houses lighted up the wide expanse of waters till the whole great gulf looked like an enormous sheet of fire. Above, the stupendous pall spread itself forth, vividly illuminated by jagged lightnings; but the smoke closed in again, and for a week nothing was seen of the region round the mountain. On Sunday noon, above this impenetrable mist, rose a billowing column of copper-colored cloud, which reached an inconceivable height, variously estimated, according to the standpoint of the observer, at from two to five miles. At the top, this ruddy cloud spread itself out like an enormous stone pine, till its branches seemed to overshadow the whole country round the bay. The brilliant April sunshine turned to a pale glow, like the weird light that accompanies the total eclipse of the sun, and this effect lasted for days.

Early Monday morning, even at Capri, twenty miles away, it was impossible to see one's hand before the face; but as the volcanic powder shortly ceased falling there, it soon became only a pallid half-sunlight, struggling down on a desolated world in which not one green or white object was to be seen. The world was of a dismal, uniform quaker drab: everything had been covered to a depth of about a quarter of an inch with a soft coating of powdered volcanic material. The first glimpse of green, appearing as the wind shook the branches, was like the return of the dove to the ark after the deluge.

For five days thereafter nothing was seen of Vesuvius or of the region round about. Steamers emerged from the cloud covered with this gray powder or disappeared into it, bringing or carrying the news of what was concealed from view. Finally, on the following Saturday, the cloud lifted, and a new Vesuvius appeared to the astonished gaze of the beholders. In place of the picturesque, vine-and-forest-girdled mountain, with its smiling villas and verdant slopes, topped with the sharp black cone, from the acute mouth of which a wreath of smoke was sometimes seen to issue, a wide-spread

gray mound of ashes stood where Vesuvius once had been. The sharp cone had broken in at a point near the upper station of Cook's railway, which had wholly disappeared, engulfed in the whirlpool of fire within. The whole width of the mountain from that point was now one immense crater, belching forth billow after billow of dense smoke and cinders, which rose in an enormous quadrangular pillar, surrounded by an immense white ring of smoke.

When the mountain was first visible for a short time on the Monday previous, it looked as if it were covered with a brilliant coating of glistening snow, the earlier white crystals and ashes glittering and scintillating in the sunlight. This had now quite disappeared, and in its place a drab pall covered everything from the sea to the summit with a melancholy coating of destructive materials from a foot to three yards in depth.

The Naples "Mattino" estimates the arable land destroyed in the Vesuvian communes at 193,000 acres, valued at something over 60,000,000 Italian lire, equivalent to \$12,000,000.

Prof. Matteucci reports that this eruption has been much more severe than the famous one of 1872, or any other of times near to our own. He estimates the quantity of sand thrown out by the mountain during this eruption at millions of cubic metres. He says that this sand is the product of a long elaboration in the crater of the materials which are pressed along the volcanic conduit toward the crater, and that this time they were crushed by the falling in of the cone and pulverized by the tremendous friction. According to the size to which this attrition reduces these bodies, they issue forth from the crater as lapilli, sand, or a powder which is improperly called and believed to be ashes. These, he says, are not really cinders or ashes, but are formed by the pulverization of the larger masses.

This sand, forced out of the crater, is elevated to a certain height, and then, expanding, forms the *pine*, which, pressed by the wind, bends over and begins to sink, and the sand falls in a rain more or less thick, according to the quantity, more or less heavy, according to the size of the grains and their specific gravity. The volcano often expands and disperses this

cloud, which, in the present instance, remained long in the Vesuvian region because there was no wind to drive it away.

Prof. Matteucci also says that the present eruption began not on the 7th or 8th of April, of this year, but on the 27th of May, 1905, when the eruptive mouth opened on the northwest of the crater. That sent the lava down into the Atrio del Cavallo; the vast valley beneath the cone on that side of the mountain. It has always been the same period of volcanic activity. This has been continuous, but almost entirely internal, giving only external manifestations of little importance. Lately this eruptive phase has become more intense and has begun to manifest itself at the crater, with explosions of sand more or less powerful.

This lava, flowing through the snow on the cone to the valley on the top of the mountain proper, made the splendid spectacle which delighted visitors to Naples in the winter of 1906; but when the new mouths opened on the southeast of the cone, the mouth that had opened on the northwest in 1905 ceased to flow. Prof. Matteucci, with his American assistant, Prof. Perret, and the chief of the carabinieri, went to visit these new mouths, and found them to be five in number. They were disgorging lava in great quantities, which flowed downward with extraordinary rapidity.

Of the two most copious streams, one passed downward over the lava of 1744, and extended as far as Bolzano; the other forked, after a certain point, part of the stream passing over the lava of 1764, and part on the lava of 1850 and near that of 1714. It was this stream which ran down on Boscotrecase, destroying a portion of that town and proceeding toward Torre Annunciata, but pausing at the cemetery, after burning various outlying villas and houses of peasant proprietors.

It is yet impossible to estimate exactly the loss of life involved in this catastrophe. It is happily not as large as in some lesser manifestations of the mountain's power; but will probably exceed two hundred persons, and may reach a higher figure. The loss of property, in houses, crops, trees, and land, will be larger than in any eruption for centuries, and very extensive tracts of arable country will not for centuries be again productive.

HEROIC SAN FRANCISCO

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE PLUCK AND HEROISM OF THE
PEOPLE OF THE STRICKEN CITY.

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL



HORROR, panic, dread, terror—these are the words that have been most lavishly used by the local and Eastern press in describing the effect of the extraordinary disasters that have rushed upon us here in San Francisco during the last two weeks, filling every hour since the great earthquake shock of the morning of April 18—and the vastly more disastrous succeeding days of the fire—with a tempest of hurrying events. And yet to the thousands who have been caught within the whirlpool of intensest activity the words seem unreal, crude, and essentially false to the spirit that animates the whole mass of the people who are living with passionate energy through this time. The truth is that despair is not to be seen on any face, nor the droop of it weighing upon any shoulder, nor the ring of it heard in any voice, except where extreme old age or habitual self-indulgence has already set its mark.

Early in the morning of April 19, twenty-four hours after the heaviest shocks, when the earth still quaked at short intervals and the walls of wrecked buildings crumbled in at a puff of wind; when the fire had swept the Mission and most of the water-front bare, and was rushing against and overwhelming the great business blocks of the main thoroughfares, at that moment attacking the heart of San Francisco itself; when Market street was the flue through which the fire sucked its air from the bay; when marble and brick and concrete business blocks crashed in on themselves or, in the wake of the breakers of fire, glowed down

into heaps of lime and brick and ash and wire-draped junk; when the incessant explosions of dynamite of the fire-fighters, who strove to save by destruction, came in rushes of sound on each wave of ash-laden air that burned the face and dimmed the sight, I walked the whole length of San Francisco from the ferry to army headquarters in the Presidio and back again, and made a number of detours into the burning city, as far as the bay-onets of the fire-line of guards would permit, over hot debris and under festoons of half-melted, fallen wires, where the city in its first hot haste was vomited out upon these ruined streets; and yet I saw no despair upon any human face.

In that day's tramp of twenty blistering miles I saw only four faces that showed the trace of tears and heard fewer shaken voices, and yet for miles my way lay among those who had just lost their homes and had turned but then from seeing the complete destruction of all their material wealth. I was close to the people, often wedged in among them for twenty minutes at a time. I must have spoken to several hundred refugees, so could not have failed to know the temper of the crowd, even if it had interested me less profoundly.

For hours as I walked I was combating the fatal but almost universal belief that the ferries had stopped running, that the wharves were all burned, and that the only hope of safety lay in reaching the west side of Van Ness Avenue and, if driven from there, to seek final refuge in the sand-dunes of Golden Gate Park and the Presidio. If the people who lived in the down-town districts had known on

the 18th, 19th, and 20th of April that they could escape from San Francisco into the country by way of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and the Marin County towns, an inestimable amount of suffering would have been spared, but they firmly believed themselves hemmed in by the fire. The city, to them, was a trap with only one possible egress, miles and miles to the west. Day after day and all night long, without regular food, drink, rest, or respite from intense anxiety, thousands of families of women and little children dragged themselves from place to place in front of the flames, lying without shelter in vacant lots, exposed to fog and chilling rain. Premature childbirth and death to the feeblest of the old people resulted from the fatal misconception. In many cases families were walking and dragging their few rescued possessions away from the reach of the flames for four or five successive days and nights, going from one place of temporary shelter to another without the commonest necessities of life and without sleep.

Color was given to the rumor of the destruction of the ferries by the fact that the fire, which did sweep away most of the buildings on lower Market street except the ferry buildings, had for some hours on the 18th prevented transit by boat to and from town. Moreover, the ferry building had been seriously injured by the earthquake and many of the roofs of adjacent boat-landings had collapsed upon the staggering piers. The metal flag-staff on top of the ferry tower, whipped back and forth by the violence of the oscillation at that height, had been bent at a sharp angle, giving a look of greater insecurity to the whole building. All this was more than enough to confirm the reports of a complete blockading of the port.

Early in the morning of the 19th the extreme down-town section of San Francisco was wiped out. For the short way that the eye could penetrate the smoke one could make out only the shattered walls and columns of wrecked buildings sending up vast plumes of exquisitely tinted smoke,—mauve, pink, white, and gray,—with explosive bursts of orange flames tearing the obscurity beyond. The fragments of buildings near at hand were already mere pale monuments of ruin.

Market street was a trough of flame; and the only way up-town was to skirt the fire to the north and follow the streets least obstructed by fallen poles, wire, and wreckage. This had been a section of warehouses, factories, and canneries that had been shaken down and burned over some hours before. Thousands of tins of peach and apricot, their once gaudy labels roasted into blackness, were scattered among the bricks and rubbish of the fallen buildings. Now and then a can exploded with trivial ferocity and bespattered the passengers with scalding fruit. Thrifty, black-bearded Italians from the fishermen's quarter were making packs of the cans and slinging them over their shoulders. Street Arabs, themselves blackened past any racial classification, broke into the tins, and squatting among the smoking debris, freely feasted on the twice-cooked fruit. Every part of these streets was encumbered with wreckage; the pavement, torn and ruptured here more than elsewhere by the shock, was blocked by sliding piles of brick, in places as high as a man's head, that had to be climbed through and over, while everywhere leaning poles, draped with ensnaring wreaths of half-melted electric wires, made progress a mere crawl.

As I worked my way through this smoking quarter, where the stones were hot beneath the feet, I began to overtake refugees fleeing toward the Presidio. The sidewalks, already almost impassable with wreckage, were filled for miles, from this point onward, with household goods of every known variety,—sewing-machines, wads of bedding, pans, dishes, mirrors, crayon portraits—enlarged from photographs of the dear, ugly dead, no doubt,—bureaus, beds, pianos, banjos, soup-tureens, and every object that ever helped to complicate existence under a roof, were set upon legs that day. Everything that moved on wheel or castor became a wagon. Baby-carriages, piled high with clothes and bedding, sometimes running upon a single wheel, and trunks with castors, or two or three trunks a-tandem, were drawn through the streets by ropes of torn sheets. Women with lap-dogs and hundreds of men and women with bird-cages—parrots, canaries, and love-birds—hurried with the hurrying caravan. In a clear space I saw a well-dressed old gen-

tleman of about sixty, with a white mustache and imperial and a well-brushed high silk hat, trotting along briskly with a large new trunk, fastened by a new trunk-strap, trundling and bumping at his heels as a toy sheep bumps and trundles at the heels of a two-year-old. A wealthy and well-known dry-goods merchant of San Francisco had turned his trunk over and was nailing a pair of roller-skates to the bottom, to give speed to this ark of his fallen fortune.

In the confusion people met your gaze abstractedly; if questioned, they would answer, and return instantly to their interrupted tasks. All were intent on some immediate furious effort to save from the approaching fire what was left to them of family and possessions. The broken ant-hill, with its myriad escaping ants each carrying pupæ, grub, or some burden greater than himself, is neither less nor more tragic to look upon than these eager human creatures in their determined effort to save their own. In many you saw the tightening of the will that is a strong joy to the strong, and the fight for life quickened by the near rumble and jar of dynamite and fanned by the flame-beaten air laden with ash and cinder. The breeze swept scorching from the south, where the fire was swallowing a fresh block of houses every ten or fifteen minutes. The whole sky in that quarter was steam and smoke, torn by wallowing bursts of flame.

In certain of the streets even downtown one came upon back-waters of comparative quiet where the people, who had left their houses the night of the earthquake, still sat or lay upon their possessions outside of their own doorways half asleep from the fatigue and exciting vigil of the day and night. Among these groups there was no excited talk nor consultation: they seemed to have received their orders and to be awaiting drowsily the prod of the flames to set them on the march.

The flight of the people in these first hours of the great fire was so like what every one has read and heard about such flights that it had the familiarity, combined with grotesque strangeness, of a recurrent delirium, or one of those double mental impressions in which each phase of unfolding events is half-anticipated by

the tired mind, when one is ready to say, "If this is Hell, I have been there before."

The traditional bird-cages, the inevitable parrots, only unexpected in repeating each one his own little set of phrases, one crying in a harshly irritable voice, "What *is* it? What *is* it?" and another, sunk among his plumage, imitating the broken sobs of a woman's voice and stammering out, "Poor, poor Polly!"

From a hundred heaps of rescued treasure gramophones lifted their foolish, brazen mouths. Invalids rode in baby-carriages or across the locked hands of men or on shutters, or on mattresses of woven wire. One sick woman, whose hip had been injured before the disaster was pushed from near the City Hall to the ferry on two bicycles lashed together, catamaran fashion, and steadied over the debris by her sons. She was four days on the bed they had improvised for her of a chair tied to the wheels before she reached a place of safety. Babies were born on doorsteps, and mothers delivered before their time by those who were kind enough to stop and help. There is no way to exaggerate the extraordinary pain, hardship, and, above all, the killing suspense suffered during the flight, but at every point it was met and matched by heroism, ingenuity, family tenderness, and disinterested devotion.

"This awful time may not be worth the suffering it has cost," cried a young soldier, himself pallid with nights of work and watching, "but it is worth all the money it has cost—all, and more."

It has been wonderful and stirring to see the kindness, the magnanimity, the absolute absence of greed in taking advantage of one another's misfortunes. It takes more than pain or loss to make a tragedy when the spirit of a free people burns up strong and clear to meet its fate as it has burned in stricken San Francisco. Everywhere that American spirit that

"... Turns a keen untroubled face
Home, to the instant need of things,"

everywhere the spirit that dares

"To shake the iron hand of Fate
And match with Destiny for beers"

has lifted its dauntless, impudent front, and with half satanic humor has lightened the load of hardship with a jest.

"I got to California just before the earthquake," said a comely young woman, who had saved her best hat by wearing it. "I sure never was so warmly received or got such a shake of welcome." She was living between two street cars in the middle of the street. A woman of seventy, white, wrinkled, but erect, said: "I am a miner's wife. We came out in the fifties, and I saw quite some hardships then. It would be queer if this should fade me. I've still got the clothes I stand in."

But of all the calm, unruffled people, the Chinese were by far the most self-contained. As the fire reached the squalid, gorgeous, ever-delightful streets of old Chinatown and ran like a swift blade into its sheaf, through their long, low, wooden shanties and into the great tiled and gilded bazaars turning to dross old Satsuma, carved ivories, polished teak, and tender porcelains of feather-weight, and all that world of beauty and strangeness wrought by the patient oriental knife and brush and needle out of insensate wood, brass, gold, silver, and silk to stir the senses of an alien race with wonder and delight—the grave, sad merchants of Chinatown gathered a few portable treasures into packs and long pole-swung baskets, and, with wives and children, coolies and slaves, poured out of their city into the unfamiliar reaches of North Beach. Their women and children, dressed in green and rose and gold, came in family groups, walking softly on padded, embroidered shoes through the debris of wrecked buildings, still with smooth, unwritten faces and calm eyes.

The small-foot, Number One wife of some great merchant tottered on her three-inch soles and clung to the shoulder of a plebeian maid. She walked for the first time in her life in broad day beside her lord, like a fearless American, over the torn cobbles of the streets. In each group of these richly dressed Chinese refugees there was at least one lacquered and pearl-inlaid treasure-chest slung across a pole borne by two bearers. These chests were like tiny ornate coffins, locked with heavy, hanging padlocks of elaborately wrought metal—brass or gold. In all my former prowlings in Chinatown I had never before seen one of these jewel-cases; but on this day, when the secrets

of all hearts were open and all desires known, I saw dozens of them carried between pole-bearers. The seed of a new Chinese city lay in their burnished pods.

I worked my way up-town on the lower levels of the north water-front until I was about in line with the hotel district, then, turning south, I climbed one of the sharp ascents that still sheltered the north side from the flames. As I mounted the Taylor street hill, the crowd lessened, until I found myself almost alone and the way barred by the ready bayonet of one of the young soldiers of the fire-line guard. These men were stationed at every street entrance within a block or two of the fire and performed their military duties with the enthusiastic bloodiness of word of the peaceful citizen in uniform.

I reached the crest of California street at about half past ten o'clock, just in time to see the roof of the Bella Vista, one of the oldest and best-known family hotels of San Francisco, sink in upon its dissolving sides. The Pleasanton, the Colonial, the Cecil, the Buckingham, the Renton, and at least threescore others of the great caravansaries of this quarter, were then hung with the smoke of their final doom, and all were burned to the ground in a few hours. It was just here in the Bella Vista, the Colonial, and the Cecil that those that I had come to seek had lived a few hours before, but now there was absolutely no way to trace man or woman in the rout.

On the highest levels of this quarter stood the old show-houses of San Francisco, products of the bonanza wealth of the seventies. Here the Crockers, Fairs, Floods, Stanfords, and Mark Hopkins had erected huge family altars to their wealth, to be this day claimed and pre-empted from them by fire.

By the marked physiognomy of San Francisco, where the streets rise and fall over steep hill-sides—the "hog-backs" of the pioneer—and drop down socially with every drop of physical level, to rise again with each succeeding elevation, you found every hilltop of the city that commanded a view of the bay crowded by the richest of the city's homes. California street was the best illustration of these variations of altitude and fortune. It rose



Drawn in pastel by F. Dornon Robinson, as seen through his field-glass, two blocks away

SAN FRANCISCO IN FLAMES

The buildings being devoured by the flames are the offices of the San Francisco "Chronicle," and the Phelan Bank. The smoking and falling walls in the foreground are the ruins of the offices of the San Francisco "Call."

humbly in a shabby wholesale quarter of the town, on "made ground," to climb gently toward the broking and banking center near Montgomery street and the Merchants' Exchange, and then hastily skirting Chinatown, climbed on to its culmination on Nob Hill, where the houses of the millionaires of the old régime looked off over the whole city and harbor at their feet. All her rising and falling greatness, for miles from the ferry, was that day lapped up and leveled to a gray uniformity in the democracy of ruin.

Edging along the fire-line, it was still possible to enter Van Ness Avenue by way of Sutter street. All the morning I had been hearing the repeated assertion that the fire would be stopped when it came to Van Ness Avenue. It was said that it could not cross the chasm of that widest thoroughfare of the city when its width had been augmented by blowing up the buildings on the east and south sides of the street. As I hurried along Sutter street, in and out of several of the abandoned hospitals of this doctors' quarter, I noticed that the street in front of Dr. McNutt's hospital, near the corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street, and just opposite the beautiful white pile of the St. Dunstan, looking radiant against a near back-ground of flame and smoke, was almost clear of people. I ran into the hospital, thinking that some sick person might have been left behind, to find the place absolutely deserted. The rooms were exquisitely clean, but wildly disordered with the surface litter of the flight. Absorbent cotton, bandages, and instruments had been torn from drawers; open bottles of drugs evaporated their odors into the emptiness; and on the floors of some of the silent lower suites, occupied the day before by wealthy private patients, many beautiful oriental rugs, bits of good furniture, brass, and carved teak stood awaiting destruction. In one room a huge bunch of dewy-fresh scarlet carnations—as many as a woman could carry—were tossed upon a table.

It was a strange sight, this rich, silent, flower-perfumed place, the flames less than a block away, and, though I did not know it until a moment later, with gun-cotton already laid under the building. There was no answer to the call I gave once or twice in the corridors. As I left

the building and came out upon the empty street a soldier shouted to me: "You are here at your risk. Dynamite!" Then I saw why the street was empty about the building. I had somehow slipped in between the lines, and my useless errand was the last futile thing that would be done under that hospital's roof. I pressed along Van Ness. On the west side of the avenue miles of luggage and seated people attested a general faith that the fire would not cross that street. Families were doing a little cooking, people were lying, deeply sleeping, on bedding laid upon the sidewalk, weak from their long race for safety. For a moment the fierce game was suspended as the players paused for breath with one foot on the home base.

There was more talk, relaxation, neighborliness than I had seen before. Some comfortably dressed men were telling amusing stories of the earthquake. They were of the sorts who had "known defeat, and mocked it as they ran."

"My brother Sam," one was saying, "had been out on the night shift and turned in at about five o'clock. He'd just about gotten off when the earthquake struck him. He jumped up swearing-mad and poked his head out of his door. 'I say, who is this blankety-blank fool shaking my bed? How do you expect a man to sleep?'"

But most of the refugees were too worn out to talk. A happy few, on "inverted four-posters,"—a table spread with a mattress,—slept profoundly, and others drowsed on the curbstone, leaning against the empty hydrants, that mocked the city's drought.

There was one more hospital that I had known,—Lane's,—about a mile beyond the present fire-line. When I reached the shattered pile of red masonry it was to be told by the doctor in charge that only a few of the patients remained and that there were more doctors and nurses to care for the sick than patients. It was just one more case of the good management of those in charge of the sick. Although private individuals, with nothing to think of but their own needs, escaped from the hotels in the same localities with only a handful of clothes, every hospital in the city removed its loads of sick and surgical cases, and a large quantity of necessary medical stores, to places of

safety. The courage and trained intelligence of doctors and nurses showed in this, and the humanity of a civilized world that served the need of the weakest first. One large Jones street hospital managed to transfer patients, nurses, and a good equipment, to a ship in the harbor hours before the fire reached Jones street.

As I turned from the Lane Hospital, I thought of a possible clue to finding one of those I had come to find. There were army officers in my friend's family, and what more natural than at a time when all were turning to military protection she should seek shelter at the Presidio post? I dropped again to the level of the north side, to avoid the hills of the fashionable quarter, greatly fortified by a gill of cream that I had bought from a vendor of milk on the street, and drunk from a bottle. As I joined the throng pushing and dragging their loads toward the Presidio, or resting in exhaustion in the dust of the road, I once more tried to convince members of the crowd that behind them, toward the ferry, lay the road of greatest safety. Here and there groups of men and women were convinced and turned back, intensely relieved to learn of a way of escape.

"They make you pay two dollars to cross the bay," I heard a score of times.

"I paid ten cents this morning," I protested.

"The ferry tower has fallen in," insisted others.

"I walked under the tower five hours ago, and there has been no earthquake since," I replied.

"They won't let us pass," "They will turn us back," "No one could walk so far, after last night," were some of the answers. The fire seemed to hold them as it holds a moth. It had taken everything; why should they leave it?

On that day there was scarcely an automobile to be seen on the main road to the Presidio. I afterward learned that all private cars had been impressed for public service, some to carry the sick and dying from the burning Mechanics' Pavilion, where the victims of the earthquake had been at first taken for safety, and many others to carry dynamite from Fort Mason to the dynamiters on the fire-line. These gallant little toys of the rich ran almost into the fire, rocking and tottering

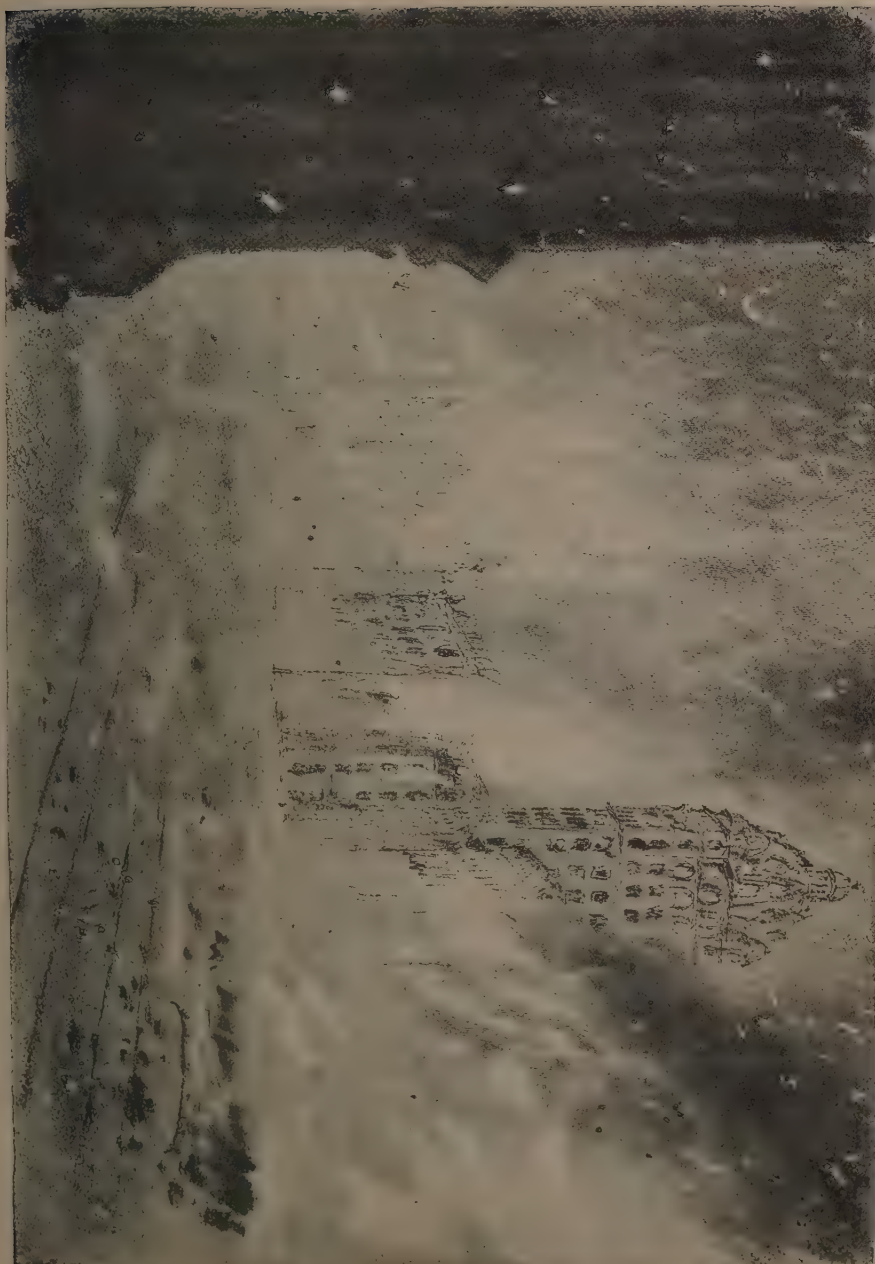
over the wreckage of the street with their perilous loads of dynamite, and back again to safety. They were the only effective means of locomotion left in the city, where every street car was paralyzed. The automobile is the unquestioned hero of the San Francisco fire. The story has not been and probably never can be told of what a few hundred of these machines have done toward saving life and property. Their value was too immense for private use, and the government early in the day seized all cars for imperative needs. Two weeks after the fire one hundred dollars a day was still the hiring price of a two-seated runabout, at a time when the hire of a sound horse and buggy was five dollars a day. This illustrates the ratio between horse and gasoline power.

By two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th only a few refugees had arrived at the Presidio, and they were being housed in some poor little quarters in Tennessee Hollow, once used for bachelor quarters for junior officers. In front of one of the bare little shanties a carriage with liveried coachman and footman awaited orders. Again, in the Presidio, my search was useless; but I was able to carry back with me some letters and messages from the silenced city from which no word could travel by post or telegram, written by refugees to relatives or friends outside. I posted several notices of inquiry, and turned to walk the seven devious miles back to the ferry.

The fire at this time could be seen mounting the hills toward the south, and there seemed little reason to suppose that it would be stopped so long as a fat eucalyptus-tree remained to be burned or a wooden house stood upon its foundations.

On my return walk I had one "lift" of about twenty blocks in an Italian drayman's wagon. We talked together on the high front seat, he in his seven words of English and I in my five of Italian; but we understood and liked each other, though he refused to let me carry home and take care of the least of his four *bambini* who lived with their mother, it seemed, in a wooden shanty, at that hour still unburned, that we passed on the road.

He parted from me, gently asking only



Drawn in pencil by C. Dormon Robinson

BURNING OF THE PALACE HOTEL, MONADNOCK AND EXAMINER BUILDINGS, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1906

"foura bita" for my ride; "no charga for the fire," deprecatingly.

We had spoken of beautiful Venezia, safe from fire on her blue canals, and of unhappy Napoli. We rode in Italy far out of the dust of the Presidio road, with its straining throngs of refugees beating a weary way to safety, and we breathed sweet Italian air, cleared of dust and cinder and smoke, for that short, pleasant while. It was a wonderful lift for me.

I reached the ferry at about four o'clock and found a large but not an overwhelming crowd turned toward Berkeley.

I was scarcely seated in the ferry-boat before a woman was half-carried in by two young Relief-Corps men and deposited with two large bags beside me. At once she began, in a quiet way, to speak of her adventures. Pressed in close on my other side was a family group of an elderly woman, her daughter, and a young man. They were half-submerged beneath their belongings, which were neatly tied up in sheets and quilts. The older woman of this group told me that they had been hurrying for thirty-six hours ahead of the fire. Suddenly she broke into tears; in a muffled voice she said that her young daughter, the girl who sat huddled together in her seat with a look of curious pallor on her face, was about to be delivered of her first child. For a moment the mother's old face worked pitifully, as she spoke of her child's condition; but the eyes of the mother-who-was-to-be were fixed steadily ahead—her hour had not yet come.

My companion of the bags, a woman of about sixty, leaned across me and said firmly to the weeping woman:

"It is not goot to cry, already."

And who should know the use of tears better than this brave old soul? She had just told me that fifteen days before she had come, as a stranger, to San Francisco from a small interior town, brought to "the" city by her four children to undergo a serious surgical operation in a private hospital. They were "goot childer" and they had stayed with her until a tumor had been removed and she had been pronounced out of danger. As she spoke on, in serene acceptance of events, I looked into the broad, old face, with its habitual weathered ruddiness spread like a film over the pallor of ill-

ness and fatigue beneath, and once more I felt how good it is to be alive in a world where such a woman in such an hour smiles at you with the confidence of an obedient child.

"No, I was n't scairt at de eart'quake. It was the night my girl [I interpreted this as being her private nurse] left me. I yust laid dere as still as I could for de rollin's round, an' I helt on goot to my wound. Dis mornin' dey say we 'd had to leaf de hospital, de fire was a'most there already. So dey gived us some milk and a piece o' bread, and I comed away."

It was then after four in the afternoon; she had eaten nothing since early morning. She had been all those hours on the blockaded streets with about forty pounds of hand-baggage—and a fresh wound.

"How did you carry your bags?" I demanded.

"No, I did n't carry no bags," she said. "Efery time somebody dey carried my bags. De young men dey helped me goot. And now," she smiled, "you help me goot. Is it not so? I goin' to my childer on de night train." When we reached Berkeley I put her in the hands of a university student who wore the Relief Corps badge.

The old, the sick, the feeble are the people who are rightly supposed to have been the greatest sufferers in this disaster, and yet nowhere have I heard the note of fearless energy struck more surely than by these weak ones.

Outside of one of the Japanese missions, where the matron sat on the curbstone preparing some food on one of the street-ovens in universal use since the chimneys of the town have been condemned, I noticed a little Japanese baby-boy playing gaily. He was a spirited, charming boy of about three or four years.

"When the shock came," said the matron, "I was alone with this boy and ten other Japanese babies. This little fellow was awakened by the violent rocking of his bed and the crash of falling chimneys. He sat up and called out to me: 'Never mind! Never mind! Soon stop.'"

The tunic of the plump philosopher was less than a man's hand.

"It must be the courage of excitement. Wait for the reaction," I said to myself incredulously as the ferry drew out from



BURNING OF THE CALL BUILDING, APRIL 18, 1906

the drunken wharves and the smoke of the wasting city hung over the place where San Francisco had been.

THE READJUSTMENT

THE next ten days and nights were filled so full of work that there was no time to think of the destroyed city. Ten thousand refugees reached Berkeley from San Francisco. Over forty of the sick were laid on mattresses on the floor of one of the university gymnasiums that was converted into an emergency hospital between night and day.

In a lull of work, on the morning of April 28, just ten days after the beginning of the fire, a valiant relief-worker took me in her automobile for a three-days' trip through the ruins of San Francisco. As we entered the intensely congested street from the Oakland ferry, most of the fires were mere feebly smoking ash-heaps, and certain streets had been partly cleared of overhanging poles and wires. The eyes, unveiled of smoke, could now range across the wasted city from one notable ruin of house or church or hotel, with a growing sense of the majesty and the dignity of the ruins set in space. Strange and terrible as is the destruction, San Francisco was never so nearly beautiful. There is no blackening of the ruins; the heat seems to have been so intense that it consumed all its own smoke and charcoal, leaving faintly colored surfaces of crumbled iron, marble, and brick. The ruins stretch out in the softest pastel shades of pink and fawn and mauve, making the wasted districts look like a beautiful city a thousand years dead—an elder Troy or Babylon. The streets so recently thronged with violently active refugees seeking for any place of safety were lined with tents and shanties. The ingenuity of the home-building instinct is astonishing. There are hundreds of decent shelters made of fire-warped corrugated iron, of window-shutters, of wooden doors torn from wrecked buildings. One especially complete little nook was built between the ends of two adjacent Pacific-Avenue cars and fitted with stove and seats. Tents were made of coats and bed-comfortables. Down near the old fish-market were some piratical-looking tents made by the fisher-folk, of old sail-cloths and spars, with a

rakish list to leeward, as though ready to ship a crew and set sail in any of the elements.

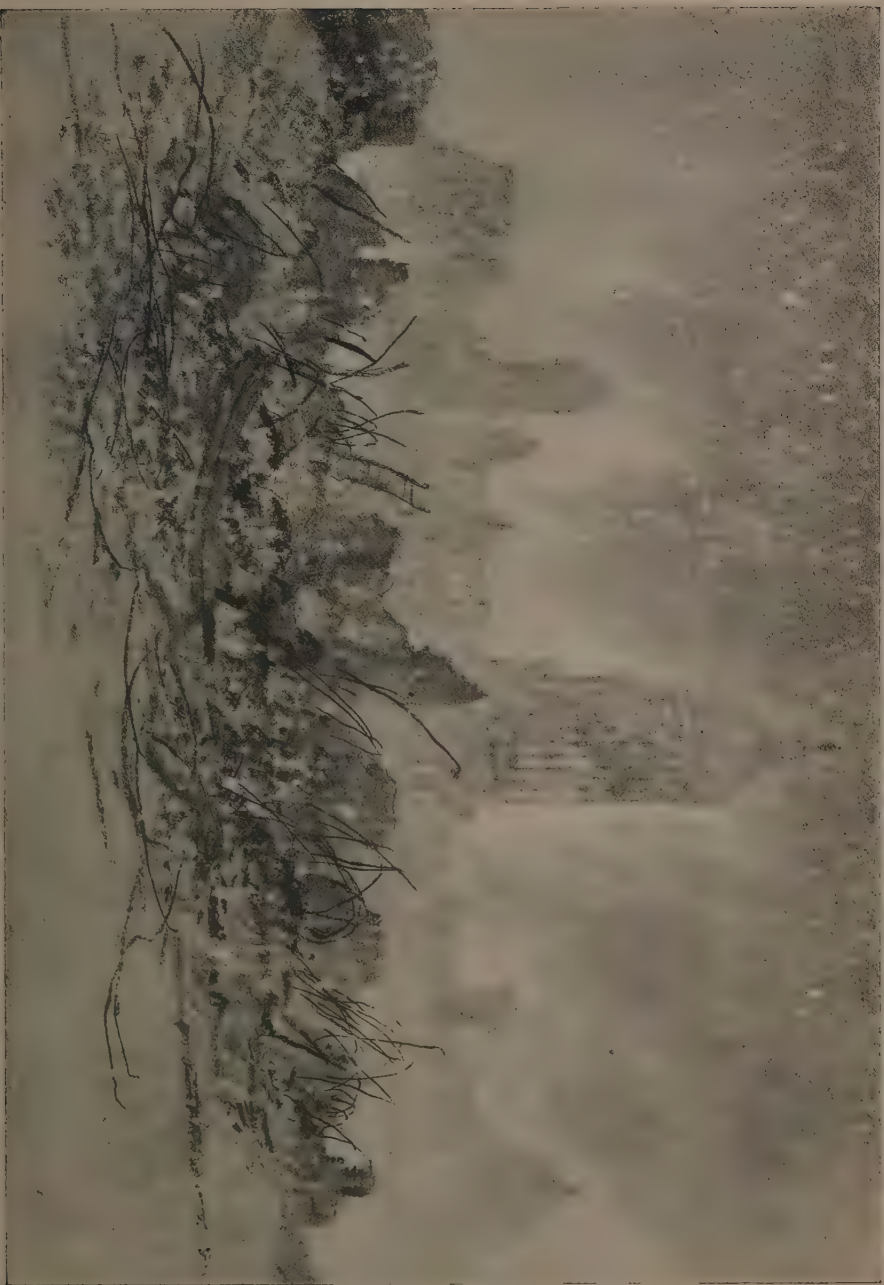
On this tenth day from the fire the park showed hundreds of acres of lawn covered with well-arranged tents set among the blooming roses and flowering shrubs of the park's conventional flower-beds. The shadow of leaves plays on clean canvas, and rescued canaries hang at the tent-peaks chirping contentment. Here and there a hurrying load of furniture or a laden foot-passenger recalls the exodus of a few days before, but these grow hourly more unusual.

The most foreign element in the park is the great crowd that collects about the Relief Camps, where thousands stand in the bread-line three times each day to be fed. The Los Angeles Relief Camp is especially complete in its equipment. In front of its great cooking tents tables are spread with shining rows of tins. They chose a sheltered cove of green sward, an acre or so in extent, surrounded by trees, and nothing could be more orderly or pleasant to look upon than the arrangement of their work.

New buildings of redwood, depots to receive a part of the 27,000 tons of food supplies sent in by neighboring cities and States, have been run up and completed in a week. Here food is handled and distributed to the homeless refugees by the military. The generosity and good-will of every State in the Union has reached out and touched and given its healing virtue to California. San Francisco has been borne up in safety on the goodness of the world, as a sea-gull, at sea, sleeps safely on the wing.

A young doctor who was hurrying through Utah to offer his services in San Francisco says that he could not buy bread to eat in Ogden. The bakers had cut down the local supply: Ogden had to wait, they were baking bread by the car-load for San Francisco. All the schools in Ogden were closed on that day that the children might collect food supplies to carry to the waiting relief cars.

Go where you will in San Francisco to-day, you find yourself inevitably drawn back to the great battle-field of Van Ness Avenue. Here the last desperate fight was made by the half-dead firemen, the professional and amateur dyna-



Drawn in pastel by C. Dorman Robinson

EBURNING OF THE CITY HALL AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS, APRIL 13, 1906



Dormer Robinson

Chinatown, San Francisco, Cal.
View from Telegraph Hill, looking N. W. corner of town
Apr 19th 1906

Drawn in pastel by C. Dormer Robinson

miters, the blackened engineers, and military and civil chiefs of the city. It was here that the automobiles loaded with dynamite rushed in their perilous loads. Van Ness Avenue, with the anguished Western Addition behind it, was the last stand of hope. The history of the struggle is written in the ashes and complete ruin of the eastern and southern sides of the avenue and in the partly burned lines of houses, with their shattered windows and the dynamited gaps between houses, of the western side. Here and there the fire leaped the avenue and dynamite snatched from the flames the twice-doomed houses of those rich merchants and financiers who had built to themselves a "house upon the sand." Books, pictures, rare Japanese art collections, and the treasures of two generations of wealthy San Franciscans, were sacrificed that night by dynamite to save what was left of the city.

On the west side of Van Ness stands the Catholic cathedral of St. Mary's. The big brick building was too shaken by the earthquake to be safe for worship, but three times on Sunday, the 29th, mass was celebrated by hundreds of worshipers, who knelt with bared heads on the steps of the cathedral. At their back stretched for miles the wasted city, raising broken shafts of delicately tinted ruin against the even grayness of the morning sky, while in front the people bowed before the unseen altar of their unseen God.

No quarter of the whole town is more strangely altered than what was once the congested picturesqueness of Chinatown. Where the wooden buildings have melted into ash a stout property-line of heavy wire, reinforced by an armed guard, has been stretched across to prevent any further looting of the heathen by the Christian hordes.

To one who has loved this Chinese quarter, which exercised upon some minds a fascination undimmed by familiarity, the destruction of Chinatown is the most poignant loss of the San Francisco fire. The faults of dirty, smelly, delightful old Chinatown will prevent its ever being what it has been.

As I sat on a little embankment, where a bazaar had stood, amid the hot ashes of Chinatown, a tingling in the throat from the acrid smoke that curled up from the

burrowing little fires about me, I could think of no more joyful consolation than that Robert Louis Stevenson had not lived to feel the pang of this desolation. Just below me the shaken house where he had lived and the little golden galleon of his monument outlived the ruin of the quarter that he had loved.

Against the property-line, looking in on the ruins, several Chinese merchants stood and talked in low voices.

I went up to one tall Cantonese with an impulse to say something of the sorrow I felt in the blow to his honest, loyal people in the loss of their homes and trade.

"Bye and bye," he said slowly and without swagger, "we build all new."

Yes, they might build it new,—I thought of the coffin-shaped treasure-chests,—but the old haunt of opium-dreams was gone.

The contrast between old Chinatown, or even what remains of it now, and the new Chinese encampment at Fort Point is absolute. The tent city of the Chinese, after one or two removals, has finally been concentrated in an open, rolling stretch of country near the bay, with the purple Marin hills beyond. Just now the green fields are washed with the yellow, white, violet, and orange of mustard, lupin, and poppy flowers. A sweet, breezy, empty, salubrious place, it must seem most strangely unhomelike to its new dwellers. I heard the meadow-larks calling across the swales above the sound of "tent-peg that answered to hammer-nose." Under close military inspection, soldiers in khaki and Chinamen in black broadcloth were raising scores of clean, new tents, in ordered rows, over the bruised meadow flowers of yesterday. The whole equipment here was noticeably good; from tents and ropes to stoves and shining refuse-cans, the material was new and sound, the best I had seen issued by the government to refugees. Behind the newly rising city of khaki tents was the big white tent of the medical department, with its red cross insignia winding and unwinding itself on the staff. Cows were browsing in the meadows and the earth lay innocently blooming, as if there had been no harm intended by those few seconds when the hide of our great mastodon-earth twinkled away the fly-like vexation of man and his little works.



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DRUSILLA

THE HUMORIST

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



We were spending our summer holiday at Marybeach, Drusilla and I and our son. We had been there a week. It was a glorious, golden day, almost without shadows. Matthew Arnold was for the moment quiet, and I closed my eyes. The voice of a pierrot, sweetened by distance, fitted in with my mood, but presently soft little steps in the sand aroused me, and I opened my eyes upon Drusilla, standing in a golden haze against the September blue.

"Look at this, Martin! Oh, do look at this!"

I took the telegram and read it:

"Please come to me at once with or without Martin."

"Georgie."

"Well!" said I. "Upon my word!"

"Something awful must have happened to him," she said hurriedly. "He must be ill or have broken his leg, or something worse. Evidently he did n't want to frighten his mother, or he would have wired to *her*. It is nice to feel that he always turns to us when he is in trouble, is n't it?"

"Humph!" said I, turning my son right way up. He happened to be standing on his head in the sand, in a vain attempt to swallow himself whole.

"Martin, you know how he relies upon you."

"I ought to by this time," I said drily.

Drusilla looked sentimentally out to sea.

"I always feel," said she, "that we owe something to Georgie. I always remember that I at least have much to make up to him."

I laughed. I believe Drusilla will hold to her dying day the opinion that Georgie's heart is given wholly to her. All the disgraceful things he has done ever since she gave him up for me, she has, I believe, put down to his blighted hopes at that time—a time, I have every reason to believe, to be firmly forgotten by Georgie.

"Matthew Arnold," said I, "the mere fact of your being my son is no reason why you should lick all the polish from my shoe."

Drusilla picked up the boy indignantly.

"He is *kissing* it!" she cried. "He thought it would please you. It is one of his pretty ways. And what am I to do about Georgie's wire?"

"Wire back and ask if he is ill," I suggested sensibly.

She looked doubtful.

"If it is anything serious, won't it be an awful waste of time?" she asked.

I sat up lazily.

"Do you *want* to go?"

She shook the sand out of Matthew Arnold's thin hair.

"Nurse can be left with Baby quite well for one night. You see—if anything serious happened before we got there, we should never quite forgive ourselves, should we? And fancy having to tell his mother the awful truth afterward!"

"Don't you rather jump to fatal conclusions?" I asked mildly.

She shivered.

"Oh, Martin, we don't want to be haunted to our dying days by the memory of how we left the poor boy alone to his trouble, perhaps to his death, do we?"

I was silent. The pierrot in the distance sang sadly:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

Perhaps this, with Drusilla's arguments, softened my heart. Something must have happened to weaken my brain, for I said, "Yes," and she picked up her boy and dragged me in to look for a railway guide.

Georgie had wired from Neath, a little town in South Wales, and I patiently planned out our tedious and disagreeable route. I could n't think what had taken him to such an impossible place, a haunt merely of intoxicated miners and, for the moment, equally intoxicated revivalists.

Georgie met us at Neath very late at night. We were tired and dusty, and Drusilla was anxious. She was surprised, I think, that he came without an ambulance and crutches—surprised that he was able to come at all.

"Well?" said I, shortly. An uncomfortable suspicion lurking in my mind came to light much strengthened.

"Drusilla, you are an angel. Martin, it's jolly decent of you to come with her."

"Well," I said quietly, "I rather think I should n't have let her come alone. What is the matter with you?"

"The matter?" Georgie looked puzzled. "With *me*? Oh, I'm all right. It's not *me*."

I stared.

Drusilla gave a queer little laugh. "*What* have you been doing now, Georgie?" she asked.

She guessed by Georgie's face, I suppose, the sort of help he wanted, just as I guessed it by my previous experience of his habits.

"Don't let's go into details on this beastly station," said he, hastily. "I know you'll be glad I wired when I explain things. At least Drusilla will. *She's* always kind. How's old Muffin-face?"

Drusilla beamed. "Baby's sweeter than ever, and he's always asking for you in his own pretty way. Georgie, why *have* you brought us all these miles to this dreadful place?"

Georgie hurriedly changed the subject once more.

"I've ordered a ripping supper for you

at the hotel," said he, which was comforting. It was some time before I referred to the subject again; but after supper Georgie himself gulped down a last glass of beer and made a plunge.

"Drusilla, *you'll* understand. Martin always was an unsympathetic beast to me. I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Generally," I murmured, "it is as well. Why did you come to South Wales at all?"

"My mother asked me to come. She wants some new ponies, you know, and she'd heard of a ripping little pair down here."

"Go on," said I. Drusilla leaned her elbows on the table and gazed eagerly into Georgie's open face.

"I came by the night train," he said, "changing all the time; and I had nothing to eat but a stale bun at Craven Arms. I *was* hungry. I got into Neath some time in the horrid gray dawn. They thought I was a beastly bagman at the hotel and gave me a ripping breakfast. I let 'em go on thinking it, on account of the grub. Why *do* commercial travelers want so much more to eat than other men, Martin?"

"I have n't the least idea," said I. "Go on with your story, Georgie. We're interested."

"After breakfast," he went on, "I strolled out into the town, and when I had walked up and down a bit I noticed something—"

"Well?"

"There's a kind of hall here," Georgie said, "calling itself a theater, and on the wall there was a bill—a flaming thing all scarlet and black; caught the eye like anything, don't you know. But it was n't only the bill that caught mine. There was some one reading it."

"Ah!" said I.

"What was she like?" Drusilla asked, gently.

Georgie flushed.

"She was crying. I could see the tears rolling down her poor little face, and her eyes were red, as if she'd been crying all night.. It makes me feel furious to see a woman cry. I went across and asked her what the matter was. I could see how jolly pretty she must have been if she had n't cried so much—"

"Well?" I asked sadly. "Go on, Georgie."

"This is the bill."

He pulled a long narrow strip of yellow paper from his pocket and laid it open on the supper table. We studied it with deep interest. When we had finished, it was to turn to Georgie, and back again to the bill with horror. It read something like this:

Look out for the Original King's Own Cambrian Minstrels. The Programme Consists of First-Rate-Up-To-Date-Songs. All New Sayings. All New Doings. No Stale Business Introduced. The Artists Engaged Have Appeared, In All the Leading Places in England, Scotland Ireland and Wales. Dont Forget This Visit! Patrons Can Rely Upon A Programme Free from Vulgarly. First you Smile. Then you laugh. Finally you scream! Proprietor, Mr Wallace Lappin.

Drusilla handed it back to him with perplexed eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "it 's very interesting; but why does he want the people to scream? Do people scream in South Wales when they 're pleased?"

"Was the weeping lady," I asked slowly, "one of the King's Own Cambrian Minstrels?" Suspicion was strong in my brain.

"She ought to have been," Georgie cried indignantly. "This fellow Lappin engaged her, and she came all the way from Devonshire to join this troupe. Spent all the money she had on the fare, and, now that she 's here, all that there is left to meet her is this bill."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that there are no King's Own, etc?"

"Not here," said Georgie. "She was to be here last Wednesday for rehearsal, and she 's never heard a word from Lappin. She 's stranded here without a penny. She can't even pay for her room, poor little girl!"

"Why does n't she write home?"

"That 's just it," said Georgie; "she dare n't. She ran away to come on the stage, and her father has disowned her. He 's a clergyman down in Devonshire somewhere. It 's a sickening shame. There 's a pianist chap stranded here, too."

"Has he any money?"

"No," said Georgie, slowly.

"Has he quarreled with his people, too?"

"Not exactly; only they don't quite approve of him. He 's a helpless sort of beggar, you know; can't do anything but tinkle out accompaniments rather badly. He wired home, and I saw the wire, but there 's been no answer to it. He said: 'Lappin missing. Nanty mendzes.'"

"Nanty what?" Drusilla asked in astonishment.

"Nanty mendzes," Georgie explained proudly. "'No money,' he meant. It 's professional slang. I 've learnt a lot of it the last few days."

"Oh!" Drusilla looked at the fire. "Georgie, don't think me very hateful, but is n't it just possible that these people may be taking you in?"

"No," said Georgie, shortly; "it is n't. I know a nice girl when I see one."

"You ought to." I spoke softly, and he disregarded the jeer.

"They 're doing their best to get another shop, and they 've answered heaps of advertisements in the 'Stage'; but it 's no go. And, in any case, they have n't enough money to get out of the town. Of course if they got anything decent to go to, I would finance them with pleasure, but they don't seem to have any luck."

"Would you, indeed?" I murmured. "Are they complete strangers to each other?"

"Quite. The pianist comes from Liverpool, poor chap, and this girl, as I said, from Devonshire. She thought Lappin's advertisement was genuine. The pianist had his doubts from the beginning, he says; but he risked it because he had been out so long, and he 's a bit of an ass, anyhow. Long hair, you know, and collars that are—well—I can't think why he wears 'em. The girl 's as sweet as a rose, and that 's why I asked *you* to come, Drusilla."

She turned and looked at him in surprise.

"*Me*, Georgie? But what can *I* do?"

Georgie's ingenuous face took on that pink shade which becomes it so well.

"I 've known a good many girls," said he, "but never one with such fetching ways as you have. And I 've never known a woman with a kinder heart. I thought if you came here and saw her for yourself, you might do something for this

girl. She 's too good for this dreadful life; she ought to give it up. I thought perhaps you might be able to persuade her to earn her living in a different way—to teach, or typewrite, or something dull and respectable. It seemed to me—" He hesitated. "I thought, don't you know, that she was the kind of girl who might come an awful smash if she kept it up, and I guessed that you 'd be glad to help her before it was too late. Women can talk to each other, don't you know, and it was impossible for me to tell her what I really thought about her beastly profession. Some of these pierrots and minstrels are jolly decent chaps, but I don't think it 's a nice life for a lady—do you, Martin?"

I was silent; so was Drusilla. Georgie went on very earnestly.

"You see, she 's had such a sickener now that she would be glad to give it up, I believe. I think Mr. Lappin has washed a little of the rosy bloom off the life for her just now. Don't be angry with me, Drusilla."

Drusilla made an effort. "I never can be *really* angry with you, Georgie—at least not for long. But I don't think you ought to let yourself get so deeply interested in all kinds of girls, now that you are more than half engaged to Phillida. And how can I influence a girl I 've never spoken to in my life, even if she is genuine?" She laughed helplessly. "Oh, Georgie, you know they *always* say they 're clergymen's daughters, don't they, even in novels?"

"Upon my word," said I at last, "I think you must be mad. To bring us all this way on a wild goose—"

"Georgie's goose is a swan." Drusilla gave another queer little cough. "It always is. And he generally cooks it; don't you, Georgie?"

Georgie rose.

"I 'm going to bed," he said. "You can heap your insults on my empty chair when I 'm gone. If I stop any longer, I shall say something I 'm sorry for, and I shall be glad of it. You will see her in the morning, and then perhaps you will understand that I 'm not quite such a giddy fool as you think me."

"I devoutly hope not," said I, with some earnestness.

We were very tired, but before she went

to sleep Drusilla found time to say that she really did think it was time Georgie grew up. She saw now, she said, why he had n't sent for his mother.

And in the morning we found him waiting for us, with a girl—the girl, of course. Drusilla and I exchanged quick glances. Perhaps we had both expected powder and meretriciously bronzed hair. Here were neither. Hair as smooth and soft and darkly brown as Drusilla's own, and large, innocent eyes, stupid and brown, rather like the eyes of a cow, and a delicate oval face palely pathetic. Her little mouth drooped at the corners, and she had pretty teeth. She wore a shabby blue serge dress and a little French sailor hat, and, at Georgie's introduction, she came shyly forward. Everything about her attitude—figure, eyes, pretty, sulky mouth—struck me as being appealing, and I was not surprised that to Georgie the single-hearted her appeal had gone home. Her name, it seemed, was Fitzgerald.

Drusilla spoke first, kindly enough.

"You will have some breakfast with us, won't you? Martin, do try to get some dry toast. And I must have tea, not coffee."

It was a curious meal, and an extremely silent one. Miss Fitzgerald was frankly hungry, and with hot tea her cheeks grew rose-color. She was certainly very pretty, and her drawling Devonshire accent was attractive. But her parentage stuck in my throat and kept me sceptical, when I might otherwise have believed.

Then Georgie took me out to see the town.

"Drusilla will be nicer to her if we leave her to it," he said confidently. "She might like to have her for a companion or something; you never know."

"I think I do know." I smiled a little. "Drusilla must make shift with her legal companion, Georgie."

"Does n't she want some one to look after old Muffin-face?"

"She has some one. Matthew Arnold has an excellent nurse."

We went for a long walk in the hot sun and gazed at the monotonous little round hills and dull valleys which surrounded us. Then I looked at the ponies he had bought for his mother, and criticised them with the frankness of inexperience. In two hours we went back.

"Drusilla can do a lot with a person in two hours," said Georgie, hopefully.

"She can, indeed." I spoke with emphasis, as Drusilla's husband.

Opening softly the sitting-room door, I started as I peeped in. Miss Fitzgerald was crouched on the hearth-rug, her head on Drusilla's knee. Drusilla's eyes were full of indignant sympathy, and both had been crying. I closed the door again softly, but Drusilla called me.

"Come in, Martin! Oh, it is a shame, a shame! You must n't mind him, Dolly. She wants me to call her Dolly," quickly reading my thought; "every one does, she says."

Dolly stayed where she was, and sobbed audibly.

"Martin, she says this kind of thing often happens in—in the profession. She says these men get a company together, give one performance, and clear off in the night with the money. She says she thought this would be genuine because the man called it his 'Number 2' Company. She has the advertisement. May I show it to my husband, Dolly?"

Miss Fitzgerald murmured a choked assent. I unfolded "The Stage," and in time, marked with a blue-pencil cross, I found this:

"Wanted for No. 2 Company, pianist, soubrette, and 2 comedians. No red-nosed comedians or yak-yaks need apply.—Wallace Lappin, P. O. Neath, S. W."

"What is a yak-yak?" I asked in bewildered tones.

"I don't know," Drusilla said, "and neither does she. I asked her if she thought she might possibly be one, but she says no. She is a soubrette."

"Sparkling comedienne." The soubrette gave another sob before she went on: "He's a fraud! Wanted to get a crowd together, and show one night, then scarper. I've met his sort before."

The ready flow of her professional slang showed how far she had drifted from the parental rectory.

"Poor child!" Drusilla, aged twenty-two, stroked the ruffled brown hair kindly. "She walked three miles across the hills the day before yesterday with the pianist to an inn where she'd heard there were sure to be a lot of people. They thought they might make a little money by play-

ing and singing to the miners, poor things; but they only took—"

"Sixpence," Miss Fitzgerald murmured sadly. "You see, we did n't know the wages were paid fortnightly here, and that this was the second week."

"And, besides," Drusilla cried, "the revivalists had been there. Everybody had been converted, and one man told Dolly—what was it he said to you, Dolly?"

"Said he'd given up the ways of sin, and football as well," Miss Fitzgerald said mournfully. "Said that for years he'd been keeping goal for the devil, but he now hoped to play center forward for his Saviour. As if giving a few coppers to us would have made any difference to that! The pianist says he's seen many a crowd bottled in his time, but never such a set of mean brutes as those were."

"Bottling means collecting," my wife explained hastily.

I gazed at Drusilla in amazement. She had apparently taken these disreputable players to her heart as warmly as Georgie had done. In our absence the comedienne had evidently poured out her life's history and had drawn from Drusilla a life's sympathy. A soft heart was all very well, I thought, but there were limits.

And then Georgie burst in.

"Look here!" he cried. "That beggar Lappin's been seen at Cymmer. I'm going over to look for him."

"Georgie!" Drusilla stared at him. "But what can you do if you find him?"

Georgie grinned.

"I'll teach him things if I find him," said he. "I don't suppose I shall have much trouble. I expect he's a soft, flabby brute—the kind of man who doubles up when you look at him."

He stretched out a muscular arm and smiled at it.

"Don't lose your head," said I, with necessary warning. "You can't knock people about nowadays, Georgie, without paying for it. Would your mother like it, do you think, if you stayed in South Wales on a summons for assault and battery?"

But Georgie smiled again and disappeared.

Presently the pianist, a melancholy, long-haired wreck, joined us, and we

heard in plaintive Cockney the depressing history of his life.

These two, soubrette and pianist, spoke the jargon of their profession, and we could not always follow them. They spoke of *lataris* and *mendezes*; of *ham-fats* and of *waxy homos*, and of *mijari* and *beyonks*. They spoke of the evening when they went *jogering* to the *bevi-carse*, and Mr. Carlton Delamere, the pianist, told Drusilla, in a burst of unprofessional confidence, that he had expected this because he was a *Jonah*. Then he explained to us what a *Jonah* was. The comedienne called us all "dear" indiscriminately, and with the faintest encouragement she put her arm round Drusilla's waist.

We tried to cheer them up, gave them the best hot lunch the hotel could manage, also champagne—of a kind, and afterward Miss Fitzgerald sang to us in the long empty coffee-room while Mr. Delamere vamped her accompaniments. She had a strong soprano voice, and her songs were of the musical comedies—plaintive ditties of the love-affairs of butterflies and bees. I think her repertory held other items, but she sang for Drusilla's benefit, and toward tea-time the spirits of our wandering minstrels rose considerably; and then it was that I saw how little hope there was of the Reverend Fitzgerald welcoming home his prodigal Dolly, for the life held her fast enchained. Obviously she thought and talked and lived only for the "show" of the moment. Now that there was no show, there was still hope.

"I should like to run a little show of my own," said she. "It only wants a tiny capital. With twenty pounds behind me, I could cover the first halls and the first fortnight's salaries and railway fares; and a show always pays, if it's decently run."

"Among the revivalists?" I murmured inquiringly.

She shook her head gravely.

"Not in South Wales. I've been here before with the Blue Bohemians. The miners are n't human. They're wild beasts. There was a row once here in Neath at night. Every miner in the town was drunk, and our men had to fight their way home, from the show and look after the girls at the same time. When we got to the inn, the landlord thought we were

the mob and would n't let us in for ages. The tenor had his head cut open. It's not a nice place."

And then at last we heard Georgie's voice in the hall. He came in, but not alone. A small, sandy man followed him up behind. With a manner half-swaggering, half-deprecatory, he acknowledged the introduction.

"This," said Georgie, pleasantly, "is Mr. Wallace Lappin. He is a little late for his appointment, but better late than never."

Solemnly he introduced him to us all round. Drusilla was agitated, the pianist apprehensive. I was the only person who noticed Miss Dolly Fitzgerald start at the sight of him, and walk quietly over to the window. I noticed, too, that her appearance was a surprise to the stranger. Had they met before?

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Lappin.

He had sharp, anxious eyes and a very deeply lined face, and his manner became genially intimate at once.

"Did you meet Mr. Lappin in Cymmer?" I asked gravely, turning to Georgie.

He smiled.

"Yes, I found him, and—well, he decided we'd travel back together. Mr. Lappin is going to—well, he thought he'd like to explain."

Drusilla sat down and glanced uneasily around.

The sparkling comedienne was still looking out of the window. Georgie cast a longing look in that direction, but he did not join her.

I think somehow that Mr. Wallace Lappin was used to explaining things. And the pianist shared my views, for he told me afterward that he could tell the tale better than any one he'd ever met.

"I'm sorry I've been so unlucky," he began, with easy fluency. "I booked the hall and billed the town, and the crowd did n't turn up. I could n't show with one soubrette and a pianist, now, could I?"

I was amazed at the man's assurance.

"You ought," said I, sternly, "to have faced the thing honestly instead of running away, and you might at least have paid their fares home again."

"Now, how could I?" asked Mr. Lappin, pathetically, "without money? I

hadn't a penny in the world the day before yesterday."

"In any other business," said I, gravely, "it is considered criminal to start without capital. In yours it seems—"

"But don't you understand," Lappin said persuasively, "if I 'd had a bit of luck, and if the crowd had turned up, I should have taken good money here, and paid off at the end of the week right enough. I 've got no luck just now. I thought perhaps it was my name, so I changed it. But this one 's no better. I expect you know me pretty well by my old one," he finished modestly.

"What was it?" Drusilla asked.

"Hall Smilo." He spoke with simple pride. In the window the dark-haired comedienne laughed softly to herself.

"I ran the halls under that name," he said, with a large wave of his hand. "I was touring in the Midlands before that with my wife—'Madame Merillian's Choir,' we called it. It was in Lent, you see, and it 's always as well to run your show as a choir in Lent. Gives a pious tone to your bills."

I gasped.

"If I had thirty pounds," said Mr. Lappin, dreamily, "I 'd run such a little show as you 've never seen. I 'd wake up the Midlands as no one else has ever waked 'em up. I would so."

I thought he was probably right, but made no comment.

"I 'd get out of this first. It 's a bald pitch; but I 'd coin money in some towns I know of, if I was sure of my halls and a few weeks' salaries."

I wondered idly, as I looked at him, if he was really the scoundrel I had thought him, or merely the wandering and improvident minstrel he pretended to be. An old proverb floated into my mind as I gazed into his keen eyes: "Take the washing off the hedges; the actors are coming to town."

But Mr. Lappin construed my silence to his own advantage.

"If you want to put a little money into a dead-sure thing," he said graciously, "here 's your chance. The pianist and soubrette are ready. I am a humorist myself—refined humorist and ventriloquist, and the best mimic in the provinces. You 'll get your money back a hundred-fold. It 's the chance of a lifetime."

I listened to his twanging voice and looked at the vamping pianist who was a Jonah, and wondered at the man's hopefulness. If I had seen more of his profession, I should have expected that glowing and ever-constant hope of success which marks his kind. Eagerly he waited for my reply, but I made none.

Georgie, however, had been listening keenly and, as it afterward turned out, to some purpose. He turned and spoke to Drusilla in a low voice:

"Did you do what I asked, Drusilla?"

"Yes." She spoke gravely.

"Any good?" He glanced compassionately at the drooping head of the girl in the window.

"No good at all, my dear boy. She loves the life. You must give it up, Georgie. *She* would n't for worlds. And perhaps it is n't such a pity as you think." Drusilla glanced quickly at the depressed Dolly. "You see, she *does* sing well, does n't she, and there would n't be anything else so very likely to suit—well, to suit her peculiar style, would there, to look at it in a really sensible and practical light?"

"I suppose not," Georgie said reluctantly.

He turned quickly to Lappin.

"Look here," he said. "If I were to finance you, what guarantee could you give me that you were honest?"

Lappin's face lighted up; he looked less of a scoundrel when he was happy, I found. But perhaps he is not alone in this.

"Guarantee?" he said. "I 'll write out a formal agreement, and have it legally stamped."

The pianist sniffed. "I 've had stamped agreements before," he murmured, with meaning, "and no six and eightpence for a lawyer to enforce 'em."

"How shall I know," Georgie went on firmly, ignoring the dejected Jonah, "that directly we 're gone you won't make yourself scarce with the money? How am I to know that you won't blow it all in in beer, and scoot?"

There was a momentary silence, and Miss Dolly Fitzgerald turned from the window with a laugh.

"I think I can guarantee that he won't do that," said she, softly.

With one accord we turned and stared

at her. Lappin studied her face with some anxiety, perhaps appeal.

She came up to Drusilla with her pretty, timid smile.

"I did n't know," she said. "I suppose you 'll all think I 've been crying and telling the tale to take you in, but, indeed, I have n't. I did n't know. I thought he was doing the halls as Hall Smilo, and I 'd never heard of Wallace Lappin. I have n't seen him since the Choir dried up. I really did n't know."

"The Choir?" Drusilla asked feebly.

The comedienne laughed. "Madame Merillian's Choir," said she. "I was Madame Merillian—then. I've changed my name, too—for luck."

She turned to Georgie, who had grown very red.

"You 're a good chap," she said. "You 'll give us a helping hand, won't you? He 's as straight as most of them, and a good deal straighter than some. He 's speaking the truth now. If you start us, *I'll* guarantee that the show will pay. I 'm a jolly good business manager."

I gazed helplessly at her animated face. Her stupid eyes had grown keen and practical. Lappin nodded friendly approval, Georgie stared, Drusilla was silent.

The comedienne held out her hand appealingly.

"It 's all true, dear—every word of it," she said, "except the clergyman. That 's an old wheeze, and I was sorry directly I had used it. My father kept a pub in Exeter, but he burst up. He was dropped on for selling the kind of beer—well, the kind he did sell. You do believe me, don't you? You 've been so nice to me. I 'd rather you 'd believe me."

"Oh!" Drusilla took her offered hand with a bewildered air. "Of course I believe you," she said, her instinct to be kind under any circumstances prompting her words. "But this man?" She pointed to Lappin. "Who is he?"

"He is my husband," said the sparkling comedienne, with a sigh.

ONCE on our way back to Marybeach and Matthew Arnold, Drusilla and I looked at each other and laughed. Then I stooped to revenge.

"It is nice to think," I murmured, "that in times of trouble our Georgie always turns to us."

She flushed.

"Don't be unkind, Martin. Georgie really is—I do hope those people won't lead him into anything rash and disreputable. He always thought he could sing, you know, and they want a tenor. Suppose—"

"Not he," said I, promptly. "Georgie's interest in the King's Own cooled off when he found the girl was married to the other wandering minstrel. He 'll lend that little ruffian thirty pounds, and they 'll all vanish out of his life forever. Perhaps it 'll be a lesson, to him. Young idiot! Well, Drusilla, what 's the matter now?" She was frowning anxiously at the sunny landscape.

At my question she turned and sighed.

"I am beginning to think," said she, "that perhaps we were not quite wise in making Georgie Matthew Arnold's god-father. He is so—"

She hesitated.

"Yes," said I, "he is."

And when you come to think of it, he was.





Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MISS FITZGERALD SANG TO US"

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN

JOHN TRUMBULL

BY CHARLES HENRY HART



JOHN TRUMBULL was Stuart's contemporary, being his junior by only six months and his survivor for fifteen years.

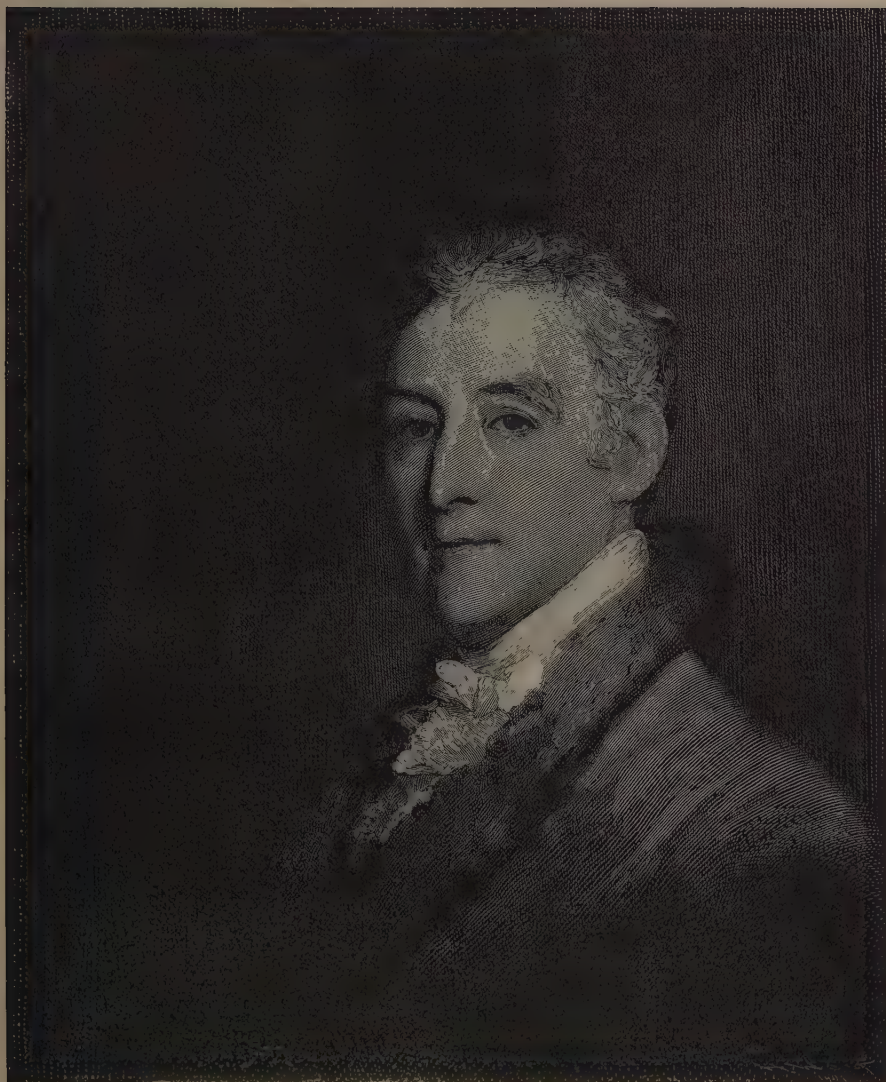
They met in the studio of Benjamin West, which seems to have been the abode of all would-be American artists of the period, and, being much alike in temperament, they became fast friends for life. Politically they were wide asunder, for Trumbull was essentially an American patriot, while Stuart was a runaway Tory. When a mere lad, not yet twenty, Trumbull repaired to the headquarters of the army at Cambridge, and showed such skill in drawing plans and fortifications that he was appointed aide on Washington's staff, with the rank of colonel, a title to which he clung tenaciously in after years.

Trumbull remained in the army about eighteen months, when he resigned, becoming disgruntled at some supposed injustice done him in the dating of his commission, and turned all his attention to art. His tyro work is very funny, and gives no promise whatever of that artistic ability which some of his middle-life work shows he did possess.

In 1780 he went to London, to be with West, but was soon arrested for treason and cast into the Tower, from which he was liberated, in eight months, on the suretyship of West and Copley that he would leave the kingdom. Stuart is said to have painted a portrait of Trumbull at this time; but if he did, its whereabouts is unknown, although Stuart's daughter said that Trumbull had it in his possession shortly before his death. If this last statement is correct, the painting should not be now lost in little over half a century.

The picture reproduced here was painted when Trumbull was sixty-two. He wrote to his wife from Boston, December 9, 1818: "I have passed two hours of this morning with Stuart, in obedience to you. It was the second sitting and if it ends as it has begun, I shall have a right to say as Dr. Bard did of his by Waldo—"it is a beautiful picture." Joking aside, it promises all that you could wish." Within a week afterward, Washington Allston wrote to a friend: "Stuart has painted an admirable portrait of Trumbull." Ten years later Trumbull presented the portrait to Doctor David Hosack. Subsequently it was owned by Mr. John A. Robinson, a connection of the Trumbull family, and it now belongs to his daughter, Mrs. William Forbes Morgan of New York. It is one of the few good pictures painted by Stuart at this late period, and has been charmingly rendered into black and white by Henry Wolf, to preserve its salient characteristics. Nothing could be simpler than its treatment, and no method could have been used to preserve so aptly the patrician head of Colonel Trumbull. It is hardly a finished picture, but it is a completed portrait, and we may be glad Stuart left it where he did.

Trumbull's art was essentially different from Stuart's. Without being technically a miniature-painter, at his best he was a painter in little. Many of his small cabinet portraits, on panels, in the Yale School of Fine Arts, are exceedingly beautiful, while I know of only two life-size portraits by him—the whole length of George Clinton and the life bust of Alexander Hamilton—that are deserving of high commendation. The nearly miniature



From the painting owned by Mrs. William Forbes Morgan. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

JOHN TRUMBULL

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN

heads in his small historical paintings are also extremely clever, while the composition of these pictures is almost faultless.

Trumbull suffers under the burden of being best known by his poorest works, the four large historical paintings in the capitol at Washington, which were painted late in life and are of very mediocre quality. Yet he must be remembered gratefully for his unselfish patriotism, as the first American painter to paint American historical subjects without promise of pecuniary reward. Indeed, so poorly was he paid for his work, that he gave

his whole collection of paintings to Yale College for an annuity of one thousand dollars upon which to exist, and by this collection alone can his ability be properly measured. Trumbull had considerable originality of design, but was a very unequal, though oftentimes a very skilful, draughtsman. This inequality in his drawing was doubtless owing to the fact that he saw clearly out of only one eye, owing to an injury his left eye sustained in childhood. However, as a man and as a painter, he deserves a niche in the memory of posterity.



A MASS ON THE MATTERHORN



CELEBRATION of holy mass, with all its accessories, on the summit of the Matterhorn by a priest in full canonicals is an occurrence so out of the ordinary as to merit more than the passing mention it received two years ago in a few of the Swiss and Italian local journals.

Down to the middle of the last century the Matterhorn was thought to be absolutely inaccessible; but a way to its summit has finally been found up each of its four ridges, although its faces on all sides are so frightfully precipitous as to be quite impassable to the foot of man. Its haughty crest was first conquered in 1865 by the untiring perseverance of an English climber; but the giant dearly avenged the affront, shaking from its flanks the venturesome mortals that had curbed its pride, and hurling four out of seven to destruction on the glacier below.

The summit of this mountain is not a point, but a narrow ridge 300 feet in length, along which runs the frontier between Switzerland and Italy. To the south, toward Italy, the drop from the top is virtually upright for hundreds of feet. To the north, toward Zermatt, there is sufficient slope to carry snow all the year

round, though the angle is frightfully steep. No one ventures on this face, the approach to the summit following its eastern edge. On the ridge itself room is so scanty that two parties going in opposite directions have to use the greatest caution in passing each other in the steps cut in the snow.

How then, will be asked, could mass possibly have been celebrated in such a place as this?

WALKING up the Valtornenche one summer day in 1903, my curiosity was excited, as the Matterhorn gradually came within vision, by the sight of something unusual near the west end of its summit ridge. On reaching the hotel I went at once to the telescope, and saw on the Italian summit, 14,780 feet above sea-level, a cross, manifestly of respectable dimensions and a permanent fixture, raising its arms aloft in a posture of eternal benediction.

This was no little surprise to me. As a general thing, a climber has quite enough to get *himself* up the Italian side of the Matterhorn, and even the lightest *rucksack* is an encumbrance. The rocks are very steep and smooth, and can be scaled at all only under favorable con-



ABBÉ CARREL AND HIS SEVEN GUIDES, AND CÁNON MAQUIGNAZ, THE OLDER PRIEST

ditions and in good weather; there have been entire seasons when they have not been ascended a single time. There are on the climb many very queer points where the footholds are of the most elementary order; and at three places the rocks have to be scaled by means of a rope-ladder and vertical knotted ropes, one of them fully 100 feet long. The whole thing seemed a puzzle; so I went for information, and this is what I learned:

It appears that in 1901, at the dawn of the new century,—the “Anno Santo,” as it is called,—a wave of deep religious feeling passed over the Catholic world, taking tangible and outward form in the founding of charitable institutions, the erection of votive statues and crosses, and even in the building of churches.

The country lying between the two bishoprics of Aosta in Italy and Sion in Switzerland was stirred to partake in this movement, and the valley of Valtornenche, on one side of the frontier, and that of Zermatt, on the other, took the lead in the idea.

Under the guidance of Canon Maquig-

naz, of Aosta, seconded by Abbé Carrel, vicar of Châtillon, it was decided that the way in which believers in this district were to manifest their faith was by the erection of a votive cross to the Redeemer on the very summit of the Matterhorn.

The Bishop of Aosta signified his approval of the idea, and wrote about it to Rome, whence he was informed by Cardinal Rampolla that the plan had been found “most acceptable” by the Pope, who sent his special benediction to every one taking part in it.

The cross, made of open iron-work and three meters high, was constructed in ten different pieces at a foundry in Aosta. After completion, it was blessed by the Bishop in June, 1901, and forwarded to Valtornenche, where it was exposed in the church at the feast of St. Peter. It was then divided into loads of about thirty pounds each.

The Valtornenche priests and guides—for it was virtually they who did the whole thing, the guides in particular undertaking without pay the extraordinarily difficult and dangerous task of getting the cross to the top, and setting it up—

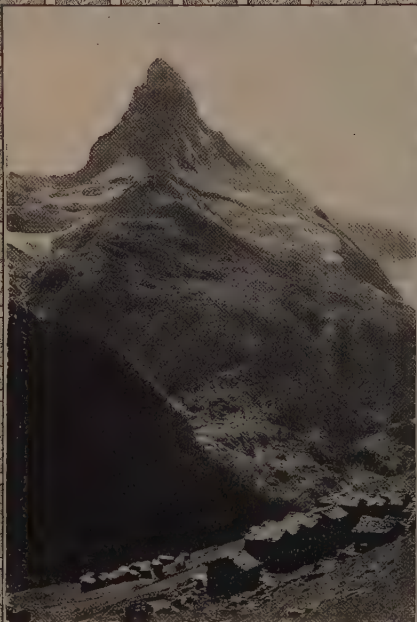
had now no easy problem on their hands. A large party of men was necessary, as not only the cross, but provisions, ropes, tools, etc., had to be taken up as well; furthermore, a settled spell of weather was likewise an indispensable factor. Again, since the guides had their living to earn during the summer, at best a brief one, nothing could be undertaken before autumn.

However, on September 11, 1901, a caravan of twelve men, including Abbé G. Pession, was got together, and the cross was transported as far up the mountain as the hut on the southwest ridge known as the Rifugio Luigi di Savoia; but during the night after their arrival the weather went to pieces for good for that year, so that the party was forced to deposit the sections of the cross in the hut for the winter, and beat a rapid retreat down to the valley again.

Near the end of the season, in Au-



THE MATTERHORN CROSS



From a photograph by Wehrli, Zürich
SWISS SIDE OF THE MATTERHORN

gust and early September, 1902, two more attempts were made to complete the undertaking; but both were again brought to naught by bad weather. Finally, on September 24, a party of seven guides and a priest carried the cross to the top, said mass there, and put it in position.

These various details, the outcome of my investigation, raised my curiosity mightily; for I felt that, in a way, I owned stock in the Matterhorn, of which I had twice made the ascent, and the idea that I had missed that cross by only one year was exasperating. So I decided to go up a third time and have a look at this recent embellishment.

1903 was a heartbreaking year for climbers, but in August of the following year I was back again. A long, hot spring had been followed by a hotter summer, and never in the memory of guide had the mountains presented themselves so fa-

vorably. My guide, old Pollinger of St. Niklaus, whose 104th ascent of the Matterhorn this was to be, said that in all his experience he had never seen the mountain in such good shape. On the mountain-side itself we were amazed at the general absence of ice, certain parts appearing as naked rock which no one had ever before seen except buried under ice. The ascent was therefore accomplished with unprecedented facility, and in due season we reached the summit and looked about us.

There is no denying that this cross cuts an imposing figure up there. It stands about eleven feet high, faces north and south, is placed somewhat down in the notch just east of the Italian summit, where the rock is firmer, and is plainly visible to all Zermatt and Valtornenche. It is set into a supporting tripod the three feet of which are soldered into holes drilled in the rock. Its openwork is free, to save weight and offer less resistance to the wind; for it is doubtful whether a cross of that size could ever stand erect there were it not constructed on such a plan, so incalculably violent is the force of a gale at that height. Even in an ordinary wind a man cannot stand upright on such an exposed peak as this; while competent persons have said that in a storm a man's body would simply be picked up by the blast and swept away.

The edge of the cross is black, all the pieces of openwork are white, and the commemorative medallion in the center is burnished bronze, the whole being covered with a varnish impermeable to the elements. On the eastern arm, with the letters facing north, is the word PRAT-UMBORE (Latin for Zermatt); on the western, facing south, VALLISTORNEC. The medallion in the center bears the circular inscription. *Jesus-Christus, Deus, Homo, vivit, regnat, imperat, MCMI. Osculantibus crucem hanc in ecclesiam positam et recitantibus pater indulgentiam 220 dierum semel in die*, which is the mention borne by all of these memorial crosses wherever they were put up. Below the medallion, in the footpiece of the cross, is the date, 1901.

Any one familiar with the Matterhorn summit, which is the natural butt for every thunderbolt within range, and where every rock bears marks of light-

ning, must feel surprise that this cross has survived in such a position without damage. It seems that at the start it had been carefully lightning-rodded, but that by the following year this protection had disappeared. The only possible explanation is that the wires must have been fused by lightning, as was the case with the chains that were first fastened at the dangerous part of the Swiss ascent, which have now been replaced by fixed ropes.

It hardly seems possible, though the idea has been suggested, that these wires were carried off by curio-hunters; the men who climb the Matterhorn belong, I venture to hope, to a different class from the trippers who visit ordinary places of interest, and who first inscribe their names thereon and then chip off a piece to carry home. However this may be, there that cross has stood unprotected and absolutely unharmed on a peak that to the knowledge of every one is raked by every thunderstorm that comes along.

I am told, and I hope the fact is true, that the wires are to be replaced without delay; unfortunately those charming Italians have such a lax interpretation of their "*subito, subito*." To wake up some day, after all that trouble, and find their cross fused into a little lump of pig-iron, would be discouraging, to say the least.

It had seemed to the young and energetic Abbé Auguste Carrel, nephew of the great Valtornenche guide Carrel who perished in 1890 from exhaustion in a tragic manner at the foot of the Matterhorn, after bringing his party down from the hut through a terrific storm, and whose memorial cross stands out on the first rocks in the ascent from Breuil, that the only possible ceremony appropriate to the placing in position of this jubilee cross would be the celebration of holy mass. He was then twenty-eight years of age, and four years previously had already made the ascent of the mountain.

So when finally, toward the latter part of September, the condition of the weather appeared favorable, he decided that the moment had at last come to make a big effort to carry the undertaking through to a conclusion, and providing provisions for several days, ropes, and tools for rock-drilling, etc., he started a first party of four guides, off for the

mountain on September 22nd.

Sleeping that night at the hut, these men climbed on up the mountain the following morning, each one taking on his back a piece of the cross, which he carried to the foot of the rope-ladder, a short distance below the summit. Depositing their burdens at this point, they clambered up to the top of the mountain, and, choosing a suitable rock, set to work to drill and prepare the holes in which to fasten the support of the cross. Having accom-

plished their labor, they descended to the hut again, where they were met by a second party, composed of the Abbé himself and three other guides, who had in the meantime come up from Breuil, bringing from the little chapel there the articles required for the celebration of mass. During the afternoon of this same day, two of the Abbé's guides and one of the party which had already been up in the morning, carried three more pieces of the cross up the mountain as far as the



From a photograph by Brocheral, Courmayeur
FASTENING THE STATUE OF THE
VIRGIN IN POSITION



From a photograph by Wehrli, Zürich

THE AIGUILLE DU GÉANT, WHERE THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN WAS PLACED

foot of the rope-ladder, and returned again to the hut for the night.

Not only was the weight of each load, thirty pounds, a severe tax on such a steep climb, but the length of some of the segments was a source of great hindrance and risk at the more difficult portions of the ascent. Furthermore, since the segments had to fit precisely in order to allow of their being bolted together on the top, there could be no question of any one of them being bent by an untoward blow against any projecting rock.

On the 24th the entire party of eight left the hut at 5:30 A. M. on three ropes, and accomplished the ascent without incident, though only after vast labor.

The only possible place for celebrating mass was a small inclined space on the southwest corner of the Italian summit, and there the party set to work to unpack what was necessary for the ceremony and to improvise some semblance of an altar.

The Abbé, although necessarily in a condition of fasting, owing to his intention of partaking of communion, had carried up on his own back everything needed for the mass, and any reader unfamiliar with such matters will be surprised at the number of different articles required. There was first the consecrated altar-stone, weighing nine pounds, almost a full load in itself on such a climb. This particular stone had already been used, in 1893, for the mass celebrated on the top of Mont Blanc¹ by Abbé Bonin, and had been lent to Abbé Carrel for the present event. The regulations of the Church of Rome require that the holy sacrifice of the mass be offered upon an altar which contains a stone consecrated by a bishop, enclosing the relics of some saint or martyr, and covered with three linen cloths that have been blessed for that purpose with an appropriate form of benediction. Consequently, the Abbé had to carry up the mountain a stone fulfilling these conditions. Similar stones are taken by missionaries on their departure for foreign countries.

Then there were the three consecrated altar-cloths; two candles and a small crucifix; the corporal, chalice with its

veil and burse, purificator, pall, paten, holy wafers, and wine,—the latter a most superior vintage sent for the purpose by an enthusiast all the way from Turin,—finally, the missal, and amice, alb, cingle, manipule, stole, and chasuble, for the priest's personal use.

A makeshift for an altar was constructed by setting up a portion of the cross as one end of a bench, a few stones as the other, and laying on these two uprights a longer piece of the cross horizontally. On this was placed the consecrated stone, over which were spread the altar-cloths. The articles for the mass were next placed in their proper positions, the two candles were inserted in guides-lanterns, so that they would burn regardless of the wind. The priest put on his robes, and mass began shortly after ten o'clock.

Mass finished, there still remained the task of putting the pieces of the cross together and setting it up in position. The party roped once more, and fastening the ropes to the rocks as additional security, set to work bolting and soldering, until finally the cross was raised. Then the lightning-rod, and the cross stayed with wire guys.

In September 1904, the curé of Courmayeur, Abbé Clapasson, accomplished a fourth similar exploit by setting up an aluminum statue of the Virgin four feet high, and holding a mass on the occasion, on the top of the Aiguille du Géant; a precipitous rock 13,170 feet high in the range between Courmayeur and Chamonix.

The occasion for the erection of this statue was the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Eleven guides took part in the affair, which was considerably hampered by a snow-storm and bad weather; but, in spite of all difficulties, the statue was fastened in position and mass was hurriedly said by the vicar, Abbé Vesan, held in his steps by two ropes for security.

An interesting side of this subject, is that these four masses on high mountains through the summits of which runs the frontier separating Italy from France and Switzerland, should all have been celebrated by *Italian* priests.

¹ A week after the Mont Blanc mass, a second one was celebrated on the top of Monte Rosa by the curé of Gressonney, Abbé Ballot, and his vicar, in the presence of the Queen of Italy, an intrepid climber, on the occasion of her first ascent to dedicate the hut that bears her name.

WHY SOME BOYS TAKE TO FARMING

L. H. BAILEY

Director of the Agricultural College of Cornell University



IN a previous paper I presented the reasons that 155 college students gave me for leaving the farm to engage in other occupations. These students saw little opportunity in farming, forty per cent. of them alleging that the business offers no financial reward. Twenty per cent. said that the physical labor is too exacting, and approximately an equal number that no social opportunities are offered. These replies present one view of the vexed question as to what the place of the farmer is to be in our coming civilization. There was a strain of hope running through some of the replies that in the future the opportunities on the farm would be improved; but, for the most part, the responses were hopelessly against the business of farming as a means of personal achievement.

When I asked for the opinions of those who had planned to leave the farm, I asked, also, for the reasons that moved those who have planned to remove from city conditions to farm life and those who, reared on farms, intended to return there after leaving college. The responses are most illuminating, and, of course, they are hopeful for those of us who look to the open country to aid in some large way in maintaining and forwarding the best civilization.

CITY TO COUNTRY.

SIXTY-EIGHT town-bred or city-bred students wrote me that they intend to pursue farming as a business, and to this end had

entered themselves in the College of Agriculture. I should explain, however, that I use the word "farming" in its broadest sense as comprising those many occupations that are directly concerned with the products of the soil and are in intimate touch with actual rural-life conditions; for some of these young men expect to be creamerymen in the small rural factories rather than actual tillers of the soil. Many of the respondents give more than one reason for desiring to follow agricultural work, and in the following list the figures represent the number of times that the various reasons were alleged:

THE PERSONAL OR SUBJECTIVE DESIRES.

Desire to be out of doors and love of nature	25
Love of farm life	12
Natural bent for farming	8
Love for growing things	6
Love for farm animals	4
Desire to change from city to country. . .	1

WHAT FARMING PROVIDES.

Farming is an independent occupation . .	18
It provides healthful life	17
There is money in farming	16
It is an interesting or fascinating occupation, .	7
Provides as many advantages as does the city	3
Farming broadens one's mind	3
A most agreeable way of making a living. .	2
Provides good home life for self and children	4
Farmer is never out of work	1
He is not subject to unions	1
Country people hold many things cheap because they do not have to pay for them	1

Farming requires and develops skill . . .	I
There is time for study	I
Opportunity to understand nature	I
Great economic and social possibilities .	I
Provides a cheap living	I
It is a noble work	I
It is a useful work	I
A means of uplifting the community . .	I
It is an active life	I

Following are some of the letters in full, chosen because they strongly present various points of view.

(1) A town-bred boy from the South, desiring to take up "general farming."—I have a natural desire always to work among economic plants and animals, and make my soils and barns the laboratories for such economic work. It is a supreme pleasure to see and to help accomplish the fulfilment of certain laws of the fundamental sciences to as high a degree as possible, under the conditions put in force, and get a result, in course of time, that brings much money and happiness. A farmer of this sort becomes an independent man in every sense of the term, and should prove a valuable citizen in his home community. His increasing love for and study of nature also become valuable assets.

(2) A town boy, expecting to go on a farm.—I like farming because it is independent, healthy, noble, useful, and wide enough to utilize all of one's faculties.

(3) From the city, desiring to follow farming.—Because it is the most independent life and the most healthful one; also, a man is free to do as he pleases, for he has not a boss standing over him all the time. The things around him grow up with him, and each has its own particular place in his life.

(4) Reared in a city of about 100,000, and now desires "to get a position on some large, well-run farm."—My main reasons for living on a farm are because

- (a) I much prefer the country to the city;
 - (b) I think there is a good opportunity to make a success as a scientific, businesslike farmer on a large farm;
 - (c) The living expenses are less on a farm, and for me the pleasures are more numerous.
- (5) Reared in a town in Germany.—I

desire to have a farm after I have saved enough to get what I want, and after I have seen enough to know where my best possibilities are. I want to go on a farm because I love the independent life, because I see business there, because I have a good, strong opponent (Nature) on which to grind my knowledge, and because I want to demonstrate the feasibility of some social and economic problems in which I am interested.

(6) Reared in a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and desiring to be a farmer.—Primarily for pecuniary profit; secondarily, for the independent, healthful life.

(7) Reared in a city.—Perhaps the farm is attractive to me for much the same reasons that the city attracts country-bred lads—a desire for change. One thing is certain, I do not want to be cooped up in a factory or office all my life. I have seen all I want of factories. A farmer works hard, but he is never out of a job, never on a strike, and never subservient to a labor union. Lack of experience, lack of physical power to endure heavy labor, and the necessity for a reasonable income in the near future, will force me to take a town position; but sooner or later I hope to be a farmer, keeping a salaried position until the farm assures me a good living and is entirely paid for.

(8) From a woman born in the city, and wishing to follow "some not too strenuous outdoor occupation."—I desire to go on a farm probably because I never lived on one.

"As a rule a man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool,
And when it's cool he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not."

My father and my mother's brothers were born on the farm; but they left it as soon as they were old enough to act independently, so that, in my farming notions, I have no encouragement from relatives. They, however, had their way to make. I do not expect to make money on a farm,—that is, not primarily,—though I hope to make the farm support me (who am the proposed overseer) and all the other workers on it.

A farmer who works his own farm is only, after all, an independent day-laborer, and no one can blame a young man

for trying other methods of making a living. The case of some women with a small amount of capital is quite different, however. For instance, if a woman has a strong love for green fields and trees and animals; if every living, growing thing is interesting to her; if she has had a college education; has seen the world, or a good portion of it, knows, besides, what office work in a city is, and is thoroughly acquainted with boarding-house life, she is in a position, I fancy, thoroughly to enjoy a real home on a farm and all the luxuries which that implies. It is only people of experience who can fully appreciate the country and what it can give. The country man holds many things cheap because he never paid directly for them.

To be sure, the farm must have all the so-called "modern conveniences," with telephone and rural free delivery, besides; and, if the woman expects to live on it the greater part of the year, it should have good railroad connection with some large city. The woman whom we are considering expects neither to follow the plow, do the chores, nor the house work, except in cases of emergency; but she should be capable of doing any one of them, and is trying to become so. What a generous life such a woman can lead on a farm on an income which would support her but meagerly in a city! This is my theory. When I have put it into practice, I hope to be able to substantiate it.

COUNTRY TO COUNTRY.

It was to be expected that the most significant responses would come from those students who have had experience of farm life and also of college life. I have replies from 193 students of this class, all enrolled in the College of Agriculture of Cornell University. Aside from the great significance of these replies from the occupational point of view, the responses afford an interesting commentary on the wide-spread notion that the agricultural colleges "educate the boys away from the farm"; and what is true (or not true) in this particular agricultural college is also true in others.

THE PERSONAL DESIRES

Love of out-of-doors and of nature . . .	55
* Love of farm life and the kind of work . .	47

Love for living and growing things . . .	28
Love of the free life of the farm . . .	15
Natural bent to the farm	5
Have already a personal interest in a farm	5

WHAT FARMING OFFERS OR PROVIDES

An independent life	77
A healthful life	41
A profitable occupation	39
Not a hurried life	3
A natural life	3
A simple life	2
Wide opportunities offered by farm . .	23
Ideal place for home and rearing of children	20
Involves interesting social and economic problems	8
It is a pleasant and agreeable occupation and provides a happy life	17
It is instructive	6
State aid is making farming more attractive	5
Farmer's condition is better than the average city man's	6
A good education is essential	4
Opportunities for study	2
Best place for spiritual life and growth .	4
Good social opportunities	4
Opportunity for individual work and initiative	3
Cheaper living than in the city	3
An honorable occupation	4
Has more knowledge of farming than of other occupations	5
One can see the fruits of his own labor .	2
Provides a better life in old age	1
The life is not monotonous	1
Farmers have good food	1
Provides opportunity to acquire property .	1
Farming provides both mental and physical work	4
It offers a variety of work	4
The work is useful; it affords good training; it is easy in winter . . . (each)	1

Along with these reasons for desiring to remain on the farm, some of the respondents also mention disadvantages; but they regard these disadvantages as being over-balanced by other considerations. These disabilities are as follows:

No money in farming	4
Requires better health than the respondent has	4
Farming requires more capital than respondent possesses	3
Farm life is lonely	3
The work is hard	2
Farmer does not control prices	1
Small opportunities for development . .	1
No employment for women	1

It will now be interesting to transcribe

some of the reasons that these farm-boys allege as determining their choice to remain on the farm, for they may be looked on as indigenous and non-theoretical; and these reasons have the advantage, also, of having been formulated after the persons had seen something beyond the farm. It is most interesting to know, also, that nearly all these 193 students are from New York State; for it is often asserted that agriculture offers little inducement in the old East as compared with the West—a statement which usually is made in ignorance of the facts.

(9) I was reared on the farm where my father was born and where my grandfather lived. I like dairying and general farming. I choose farming because I like to care for horses and cattle and to see the crops that I have planted grow; and I like the independent life that the farmer enjoys.

(10) I think the farm offers the best opportunity for the ideal home. I believe that farming is the farthest removed of any business from the blind struggle after money, and that the farmer with a modest capital can be rich in independence, contentment, and happiness. I lived one year in a city (Philadelphia), which was long enough.

(11) The farmer is the most independent of men. He leads a happy, out-door life, and is his own boss. His conditions are much better than those of the average city man.

(12) I wish to live on the farm, for I like the work. One is not doing the same thing every day, but doing a variety of things. There is satisfaction in knowing that the products of one's labors are to be his and not somebody's else. Then, there is the independent life; one's time is his own, and if one does not use it to the best advantage, he has only himself to blame.

If I were unable to farm on my own account, but had to work out, then I should go to the city.

(13) I lived in the city until I was eleven, when my parents moved to the farm. There I attended the country school until I was fifteen, when I was sent to the city high school in Buffalo. The last six years I have been in the high school and at Cornell.

I desire to go on a farm because of the independence and healthfulness of the

life. The farmer has a wider field of business, which requires a vast range of knowledge, far beyond that required by the ordinary business man. I think that a comfortable income can be obtained. Only a few men in the cities are earning more than is required for their subsistence. My chief reason is that I like the life and the out-door work.

(14) (a) Respect for agriculture as an occupation.

(b) To enjoy the freedom of the country life and the beauties of nature.

(c) To partake of the pleasure which comes from conquering natural obstacles.

(d) To give that which is in me the best chance to develop.

(e) To have a congenial means of support.

(15) I intend to stick to farm life, for I see nothing in the turmoil of city life to tempt me to leave the quiet, calm, and nearness to nature with which we, as farmers, are surrounded. I also see the possibilities of just as great financial success on a farm as in any profession which my circumstances permit me to attain.

(16) Have always lived on a farm, with the exception of three years, when I lived in town. I desire to follow farming, with stock-breeding and dairying as main branches. I believe it is the most independent life; that it has the broadest field in which to work; that intelligence, judgment, and business ability are needed here as much as anywhere; that it gives opportunities for the best development of a man; that a farmer may enjoy many blessings which can not be measured by dollars and cents. It gives opportunity for study of the most interesting kind, and it is the best place for spiritual growth and life.

(17) Having always lived on a dairy farm, and having taken care of domestic animals, it is virtually the only business I understand.

Although there are many discouragements and a great deal of hard labor, I think a person of average ability, who enjoys farming and taking care of and studying characteristics of domestic animals, will be a more independent and useful man if he sticks to the farm than if he follows any other business.

Perhaps there would be more money in some other line of work. Money is not all of life; so I will go back to the farm.

(18) (a) I like the work.

(b) The farmer is the most independent man that lives.

(c) It is healthful work.

(d) It is a good place for a happy home.

(e) There is profit in it, and it is gaining headway every day.

(19) I am going back to the farm because it is the most healthful business I have ever known and I like it as a business from start to finish. The cattle alone are enough to call any one back to the farm.

(20) (a) Because agriculture seems to offer one of the greatest opportunities financially.

(b) Because I see in agriculture the most pleasant and agreeable occupation.

(c) Because I love nature, and may be brought into more intimate relations with it by this profession than by any other.

(d) Because a great chance for improvement and advance is offered in agriculture.

(21) I have tried city life, and do not enjoy it. I prefer to work in the open air, and enjoy working with animals. I believe that a man can be as truly successful on the farm as anywhere else, and can lead a much happier life.

(22) I was born in the country, but educated in the city, returning home on vacation. I expect to follow live-stock farming: first, because it is my father's desire to keep the family estate still in the family, and being the only son, it devolves upon me; apart from this, he prefers that I should be a farmer as a means of earning a livelihood.

Coördinate with this is my own wish to lead the life of a farmer, probably because I inherited the love for it and because I have always understood, from earliest childhood, what I was to do. I love nature, and like to be closely connected with its workings. I like farm life for the freedom and opportunity offered for success from individual work.

(23) I am an only son. My parents wish me to return, and, as I study, I see

nothing more inviting. I see this more than ever after studying agriculture at Mount Hermon and here. Then, if a man is immortal, and I believe he is, it is what he is that counts, and not altogether money. We need studious Christians on the farms, and I want to be one. I expect some day to have a plain country home. A good place to live is next to nature.

(24) I should like to take up experiment-station work for a number of years, then go on a farm. (1) There is as good opportunity for one to exercise his business ability and apply his scientific knowledge on a farm as anywhere. (2) The average man is surer of acquiring a competency, and having a good home of his own, in the country than in the city. (3) A good farmer will find life less monotonous, as well as more healthful, in the country than in the city. (4) One man's social and intellectual influence will be stronger and last longer in the country than in the city. (5) The best place to bring up children, and specially boys, is on a farm in a good agricultural community.

(25) I was born and reared on a farm. It has always been my intention to become a farmer. After living in the city for several years, while attending preparatory school, I have come to the conclusion that the farm is the only place to develop well-rounded, sturdy manhood. The farmer need not fear lest his children be led astray by the evil influences of an indolent city life; he is independent and, if temperate, sure of good health and long days.

(26) I shall follow poultry husbandry and fruit-growing:

(a) Because of the independent freedom of farm life.

(b) Because of my desire to raise a family where my influence will be the dominant one.

(c) Because of the false standards set up in the modern city; namely, hurry, worry, and selfishness.

(d) Because of the great opportunity offered to the man of skill.

(27) I like the farm probably because I was brought up on one, and have

learned to like the free and independent country life, to be with stock, to harvest the grain and hay, to try to raise or grow the best and most fruit on a tree.

(28) I expect to make a business of breeding live-stock. I like to work out of doors, where the sun shines and the wind blows, where I can look up from my work and not be obliged to look at a wall. I dislike to use a pen as a business. I want to make new things and create new wealth, not to collect to myself the money earned by others. I can not feel the sympathy which makes me a part of nature, unless I can be nearer to it than office or university life allows. I like to create things. Had I been dexterous with my hands, I might have been an artist; but I have found that I can make use of as high ideals, use as much patience, and be of as much use in the world by modeling in flesh and bone as I can by modeling in marble.

THE point of view of all these various personal replies is most significant, and it is in bold contrast to the general run of the responses of those who plan to leave the farm. The present replies are marked by the prominence given to ideals and by the subordination of mere personal emolument and desire for money. Forty per cent. of those who are leaving the farm allege that they do so because there is not money enough in it; very few of the 261 students who plan to be farmers mention

the expectation of earning money as the leading motive, and a number of them mention the relatively small earning power, and then declare that they will follow the business in spite of that handicap. Nearly every one of them gives higher ideals of living as the propelling motive, and these ideals crystallize about two foci—the love of nature, and the desire of a free, independent life. Moreover, these are responses of strong conviction. They evidence pride of calling, and not one of them is apologetic. They are hopeful; they all have a forward look. They are surprisingly unselfish. Not one of them asks for power. They show that even in this epoch of hurried city-building, the love of the open country and of plain, quiet living still remains as a real and vital force. I was impressed, in the replies of those who are to leave the farm, with the emphasis placed on lack of money, hard work, and small social opportunity; I am impressed in these replies with the recurrence of such ideals as love for the work that one is doing, education, study, personal influence, happiness, service, home. With these young men, their business is to be an affair of the heart. We hear much about the greed of money and power and the great dangers that threaten our runaway society; but I wonder whether, in the end, the countryman will not still have hold of at least one of the reins.

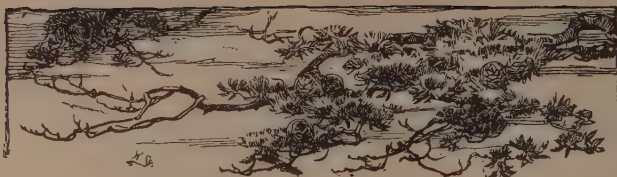


THE SMOKY CITY IS MY NEST

BY ANITA FITCH

THE smoky city is my nest:
The street is my country lane,
The buildings are my blue hills,
The little lights are my stars.

In the morning I look out upon the street which is a part of me,
And sometimes, in the cold whiteness of the dawn, the lamps are
still lighted;
And once when all the household had long waited a new life, and
once when it had looked upon Death,
They were like familiar eyes faded by many tears.



SKETCH PLANS FOR OUTING COTTAGES

I—A SUMMER COTTAGE

BY MICHAEL STILLMAN.



THE above illustration shows a type of summer cottage which can be built at a very small cost, and which lends itself to artistic treatment.

It consists of a simple frame of fairly heavy timbers left exposed on the inside, and stained.

Instead of using 2" x 4" studs 18" on centers, use 3" x 4", and space them 30" or 36" on centers. A wainscot four or five feet high of matched boarding running up and down, with the space along the top between the studs filled in, forming a shelf, is a suggestion that can be thoroughly recommended.

As in the autumn, and even in the summer, very extreme weather is met with, the cottage should be built as tight as possible. Building paper should not be spared, and even better, and not very expensive, is sea-grass quilting. When the outside of the frame has been sheathed, cover it with a layer of paper or quilting, bringing the latter well up to all window- and door-frames. Then nail on strips 2" x $\frac{7}{8}$ ", properly spaced to receive shingles, clapboards, or slabwood. The last is the cheapest, and gives a pleasant log effect.

Thus between the outside covering and the sheathing there is an air-space which will keep the cottage just as cool in hot

weather and as warm in cold as would an inside covering to the frame, and at only a fraction of the cost of the latter. The roof should be treated in the same way, but must be shingled.

The best preservative for the wood, both inside and out, is creosote stain, which can be obtained in a great variety of colors.

Of course it is important that the sills of the cottage should be kept off the damp earth, these should be laid on a foundation of rough stone, carried well below the frost-line.

For the main floor and balcony there should be a double floor, the over one being preferably birch or maple. This is not expensive, and is easy to keep clean, while being everlasting. When laid, it should receive several coats of raw linseed oil, and, if desired, a little bee's-wax.

It is usually advisable to build the chimney of rough stone, taking care to make the flue large enough, in proportion to the fireplace, to prevent it from smoking. Flue should be about $\frac{1}{8}$ th area of fireplace opening. It is also a good plan to have the hearth 12 or 16 inches lower than the floor; this forms a step which can be utilized as a seat.

The furniture of the place should be as simple as possible, plank tables and chairs, several fixed seats, either with drawers underneath them or with covers

that will lift up to form chests. These can be turned into extra bunks at night, if made wide enough.

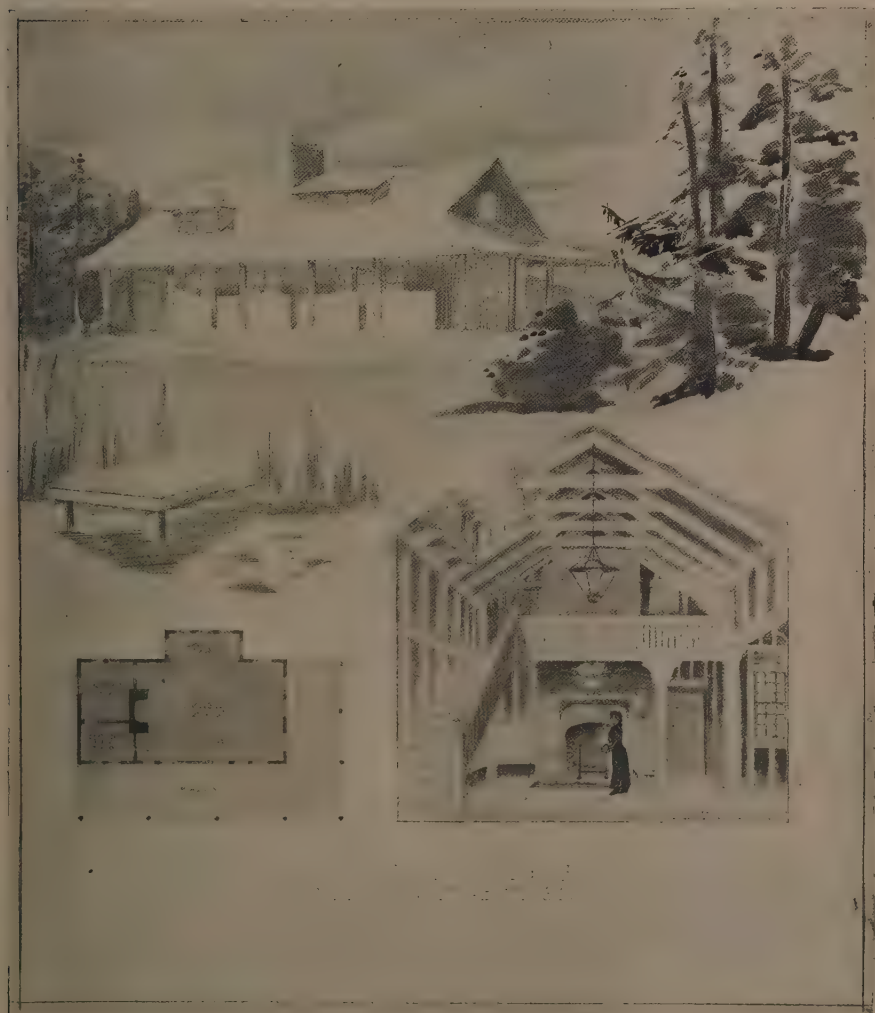
For the piazza posts, use some small tamarisk trunks, as the bark on them will remain firm for many years; spruce and pine are also very good: but birch, if used as a post, with its bark on, will rot away very quickly.

The piazza floor can be made of the

same material as the main floor or of spruce, which is cheaper but inferior. It should be properly graded, so as not to retain any water.

Lastly, but very necessary, are good board or plank shutters, which can be locked up in winter.

I have just erected a cottage similar to the above, the cost of which was about one thousand dollars.



Drawn by the architect, Michael Stillman

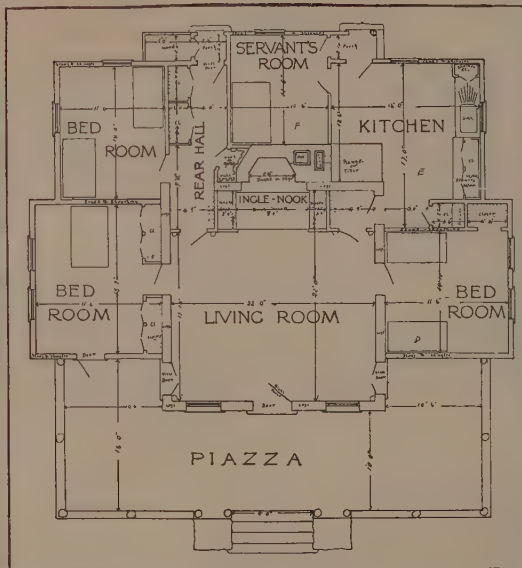
A SUMMER COTTAGE, TO COST ABOUT \$1000.00



REAR-ELEVATION, SOUTH SIDE



FRONT-ELEVATION, NORTH SIDE



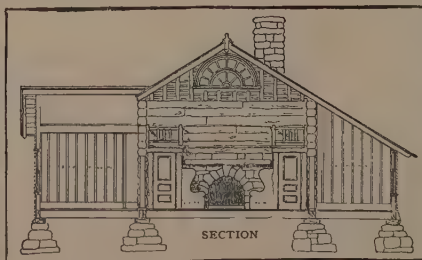
(FIRST FLOOR PLAN)



SIDE-ELEVATION, WEST SIDE

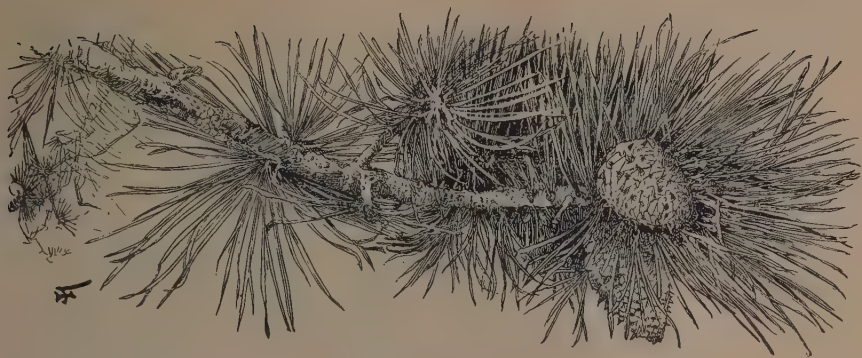


SIDE-ELEVATION, EAST SIDE



From the plans of the architect, Thomas Tryon

II—LOG-HOUSE, TO COST \$1000.00, BUILT FROM MATERIAL FOUND ON THE GROUND



III—A FOREST HUNTING-LODGE

BY JOSEPH HENRY FREEDLANDER



IN the evolution of the house, the primitive shelter, or forest lodge, forms one of the most important steps, for the successive types have all embodied its essential qualities, drawn from the conditions prevailing at the time.

In later ages, the development of so very humble an abode has resulted in refinements and luxuries undreamed of by its inventors, and not the least has this been the case when it has been the owner's desire to return for pastime and enjoyment to something like primitive conditions.

The sumptuous hunts planned by the "Roi Soleil" for his court in the forests of Rambouillet and Fontainebleau have bequeathed to posterity some excellent examples of architecture of the purest type; but in our Western republic we wish to come somewhat nearer to the true hunter's life. We do not care to carry all the refinements of art into the preparations for the chase. Enameled hunting-horns, damascened weapons, and liveried huntsmen are out of date.

The very perfection of modern hunting and fishing equipment has displaced many of the picturesque, but, to our minds, unsportsmanlike appliances described and figured in old books of ventry. The stakes, nets, and elaborate traps known to the *grand veneur* of old would

cause a modern gamekeeper to hold up his hands in surprise. Social requirements have also changed. The coquettish retreat of Rambouillet would be little to our taste. We look, rather, across our vast Western plains for the embodiment of our wants. The cattle-ranch furnishes the type for our hunting pavilions, which, however, are at many points a creation of conditions that have arisen within a decade or so. It is only within the last few years that shooting over large tracts of land and the establishment of forest preserves have become a feature of out-of-door life and have led to the evolution of a new style of small pavilion, or hunting-lodge, of which the accompanying illustrations will give an idea.

The site is supposed to be in a mountainous country where game of all kinds is to be found in abundance, and the materials employed will be such as abound in the vicinity.

The façade is half-timbered, with the first story of cement, roughly troweled. The roofs are of slate of double thickness, quarried with an uneven texture. Throughout the construction, logs, as being more easily obtained, are used in preference to mill-sawed lumber. The successful solution of the problem presented by the façade will largely depend on the picturesque effects to be gained by the use of these rough-and-ready materials.

The uneven character of the ground

gives opportunity for an extensive use of retaining walls, which are treated as an integral part of the composition. Virtually they constitute the foundation of the building; esthetically they are designed to harmonize with the general composition.

Interesting effects are obtained by the use of creeping vines, which carry over the wall notes of color similar to those of the surrounding foliage. The lodge is partly surrounded by trellis-covered

larder is tiled from floor to ceiling, a somewhat luxurious manner of surfacing a wall in a forest lodge, it may be thought, but absolutely essential to secure cleanliness in the treatment of venison and birds. The kitchen, communicating with the pantry on the main floor by means of a dumb-waiter, is provided with a large open fireplace, with a revolving spit on which whole quarters of meat can be roasted over a wood fire.

A linen chute connects the laundry



From the sketch by the architect, Joseph Henry Freedlander. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ELEVATION OF A FOREST HUNTING-LODGE

porches, built of squared timber, chamfered on the edges. Flights of steps leading to the terraces and porches are cut in the rock and, where necessary, are built up of native stone.

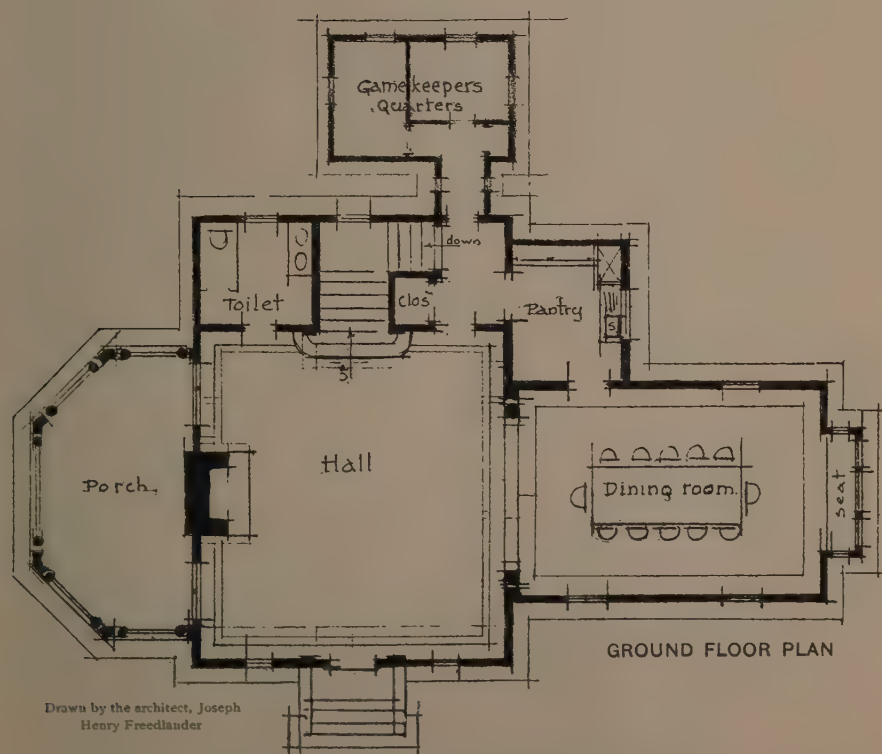
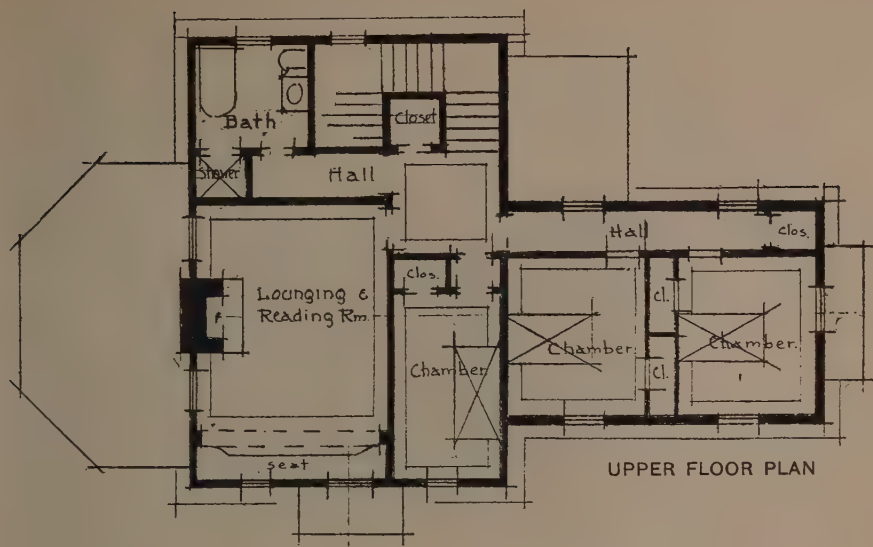
In one important respect, ancient precedent has to a certain extent been followed. The great feature of the regal *rendezvous-de-chasse* was its big and hospitable banqueting-hall, open to the roof. In the present design this has been replaced by arranging the hall and dining-room so that they can readily be thrown into one.

As the lodge is supposed to be built on sloping ground, there will be ample room in the basement for kitchen and laundry and a well ventilated storage-room for the preservation of all kinds of game. This

with the pantry and with the bedrooms on the upper floor. All soiled linen is collected here and received in a trough in the laundry.

Besides these rooms, the basement contains a perfectly dry and fireproof ammunition vault.

These necessary elements of forest housekeeping thus provided for, we may now attend to the pleasures of the owner and his guests. On the second floor a lounging-room is a welcome adjunct in bad weather. On its walls the heads and antlers of deer and other trophies of the chase may be suspended, while smaller or more perishable spoils, illustrating the natural history of the neighborhood, and books for a rainy day, may be kept in glass cases disposed along the walls. At



Drawn by the architect, Joseph
Henry Freedlander

PLANS FOR A FOREST HUNTING-LODGE

the end of the hall, on the first floor, a large fireplace, built of rough stone and tile, offers its hospitable warmth to the weary hunter, glad after a day in the forest, to stretch his bramble-torn leggins before a log fire while he recounts to his friends the bad or good luck that has befallen him.

The dining-room is dark in tone. The seven-foot wainscoting is stained a deep-olive color. In the ceiling, the structural beams are apparent. The underside of the floor boards are planed and stained or varnished to harmonize with the walls.

A central staircase in the hall proper forms an important feature of the general arrangement, and leads directly to the lounging-room above.

Across one end of the latter room a series of gun-racks is arranged. Lockers are placed at the disposal of the guests, in order that each may keep his accoutrements, gun, cartridges, and equipment in a condition requisite for good shooting.

A bath-room and toilets adjoin the bedrooms, all of which are simply furnished, with the walls sheathed with yellow pine boards, stained and varnished.

We return now to the exterior for a general *coup-d'œil*. The gray tone, varied, as before noted, by creeping vines, may be further enlivened by olive-colored striped awnings over the windows. Any attempt at landscape-gardening must necessarily be confined by the limitations of a mountainous forest-country. A very formal arrangement of masses would be out of place, but beds of vines and shrubs architecturally laid out may be used as borders with excellent results, and certain species of fir that grow naturally in a regular pyramidal shape make a passable substitute for the clipped bay-tree of more formal gardens. It is hardly necessary to say that work of this kind should be strictly confined to the close vicinity of the building, where it will accentuate the architectural lines and weave them in

gradual transition into the natural landscape beyond.

Finally, a small one-story gamekeeper's cottage may be added as an outbuilding, connected with the lodge by a wooden portico, roofed with lattice-work. This very diminutive building consists of a bedroom and a living-room, and will be occupied exclusively by the gamekeeper. The necessity of keeping the lodge open in the absence of the owner is thus obviated.

From both a theoretical and a practical standpoint the composition and subsequent erection of an architectural problem of this nature is full of fascinating possibilities. As in all logical architecture, the design must be developed from the condition imposed, such as the mode of life of the occupants, the site, and the climatic conditions.

If, in the course of the conception of the work in hand, we may leave the somewhat trite conditions of city life and go forth to nature for an inspiration, the problem takes on a more interesting complexion. Who has not at times been tempted to lay aside pen and pencil, and surrender himself to the sway of the gentle reminiscence of a summer afternoon in the forest, listening to the buzz of the insects, the occasional pecking of a partridge, the trickle of a woodland stream, the distant baying of a hound? Here is a wealth of suggestion for the creative faculties.

In the hunting-lodge described above, I may be permitted to believe it possible for the busy worker to indulge his idle fancies, to revel in a long day-dream, to divest himself of the incessant responsibilities and cares of an ambitious life, and to allow, in short, heart and mind to be filled with the beauties and the inspirations of nature, which, when all is said and done, is the true cure for the nerve weariness and fever and fret of our artificial and exacting modern life.



From the painting in Alleyn's College of God's Gift, Dulwich, England. See "Open Letters"

A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-SECOND OF THE SERIES)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

TWENTY-SECOND OF THE SERIES
A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL

BY
MURILLO

MRS. DUNKIN'S MORNING CALL

BY EDITH M. WILLETT

"NO, we did n't do much visiting while I was in the country, and the little that there was I found rather tiring.

"We had one morning call while I was staying with the Gibsons last spring, and the excitement and mental and physical wear and tear it entailed made us all ill. If we had had many more visitors 'dropping in,' I don't think we would have survived them.

"You see, 'Harmony,' Uncle Ralph's plantation, is about twenty miles from 'Crab-Hall,' the Dunkin place. So when Mrs. Dunkin wrote that she was coming to see Cousin Fanny and me, and would try to 'drop in' some morning that week, Aunt Mary looked very much gratified.

"'It will take Eliza Dunkin half the day to reach here,' she said, 'and the other half to get back, for I know she won't spend the night.'

"'This is nice of her!'

"'Let me see,—' referring to her note, —'she says, "I hope to get to see your New York guests next Thursday; but if that should be rainy, will try to drive to Harmony the first fine day after that is n't a mail day."'

"On Wanco River, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are sacred to the mail, and no self-respecting householder would dream of making any plan that involved being absent on those all-important occasions.

"'Eliza Dunkin says that we must n't expect her till we see her,' went on Aunt Mary, 'but of course that is nonsense. She will be as hungry as a hunter when she gets here, and we must be prepared, at any rate, to give her a little bite. I think I must make a black cake.'

"I had tasted Aunt Mary's black cakes before, and began faintly to realize what a great personage Mrs. Dunkin must be

to merit one. I had yet to learn that, on Wanco River, in these hard times, a woman whose husband plants a thousand acres of rice, and whose own name is a byword for hospitality and good house-keeping in three counties, ought to be treated with ceremony befitting royalty itself. For the next two days we were preparing for the 'little bite.'

"In a fit of reckless hospitality, Aunt Mary sacrificed her pet peacock to the honored guest. Jellies were made, cream was beaten up, and the cake concocted. This last was a tremendous process. Six mysterious hours Aunt Mary spent shut up with it in the store-room behind closed doors; and all night long, Uncle Summer, as he explained to us afterward, 'wrestled wid it in prayer.'

"But when it was finally baked, how shall I describe its silvery, frosted sides, its towering crown, and its wonderful aroma, which pursued one from attic to cellar, even though it was securely locked in the sideboard closet?

"On Wednesday night the moon had a golden ring, and Thursday was hopelessly wet and stormy. There was no chance of Mrs. Dunkin's coming, of course; but, as Cousin Fanny said, 'We were spared all uncertainty about expecting her, and the cake would taste all the better a day or two later, while we could keep the peacock over in this cold weather.'

"We agreed that it was all for the best, and felt so when Saturday dawned fair and cool. Such a rush as there was to get everything in condition for our expected guest! The parlors had to be given an extra dusting, the silver an extra polish, the vases filled with fresh flowers, and Aunt Mary insisted on our putting on our swellest silk waists not only as a compliment to Mrs. Dunkin, but as an object-

lesson, as it takes two years for the fashions to get down to Wanco River.

"She herself could n't be induced to dress up, being only intent on beautifying the table, which by one o'clock was a dream of loveliness, all the old Lowestoft china out for the occasion, while Cousin Fanny and I established ourselves on the drawing-room sofa, fancy-work in hand, all ready to greet the newcomer.

"At two o'clock there was no sign of the Dunkins, and we went in and feasted our eyes on the table, which only increased our bodily appetite. At three we had soda-biscuits and tea to keep up our strength, and at five we began to dismantle the table and put things away.

"It was a great disappointment, but, as Aunt Mary said, 'Saturday was a bad day to make such a trip, and we ought not to have expected Mrs. Dunkin till next week.'

"Well, Sunday we had a good rest, and the next day set to work with redoubled energy on fresh preparations. This time a turkey was killed, Aunt Mary made some of her famous pies, and when Tuesday turned out beautiful, we all felt in the mood for the long-expected one.

"The luncheon looked even prettier than the day before, and Cousin Fanny and I donned white dimities for the occasion. It was about one o'clock, while we were sitting in the parlor, waiting impatiently, that suddenly, over the avenue bridge came the unmistakable rumble of wheels and a carriage stopped in front of the house. We knew it was Mrs. Dunkin, and Cousin Fanny was trying in vain to make Aunt Mary hide behind the sofa cushion the stockings that she was darning, when there came a rap at the door, and a moment later Uncle Ralph ushered in—Jim Ramsay and his brother!

"They are both nice boys, but Cousin Fanny and I would n't have put on our best dimities for them, and we felt that our swell luncheon would be wasted on such hungry customers. We had given them some wine and sandwiches, and were making up for all deficiencies by small talk, when Uncle Ralph—he must have been possessed—suggested that we should all have some black cake!

"There was no use making faces at him. Poor, dear Aunt Mary, with the expression of a Christian martyr, had to bring it in and pass it around.

"Of course we all declined it in the most pointed way, and the boys must have seen that something was up, for they could not be prevailed upon to take any. But, oh! how we all longed for a slice!

"The Ramsays wisely stayed until night-fall, when we gave up Mrs. Dunkin for the nonce, and consoled ourselves with her luncheon, only the black cake being reserved for higher purposes.

"The next day I heard chickens being slaughtered, and knew that Aunt Mary was carrying on her preparations. But when Thursday dawned one of those rare mornings that seem positively cut out and fitted for out-of-door-doings, I confess I did rebel secretly at the thought of that terrible call hanging over us. Cousin Fanny, however, said she felt in her bones that Mrs. Dunkin was coming, and Aunt Mary looked so horrified at the idea of a fox-hunt being even weighed in the balance with a possible visitor,—I think a season in New York would make her open her eyes,—that I stayed at home again, and again we dressed up ourselves and the luncheon table, and again waited three mortal hours for Mrs. Dunkin, who, it is needless to say, did n't appear.

"The next day, by common consent, we decided that no preparations should be made. Mrs. Dunkin was to be expected no longer. And although Saturday was full of promise, as far as weather was concerned, we went our several ways after breakfast, though not without inward misgivings.

"I think it must have been about twelve o'clock, for Aunt Mary was deep in preserves in the still-room, while I had taken a violet-bed literally in hand, when I saw one of the lodge pickaninnies come running down the avenue at full speed toward the house, and realized with a sickening presentiment that he was coming to give us the long-looked-for news. Mrs. Dunkin was coming at last.

"Cousin Fanny has been thrown out of an automobile, chased by a mad bull, and presented to Queen Victoria; but she says she has never been as much frightened in her life as she was when she saw that boy running.

"We all flew into the dining-room and were feverishly helping Aunt Mary to get out the old Lowestoft china when the boy made his appearance. He said he had n't

seen any ladies or met any buggies; he was running—*just so!*

"We were all too irritated for words, and I heard Uncle Ralph tell Aunt Mary, with a twinkle in his eye, that he was going to give orders that any one on the plantation who should dare to run or even walk fast on days that Mrs. Dunkin was expected would be fined fifty cents.

"It was the last straw when we discovered a plantation cur demolishing half of our precious black cake in a corner of the yard, for poor Aunt Mary, in her excitement, must have left the sideboard door open. At this crushing discovery, the children all set up a howl, and could be comforted only by two slices apiece of the remainder, for which they paid the penalty later.

"We all felt in honor bound to do justice to what was left of that ill-fated cake, and for the next two days Cousin Fanny did not appear. She said it was a threat of prostration; but there are so many ways of describing things!

"She left the early part of the week, but I stayed on a day or two longer to nurse Aunt Mary through one of her bad nervous headaches, for which Mrs. Dun-

kin is directly responsible. It was one morning when poor Auntie was lying on her *chaise-longue*, her face hidden by brown paper and vinegar, that I caught sight of two strange horses going to the stable, and ran to the front door in time to admit a plain little woman in a frumpy bonnet and dowdy dress, who introduced herself affably as—Mrs. Dunkin!

"We sat in the drawing-room,—it had not been swept that day, for the servants were having a grand holiday in Aunt Mary's absence, and I had been too busy looking after her to keep them in order,—and she told me about her chickens and her household worries, which had prevented her coming before.

"There was not an instant to get out the old Lowestoft china, and I have not yet had the courage to tell Aunt Mary that we lunched together on sweet potatoes and cold ham, all I could find at a moment's notice.

"Well, I had a nice little commonplace talk with a commonplace old woman, and it was not until the gate closed behind her and her two chestnut horses that it came over me with a shock that the long-looked-for event had happened. Mrs. Dunkin had actually paid her morning call!"

ARBUTUS

BY LORRAINE ROOSEVELT.

"**G**OD is not just!" I dreamed in my despair.
I saw a flame-swept town, its beauties fair
Hurled earthward, standing desolate and bare.

With tearless, saddened eyes grown dim from yearning,
I saw old men and stricken women turning
To watch their homes, their hopes, their futures burning.

I woke and wandered forth. A jewel day
Of gladness soothed my soul and turned dismay
At far calamities to love of May.

I sat within a hollow tree while showers
Of scented rain dimmed o'er the passing hours
And left me conscious of near fragrant flowers.

I saw dead leaves,—brown, spotted, ugly things,—
And rising from their death the flower that brings
Eternal promise of eternal springs.

Arbutus lives perennial, and the crust
Of measured years forms round its roots a dust
Prophetic of new life-times. God is just.

THE FUTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

President of the University of California

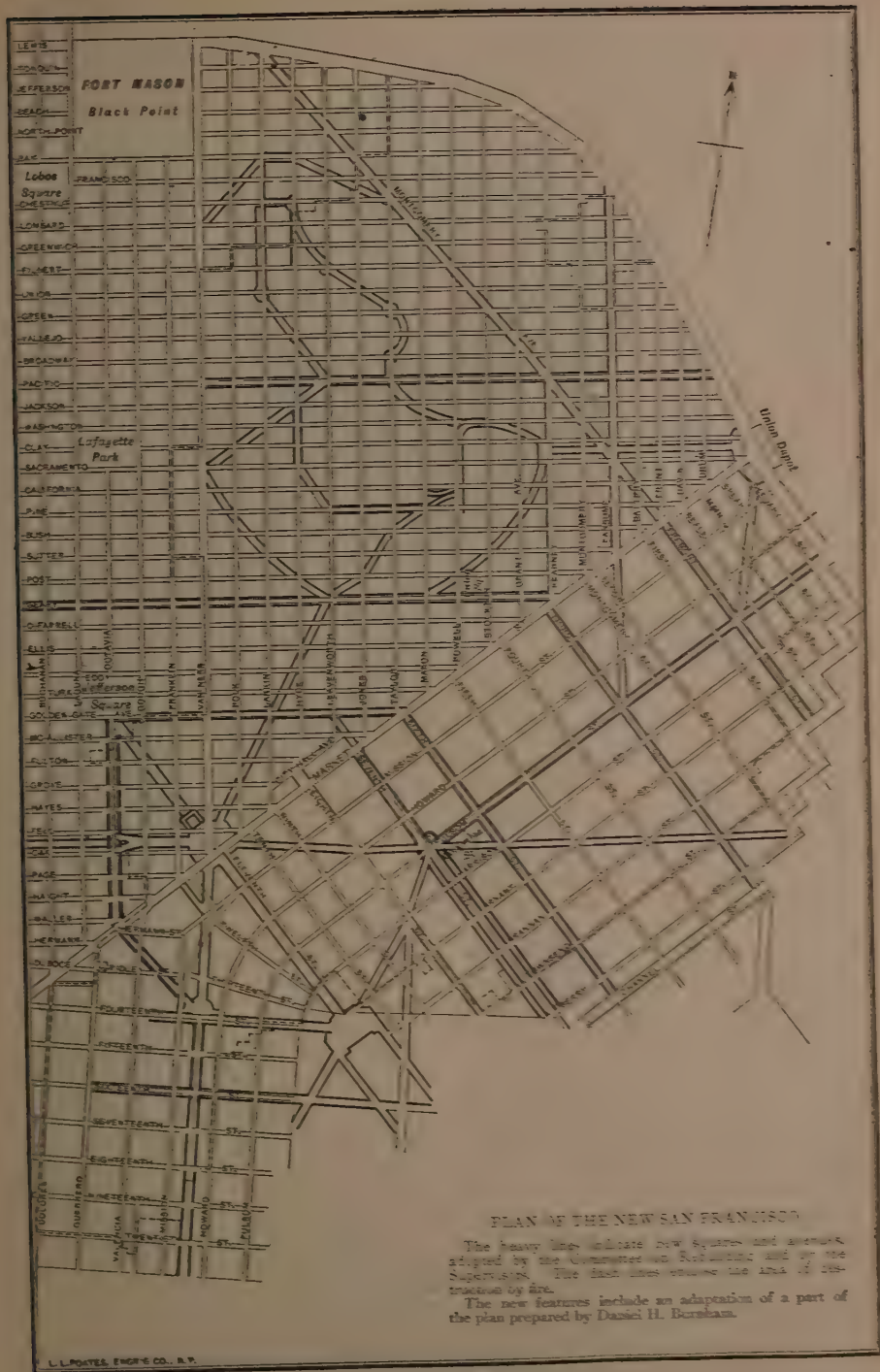


THE disaster was even more thoroughgoing than we believed at first. The fire seems to have had no doubt of its ability from the start to devour the city entire. It walked in a steady and dignified manner down the streets, and if it found it had neglected anything, turned composedly back and got it. Little in the way of household goods was rescued. The turning wheel of transportation became reduced to the simplicities,—the rollers on the bottom of a trunk which its owner was dragging down the street with the family clothes-line, roller skates at the four corners of a spring-bed utilized as low-gear, a lawn-mower with an improvised seat on the handle for an invalid wife—these are all facts, and plainly symptomatic of the situation. There was, in substance, nothing left except the people and their grit and the practical sympathy of a brotherly world. Any one who within two weeks after the fire walked the length of Sutter street from Market to Van Ness, straight through the center of the ruin, meeting only two or three lorn stragglers all the way, and seeing nothing about him that looked like an article of human use but lonesome and forsaken mail-boxes hanging to bent lamp-posts, and nothing for a mile or two in either direction but piles of disordered bricks, twisted pipes, or dismantled walls—such a one was fairly excusable if he wondered how this volcanic waste could ever be a city again. After getting over to Fillmore street, however, and seeing the people, he would have no doubt. He found them busy feeding the hungry, starting newspapers, stringing trolley-wires, and planning a new city. The

population of the city has never of old been distinguished for coöperative inclinations. Climate, situation, and plenty have allowed it heretofore to indulge a high degree of personal independence, much envy of prominence, and some graceful languor. Therein lie the chief reasons why Seattle and Los Angeles have outpaced it in rate of growth. To-day the people are acting as a corporate unit, are advancing prominence to recognized leadership, and are working in their shirt-sleeves. Six months more of this, and San Francisco will gain from its fire what Chicago did,—an efficient unity of civic spirit worth more than all buildings or bank clearings.

No one seems ever to have entertained a doubt about rebuilding the city. The earthquake sounds bad,—and, for that matter, felt bad, but it brought the consoling assurance beyond a peradventure that there are forms of construction in common and available use that smile at earthquake shocks. No one has any doubt about this; the demonstration is too clear before the eyes of all. Unfortunately for the city's repute without, the frightful tales first set in circulation concerning the earthquake horror seemed afterward to receive their confirmation under the cloak of the disaster of fire.

For the first three weeks after the fire there was much reason to fear that the dual catastrophe might be crowned by a third disaster—the rebuilding of the city on the old plan. In spite of the providentially fortunate existence of the Burnham studies toward a new plan, the impatience to begin building and the feeling of poverty in face of enormous loss were on the point of foiling the one opportunity of material blessing which destruction had brought in its hand. Just at a time



when the city had to face millions of expenditure for public buildings and rehabilitation of its streets, it seemed impossible to think of boulevards and widened streets, or anything that might bear upon it the suspicion of esthetic taint. It meant taxation unto death. It has been done, however, by taking future generations into alliance. Bonds, the interest of which for the first ten years shall in whole or in part be added to the amount of the sinking-fund instead of to the taxes, constitute the proposed way of escape. The work that is to be done will be of untold advantage to innumerable generations, and now is the accepted time to do it. The tide turned on May 17th; since then the sub-committee of architects, the city government, and the larger financial interests, have settled into complete accord for undertaking the great essentials of the remodeled plan. Discommoded individuals will protest and hamper, and stumbling-blocks of detail will of course arise, but it seems at this moment assured that there is power enough behind the movement for betterment to push it through to fulfilment. The adaptation of the Burnham plan to present needs and possibilities is mainly the work of John Galen Howard, professor of architecture at Berkeley, in collaboration with Architect Burnham's assistant, Mr. Bennett.

The first great difficulty of the terrain is created by the hill-city north of Sutter street. For this, Pacific Avenue will be widened from the water-front to Van Ness Avenue and carried over the lowered saddle between Nob Hill and Russian Hill. A broad street will be created out of the narrow alley between Sacramento and Clay, from the ferry to Kearney street, and thence curving to the north, it will climb the hill to Washington and Powell, where it will divide, one part rising to Nob Hill essentially by Powell and California, the other swinging northward to Taylor and Pacific Avenue. From this point a driveway of almost constant level encircles Russian Hill, and returning, winds around Nob Hill, coming in finally by Hyde and Pine to Powell again. At Mason and Pine it is joined

by a roadway swinging up the hill from the corner of Leavenworth and Geary. A curving diagonal connects the square Leavenworth and Geary to that at Van Ness and Sacramento, and another connects the square at Leavenworth and Geary to the one at Kearney and Sacramento. Montgomery Avenue is extended as another great diagonal on across Montgomery street and Market street, to be continued by the widened Fremont street on to the water-front. So the hill city is conquered. The cable-cars will twitch and rattle no more.

A widened Geary street makes the Fifth Avenue of San Francisco, and reaches straight and fairly level from Market street to the ocean. A broad avenue, continuing the line of the Park panhandle, is cut straight through the city, crossing Market at its junction with Van Ness and continuing eastward to the Mail Dock. The junction of this splendid avenue with Market and Van Ness indicates the natural civic center of the city, and from this center a widened Eleventh street leads to the inevitable site of the future Union Station at Bryant street. The connection between the ferry building and this station will be effected by a great highway formed of a diagonal from the ferry to Folsom street at Fremont, a widened Folsom street to Seventh, and another diagonal to Eleventh and Bryant. This same highway, continued, opens up the southwestern suburb of the city. Van Ness Avenue is continued on across Market to Fourteenth street. These, with the widening and extension of Sansome street, and the widening of Third, Sixth and Eighth streets, are the principal changes now proposed, but they will deliver the city from the heavy shackles of an ugly, idiotic, cumbersome plan that slashed its hill-sides with the lines of unusable streets, and on the level land sent honest and earnest men forever zigzagging around two sides of many triangles. The great central harbor of the Pacific coast importunately demands a San Francisco, and the contours of the hills that overlook it demand a city of beauty.



TO SAN FRANCISCO

BY S. J. ALEXANDER

IF we dreamed that we loved Her aforetime, 't was the ghost of a dream; for I vow
By the splendor of God in the highest, we never have loved Her till now.
When Love bears the trumpet of Honor, oh, highest and clearest he calls,
With the light of the flaming of towers, and the sound of the rending of walls.
When Love wears the purple of Sorrow, and kneels at the altar of Grief,
Of the flowers that spring in his footsteps, the white flower of Service is chief.
And as snow on the snow of Her bosom, as a star in the night of Her hair,
We bring to our Mother such token as the time and the elements spare.

If we dreamed that we loved Her aforetime, adoring we kneel to Her now,
When the golden fruit of the ages falls, swept by the wind from the bough.
The beautiful dwelling is shattered, wherein, as a queen at the feast,
In gems of the barbaric tropics and silks of the ultimate East,
Our Mother sat throned and triumphant, with the wise and the great in their day.
They were captains, and princes, and rulers; but She, She was greater than they.

We are sprung from the builders of nations; by the souls of our fathers we swear,
By the depths of the deeps that surround Her, by the height of the heights She may
dare,
Though the Twelve league in compact against Her, though the sea gods cry out in
their wrath,
Though the earth gods, grown drunk of their fury, fling the hilltops abroad in Her
path,
Our Mother of masterful children shall sit on Her throne as of yore,
With Her old robes of purple about Her, and crowned with the crowns that She wore.

She shall sit at the gates of the world, where the nations shall gather and meet
And the East and the West at Her bidding shall lie in a leash at Her feet.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE ARTIST WHO PREACHES

SOME of the men of genius among the fictionists and dramatists of our day, having taken to philosophizing and even preaching through their works of art, have placed their productions in a category where the writers must be willing to receive criticism which includes the obvious content of their works. The content can, of course, never be unconsidered in judging of any work of art, but it is peculiarly invited by those works of literary art where the "moral" is extremely apparent. The authors referred to see certain wrongs in life, and they bend their art to purposes of reform, at least to violent criticism, which evidently implies the reforming of manners and institutions. We refer to those artists who, being originally such, become promulgators of ideas—of ideas which amount to social recipes, meant to cure acutely felt social evils. These artists (who are also preachers, or special pleaders and advocates) being men or women of intense feeling, strong convictions, moral bravery, and great powers of description, of denunciation, of expression in general, do not content themselves with presentations of the pathos and tragedy of life, but deliberately suggest, or imply, the necessity of changes in civilized customs. They do this with fury; they feel they have a message; they will not be controlled by considerations of public opinion, nor by any consideration whatever, in attacking destructively that which they see as foul, and detest as unjust, unnecessary, and against human liberty and right development. They live in a public opinion not that of the general public,—which general opinion they despise,—but an opinion perhaps largely of their own making—the opinion of the few "untrammelled souls." They are possessed by the idea of a mission, of living, almost lonely, in a free atmosphere, of being the sole consistently

and remorselessly honest minds—they and their immediate inspirers and followers.

Possessed by theories of reconstruction, or, if they do not go so far as to lay down definite or to hint at indefinite reforms, at least possessed by their own ideas of wrong and right,—in this state of mind, they are led from the path of balanced and disinterested art, and take their places among philosophical critics and promoters of causes.

In this case, however, they must not object to being criticized by those who observe social phenomena—the relation of the sexes, for instance—not only from the point of view of art, or sentiment, or philanthropy, but also from the scientific point of view. These preaching artists' view and theory of life must be taken into account, no less than their view of beauty and of art. Such an artist, such a dramatist, we repeat, must not object, no matter how great a genius, either to the criticism of his art creations from the point of view of art, or by standards of philosophy, of science, and of social well-being.

Take the question of individualism, the full development of the ego, be that ego male or female. The critic of the work of art in which is favored the freedom of the ego from all restraint except that of the laws of its own growth, career, happiness, expansion, success,—such a critic may be negligible when he opposes from the merely conventional point of view the work of art in which self-centered egoism is glorified; but he is not negligible when his criticism is based upon a calm and not unfeeling contemplation of human experience, of physical, psychological, and sanely human considerations. The power of a man of genius to pour his emotions, fancies, and imaginations into permanent forms of art by no means implies that his sociological and political observations and conclusions are correct. They may or may not be so. The poetic

imagination amounts in many cases and occasions to seership; but when an artist deliberately takes the rôle of the sociologist, politician, economist, or statesman, he enters a realm where the ideas intentionally embodied in his art may be, and should be, frankly and fully discussed, and, if necessary, opposed, by those who have studied and deeply thought on the very questions suggested; or by those whose natures are such that their instincts are as worthy of consideration as those of the imaginative artist himself.

The latter is subject, indeed, to peculiar temptations; for the necessities of his art,—the need of picturesqueness, of seizing his audience, of the appeal of his characters for sympathy,—make complications in his treatment of sociological ideas, suggestions, and remedies, and may obfuscate even his own intentions—may create an emphasis to the destruction of scientific exactness. He is in danger of being entrained by the urge of his imagination into misleading statement, or morally confusing dramatic effect,—into unconscious, impulsive appeals to some amiable, but possibly unsound sentiment.

He is likely to be betrayed from the path of scientific exactness, and render himself liable to the charge of falsifying life, and of inculcating incorrect and destructive conduct on the part of those who are carried away by the passion of his expression, or who, taking eagerly his apparent view of right and wrong, give themselves to a course of action in which wholesome restraint, useful and educative self-control, and the ennobling discipline of self-sacrifice, are set aside. The artist may paint a generous complexion upon fundamentally unsocial, ignoble, and self-harmful acts—acts as injurious to others as to one's self; therefore unsocial, therefore obviously wrong—or, at least, open fairly to criticism—open possibly to condemnation, as the result of calm contemplation and disinterested, unprejudiced inspection.

It would be an interesting task to apply the above general remarks to individual examples in our own day and generation, but we prefer to leave our readers to make the application, here and there, wherever in their judgment it may fit.

OPEN LETTERS

A Note Concerning "Constance Trescot"

I HAVE found it impossible to answer the many interesting questions put to me in letters by correspondents. I therefore beg of THE CENTURY a little space to make reply.

Several of my reviewers, and some who have written to me, have doubted the possibility of a vengeance like that which I described in Constance Trescot. I am at liberty to say that a somewhat similar story was told me long before the civil war, and, as I like to add, was not drawn, as certain of my critics have ventured to suggest, from any experience of my own professional life.

The wish of the injured woman to place on her husband's grave a record of his murder appeared to some of my readers altogether inconceivable. The kindness of an officer of the army enables me to supply an example of the fulfilment of just such a desire. The following epitaph is to be found on a tombstone in Colonial Park, Savannah, a disused

cemetery. One would like to hear the whole story so briefly summed up in this tragic record.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23, 1906.

This

Humble Stone

records the filial piety, fraternal affection
and manly virtue of

JAMES WILDE ESQUIRE

late District Paymaster in the army of the U. S.

He fell in a Duel

on the 16th of January, 1815, by the hand of a

man who a short time before

would have been friendless but for him:

and expired instantly in his 22nd year:

dying as he had lived

with unshaken courage & unblemished reputation.
By his untimely death the prop of a mother's age

is broken:

The hope and consolation of a sister is destroyed:

The pride of a brother humbled in the dust:

And a whole family happy until then
overwhelmed with affliction.

A Spanish Flower-Girl

BY MURILLO.

THIS picture is in the gallery of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich, and is one of the artist's most charming examples of subjects taken from low life. When Murillo was a student, twenty-four years old, poor, dissatisfied, and painting fanciful, gaudy, and unsubstantial pictures of saints and the like for the churches and monasteries of his native town, Seville, he heard of the fame and work of Velasquez, his fellow-townsmen at Madrid, and formed a resolution to obtain the advice of the great man as to the best course to pursue in his art studies. To raise sufficient money for his expenses, he procured a large canvas and filled it with numerous small devotional subjects, which he disposed of to the shippers for the Indies, thus killing two birds with one stone—contributing to the edification of the faithful in Peru and Mexico and putting sufficient money in his purse for his new venture. Velasquez was very kind to him in every possible way, influenced him to a serious study of nature as well as of the best art, commending to him the work of Ribera, procuring him admission to the palaces in the frequent absences of the king, and doubtless giving him many valuable criticisms of his work. His subjects at this time were beggar boys, street urchins, peasant and shepherd boys, old women spinning, and the like—models that would not cost him very dear. Among them is the present subject, "The Flower-Girl." As many as fifty such have been catalogued, all finished and attractive pictures; for he evidently made his studies subserve two ends: instruction and money. It is only the student with a rich father who can afford to multiply studies and unfinished compositions that are of no interest to any one but himself. The knowledge that Murillo thus gained formed the groundwork of his later devotional and religious works. After two years thus spent in Madrid, he returned to Seville and astonished his friends and former neighbors, who wondered where he had acquired this new, masterly, and unknown manner; for Murillo had kept his sojourn in Madrid a secret, so that they never suspected the valuable experience he had undergone. They fancied that he had shut himself up for two years, studying from the life, and had thus acquired skill.

"The Flower-Girl" shows the sweetness and grace of his later works. We are accustomed to see in pictures of Spanish girls something of the flashing Goya type, that of the dark-haired Moorish extraction, or the black-eyed gipsy kind; but this of Murillo is also a type which may be seen repeatedly in Madrid. Here we have a maid seated, probably, at the entrance of the gates of the

town, offering roses for sale to passers-by. She is clad in a yellowish bodice and dress, while her undersleeves and chemise, with the turban about her head, are white. Her petticoat is a yellow-brown; over her shoulder is a brown embroidered scarf, in the end of which are four roses—white and pink. To the left lies a landscape with bushes and cloudy sky. It is a masterpiece in invention and in characteristic harmony of rich colors. It is on canvas, three feet, ten and three-fourth inches by three feet, one and three-fourth inches.

*T. Cole.***An Incident of Lincoln's First White House Reception**

DURING the bitter slavery debate in Congress, just before the war between the States, it was feared by many that the Southern members would be attacked in the halls of Congress or in the streets of Washington. The fear spread to such an extent that there was located in that city an organization of one hundred Southern men, known as "Minute Men," for the sole purpose of protecting the Southern members. In this organization were two young men, close friends, both tall and commanding in appearance,—John Hatcher of Virginia, six feet and six inches in height, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, and another from North Carolina, also above the usual height and weight.

It so happened that on the day of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as President, March 4, 1861, these two friends and several other members of the "Minute Men" were near the White House while the great throng of people formed in line to shake hands with the President. The one from North Carolina suggested that they fall in line and pay their respects to the new Magistrate, to which all agreed except John Hatcher, who declared that he would never shake hands with Mr. Lincoln, as he was unfriendly to the South. Mr. Hatcher was urged to go with them. He finally consented to join the line, but declared that he "would not shake the hand of old Abe Lincoln."

The other one replied: "We are going to shake hands with Mr. Lincoln; and I will wager you the finest suit of clothes to be purchased in this city that you cannot pass by Mr. Lincoln and carry out your purpose."

"Agreed," said the tall and handsome John Hatcher.

With this compact, they fell in line, John Hatcher in the lead, his head erect, and determination shown in every line of his face. As he approached Mr. Lincoln, the retiring President, Mr. Buchanan, took him by the hand, shook it cordially, and, after receiving his name, turned to introduce him to Mr. Lincoln; but, to

the surprise of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln, John Hatcher suddenly withdrew his hand, and letting it drop to his side, began to move on without greeting Mr. Lincoln or even looking upon his face. Mr. Lincoln grasped the situation instantly, and, moving a little to the right, extended his arm in front of John Hatcher, and, with a smile, said: "No man who is taller and handsomer than I am can pass by me to-day without shaking hands with me."

It had been reported, and was thought by many to be true, that an attempt would be made to do the President bodily harm, and possibly this caused Mr. Lincoln to think that Hatcher's act was only the beginning of some trouble that was to follow.

After the young friends had left the White House, the North Carolinian said, "John, I have won the suit of clothes."

"Yes," replied John; "but who could refuse to shake hands with a man who would leave his position and put his hand in front of you and use such complimentary language as Mr. Lincoln did?"

"I have won the suit of clothes fairly," replied his friend; "but I will not take the wager, because you surrendered like a courteous Southern gentleman and shook the hand of our new President, as all Americans should do."

The inauguration over and Congress having adjourned, these two friends returned to their homes, Hatcher to the State of Virginia and the other one to North Carolina. It was not long before the war between the States began. The latter enlisted as a private in a North Carolina Regiment, and was elected a second lieutenant. John Hatcher enlisted as a private in a Virginia regiment. Two braver men never shouldered a musket or drew a sword.

Nearly two years of war passed before the friends met again. While the lines were being formed at Malvern Hill they recognized each other, our North Carolina friend as a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, the Virginian as a lieutenant in an artillery company. The latter, saluting the former, said: "We are shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln to-day very differently

from the manner in which we shook hands with him as President on the day of his inauguration in 1861." While waiting for the command to advance into one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, they talked of their hardships and narrow escapes from death. They mutually agreed that after each battle in which both were engaged, the first one that could do so would visit the other's command and ascertain the fate of his friend; and, if either should be killed or wounded, that the survivor would render the necessary assistance and inform relatives. When the battle was over, the lieutenant-colonel repaired to the camp of the artillery company and inquired after Lieutenant Hatcher. The captain of the company reported that he had been killed in the engagement and buried by his comrades.

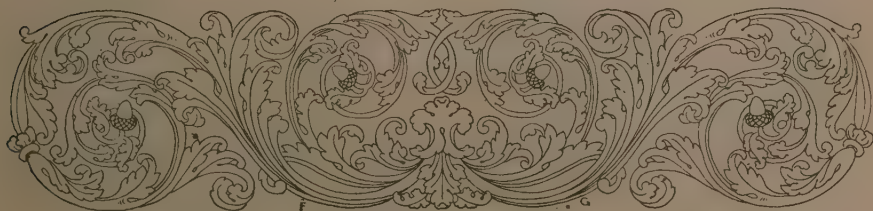
The lieutenant-colonel fought in many a bloody battle during the war, and when he surrendered at its end he held a general's commission. He still lives, passing a quiet life among his neighbors, and is one of the most courteous and dignified of Southern gentlemen.

A young Northern man who happened to be in line at the White House near those young Southern men on that day, overheard the conversation between Mr. Lincoln and John Hatcher. He soon after entered the Federal army as a lieutenant, and fought through the war, being promoted for gallantry on several occasions, and is now a brigadier-general on the retired list, living in North Carolina, having married into one of the most prominent families of that State ten years after the war closed.

Forty years after the close of this, the bloodiest of civil wars, these two distinguished generals, who served on opposite sides, both of whom participated in the events of this sketch, live in friendship, quietly passing the evening of their days at their own firesides, having forgiven and forgotten old heart-burnings over the greatest issue that ever divided the American people.

RALEIGH, N. C.

C. B. Edwards.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Lassies o' Linton

THE lassies o' Linton ha' flocked to the fair,
Wi' gowd on their bosoms an' silk in their
hair,
Wi' ribbons an' laces sae winsomely drest,
An' each in the color that fits her the best.

There 's Meg, the fause jilt! wi' her eyes on
the groun'—

Ye 'll ne'er fin' a heart 'neath the corn-yellow
gown.

While Maisie, whose Robin proves faithless,
puir lass!

Comes clad in a kirtle as green as the grass.

But Jeanie, my Jeanie, belovèd an' true,
S'all never wear aught save the heavens' ain
blue;

"For green is forsaken, an' yellow 's forsworn,
But blue is the bonniest color that 's worn."

Arthur Guiterman.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

WEATHER-WISE

SHE: Seen the weather-bulletin to-day?

HE: Yep.

SHE: What are the probabilities?

HE: Kind o' improbable.

Epigrams

EGOTISM.—Belief that we are necessary
while living, and shall be remembered when
dead.

RELIGION.—With some a hope, with others
a belief, and with many a fear that the in-
justices of this life will be remedied in the
next.

WEALTH.—The modern standard of suc-
cess. Fools worship it; ascetics despise it;
wise men use it.

J. F. Finley.

A Sketch in Gastronomy

SOME years ago, in a corner of the land be-
longing to the Society of Sailors' Snug Har-
bor, there stood a stone cottage, built long
before the land was acquired by the society.
It was taken down when their new build-
ings were put up, but was then lived in by
friends of ours, and I made frequent visits
there. Its gable-end faced the water, and it
stretched over considerable ground. One of
the pleasant things was to sit in the shaded
porch on the long, bright summer forenoons,
reading a little, but dreaming more, and
watching the ever-changing water and sail.
The house overlooked the Snug Harbor prem-
ises, and I gradually came to notice two old
men who spent much time on a bench which
was perhaps twenty-five feet from the dividing-
line of fence. I carelessly wondered why
they chose it, as there was only a side view of
the water from it; and, hardly knowing why,
I came to feel a sort of interest in them,
though at the distance I could not well dis-
tinguish them. But it was perhaps as "re-
mains" that they attracted me: they were
the dregs of the cup, the lees of life; and I
wondered what they thought of themselves
as they sat there waiting for the inevitable
end. It is a sadder sight than is commonly
thought—those assemblages of old soldiers
and sailors, severed from close familiar ties,
whose stories are told and who are simply
not yet under ground. Still, the pathos may
often be for the observer alone.

One morning I crossed the boundary and
went near the two men. One was seamed
and worn, and wind and sun had made his
eyes almost useless; but the other was a
hale, compact little russet apple of a man—
a good specimen of wintergreen, to use some



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"TWO OLD MEN WHO SPENT MUCH TIME ON A BENCH"

one's simile. His shoulders were bent, and he was in the attitude of a country farmer driving to town — elbows on knees and look of extreme relaxation. I ventured a remark as to the pleasant day, which the sightless one ignored; but old Lecky, as I came afterward to know him, answered, without looking up, "Yes, sir," and then, maybe thinking that almost too barren a reply, added, "Thursdays are mostly pleasant."

"Why," said I (with good reason for remembering), "we have had two pouring Thursdays —"

"That wa'n't quite what I meant, sir," said he. "It's corn-beef day."

"Do you like corn-beef?" I asked. "It is n't usually a favorite dish. What makes you like it?"

"Well, sir," said he, "do ye like, now, a nice, tender, broiled bird, not too fat, with just a trifle of parsley chopped up and thrown over it?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, what makes ye?" said he, with a note of triumphant knock-down in his voice.

"What is the difference between corn-beef and salt junk?" I said, to pursue my conversational advantage.

"Now, sir," said he, bracing up with a decks-cleared-for-action manner, "you see, corn-beef is kind o' homy and rich, specially

when it is left in the pot overnight and has a good strong flavor of cabbage and turnip through it; but junk — well, it's beef, o' course, but ye can't help wishing it had n't been quite so neighbor-like with Lot's wife, and they ain't none too partic'lar in the galley about cooking it. Then, they *do* keep it too long; there's no doubt about that."

I acquired much alimentary knowledge from this unexpected source both that day and succeeding ones, and eventually found that unwittingly I had struck the key-note of the man's life. Old Lecky was a gastronomic idyl in flesh. He had the same inexpressible delight in his meals and the preparations for them that flavors the books of Erckmann-Chatrian; but there was a difference. Always, as Edmond Scherer says, there mingles a religious unction, a *grâce au Seigneur*, in the beaming content of those heroes after a full meal. In Lecky the moral and spiritual development was so small that his perception of an obligation of gratitude was as minute as in the beef he so loved in its pasture stage. His temper was imperturbable, and his cheerfulness made him always a favorite. Hawthorne tells somewhere of a man whom to hear "speak of roast beef was as appetizing as a pickle or an oyster"; and to hear old Lecky dilate on dinners long gone by brought the same feeling of comfort that the tale of a

tired traveler on a rainy night in an inn, before a blazing fire and a meal ordered, has for the general reader. According to his advantages, Lecky was as much of a gourmet as a French provincial gentleman. He could tell to a nicety how condiments should be sorted so as not to spoil the substantials, and he loved vegetables for their own sake. I made no doubt, on knowing him better, that when he was silent, his memory was occupied with a progression of as vivid and photographic impressions of all the dinners he had ever tasted, and as recurring an enjoyment of them, as Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson and Mary had of their peculiar pleasures. He delighted in telling gastronomic anecdotes, and it was the only sort to which he would listen. He really came to care something for me, I think, as I took pains to bring him such humors in the edible line as I could lay hold of.

I told him once that Cardinal Wolsey was credited with bringing strawberries and cream together.

"Then," said he, "he did a bad thing. I won't say that peaches ain't sometimes the better for a little cream when they ain't what ye might call just ripe, but it spoils strawberries. Give me the run of a well-sunned strawberry-patch, and ye may have all the cream that was ever skimmed." And the delight of satisfaction that twinkled in his dreaming eyes was enough to make me believe in that abstruse philosophy that the unseen things are the real ones. One anecdote pleased him especially. It was of a man brought to the verge of starvation by fortuitous circumstances. Most of us are affected by such stories, but with Lecky hunger was the real evil, and he gloated with reactive joy when a sudden turn brought plenty to the starved one and he ordered such a meal as would have taxed the resources of any restaurant—juicy steaks, together with fat capons, ducks, mince-pies, etc. When I saw how it affected him, I never dared to finish the bill of fare, which finally included peacock and whale; for it was a Barmecide feast which the poor man had.

Lecky's food never disagreed with him, so naturally he could agree with all the world, except perhaps in a matter of pure taste. He knew too much ever to overeat, and would rise from a meal always lightsome, with plenty of fire and never heavy or broken in spirit. His appetite returned after each meal with contrapuntal regularity and harmony. He believed the only persons worthy of a future life were cooks who understood their business. Translation was none too good for them—an opinion not altogether untenable, perhaps, from the rarity of examples.

He had been, as a sailor, about the world,

yet, historically and geographically, his mind was a blank, nor had he the faintest notion of the conditions of life except where material joys were concerned. Yet this man, this old Lecky, had once been a hero, the doer of a heroic action which could brave comparison with many noted deeds. It was in this wise:

It was years before that he had shipped as second mate on a small merchantman bound for Fayal. When a week out, in heavy seas and the slow vessel laboring, a sudden sound one afternoon brought, as all strange sounds do at sea, anxiety and action to the sailors. They looked for the cause, and found it in a part of the hold where were stored two cannon which were intended to grace a fortification in Fayal. The cargo was miscellaneous and not large, and these cannon had been lashed to a beam, leaving at least twice their length in unoccupied space above. The lashing had parted, and the short, quick roll of the ship sent them bounding against each other and the wooden side with such swiftness and power as to make a hole through the side and below the water-line only a matter of minutes. They tried to lasso the pieces, but failed. Death and destruction are, of course, the primal purpose of cannon, but seldom has it been allowed them to accomplish the end of their existence in just such a way. The captain sent a man with a chain into the abyss. He was loath to go, and with reason; for, as he bent to throw his chain, one of the rampant engines struck him a fierce blow in the side. He fell, and in a moment was crushed out of the world. The captain looked about doubtfully in the dim light for another sacrifice, when old Lecky, who was younger then, drew out and slung himself down, and with a quick leap reached the side of the vessel. The cannon looked like wild animals rearing and plunging, but they learned their master. Lecky had only just braced himself when one struck him squarely. His leg was broken on the instant, but his hands gripped the neck of the monster, making it a defense against the other, and he held on grimly for full five minutes before he was released by his mates and the thing was secured. His crushed leg was never of use after, and he dragged it painfully about; but he was reported most honorably to the ship's owners, and it was through them that he had this place for life at Snug Harbor.

What do heroes generally do the rest of their lives? They cannot go on repeating the deed. We must concede that it is difficult for the greatest of them to keep up to the pitch, and old Lecky simply never tried. On the contrary, he would never mention it, and seemed uneasy when I carefully led up to it. Once, however, when I had been

more pressing than usual, he burst out: "Now, sir, I don't care to talk about that, nor think about it, either. For eight and forty hours,—I am telling ye the truth, sir,—they never gave me bite nor sup, for fear, they said, I might get the fever after my leg was mashed. It was weeks before I had what I call a meal. It was a fearsome time, sir, and well forgot."

Old Lecky was still living when last I heard, and still in that attitude toward existence that Sydney Smith has made famous:

"Fate cannot harm me! I have dined to-day."

Frances C. Pierce.

They were the stars, the *haute noblesse*;

But, ah! what a change to now from then!
Rhymes are plenty enough, bad cess!

Any one now can wag a pen.

Now, to fatten his flabby purse,

Jeems makes jingles, a sorry mess.

Ann, with a wounded heart to nurse,

In numbers must to the world confess.

Maud and Algernon, Tom and Bess,

Sigh and scribble, and try again

"Lines on a Broomstick," "Lydia's Tress."

Any one now can wag a pen.

If this goes on like a spreading curse,
Where is the listener left to bless?



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

RATIOCINATION

MOTHER: John, you 'll have to go for the doctor. I 'm afraid Willie has been eating green apples again.

FATHER: My dear, Willie is a genius. He has an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Relationship

YAAS, ma'am, he calls me mammy,
But he ain' my chile — at leas'
He wuz n't till I 'dopted him.
'Fo' dat, he des my niece.

Eloise Lee Sherman.

A Ballade of Redundant Rhymesters

TIME was, long since, when writers of verse
Were few and famous, a little less
Than the gods themselves. Oh, fine and terse
Their lyrics rang through the thronging
press!

Singers hankering to rehearse—

Audience all on the boards, full dress—
What a chorus, what eager stress!

Thrush and nightingale, sparrow, hen,
Peacock, guinea-fowl, mocker, yes!

Any one now can wag a pen.

ENVOY

Prince, you have got a job, I guess,
To play Mæcenas to all these men.
'T is one dead level of cleverness;
Any one now can wag a pen.

Julia Boynton Green.

Just for a Change

I 'M sort of tired of things that is;
 They 're lackin' somewhat as to fizz.
 There ain't no ginger in life's jar
 With things a-goin' as they are.
 The fault may be with me, and, then,
 It may be otherwise again.
 I ain't a-tryin' to fix no blame
 Because all tastes about the same.

Howe'er it is, I wish it might
 Have things turned round a bit some
 night,

So that instead of as they be,
 They 'd work towards the contrary.
 I 'd like to see some mountain rill
 Have spunk enough to flow up hill,
 So that old Nature might be shown
 It had opinions of its own.

I 'd like to see the settin' sun
 Out in the east when day is done,
 Just as a hint, when goin' to bed,
 To prove it was n't bigoted.

I 'd like to hear a bull-frog sing
 Like nightingales upon the wing,
 Instead of that eternal "clunk"
 With which he seeks his swampy bunk.

A cat that barks; a dog that meows,
 And when it comes to milkin' cows,
 'T would cheer me up to get a pail
 Of lemonade or ginger ale;
 And if the bucket in the well
 Would give up water for a spell,
 And bring me up some fresh root beer,
 There 'd be no kick a-comin' here.

'T ain't discontent that 's vexin' me
 With life so everlastin'ly,
 But just a sort of parchin' thirst
 To get a peek at things reversed.
 They 've been the same so very long
 A change would strike me pretty strong,
 And, though I 'm makin' no complaint,
 For once I 'd like 'em as they ain't.

John Kendrick Bangs.



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

GIVING HIM A TIP

THE MARINER: Oh, yes, Miss, huntin' whales do be a pretty dangersome job; but then, ye see, we 've got to have whalebone.
 THE MAID: But why run all that risk? Don't you know you can get whalebone in any of the department stores?



Color drawing by Charles D. Hubbard. See "Open Letters"

A "VENDUE," OR COUNTRY AUCTION, IN THE FORTIES